# CLARISSA.

OR, THE

## HISTORY

OFA

## YOUNG LADY:

Comprehending

The most Important Concerns of Private LIFE;

And particularly shewing,

The Distresses that may attend the MISCONDUCT
Both of PARENTS and CHILDREN.

In Relation to MARRIAGE.

VOL. V.

The FOURTH EDITION.



### LONDON:

Printed for S. Richardson:

And Sold by JOHN OSBORN, in Pater-noster Row;
By Andrew MILLAR, over-against Catharine-street in the Strand;
By J. and J. RIVINGTON, in St. Paul's Church-yard:
And by J. LEAKE, at Bath.

M.DCC.LI.

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## Could, at the it. I. R. R. T. T. E. R. I. it was good to

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

ve you, in my long Letter of Welnelday and Have begun another Letter to thee, in continuation of my Narrative: But I believe I shall send thee this before I shall finish that. By the inclosed thou wilt see, that neither of the correspondents deserve mercy from me:

And I am resolved to make the Ending with one, the

Beginning with the other.

If thou fayeft, That the provocations I have given to one of them, will justify ber freedoms; I answer, So they will, to any other person but myself. But he that is capable of giving those provocations, and has the power to punish those who abuse him for giving them, will thew his refentment; and the more remorfelefly, perhaps, as he has deferved the freedoms.

If thou fayeft, It is, however, wrong to do fo; I reply, that it is nevertheless human nature: - And wouldst

thou not have me be a man, Jack?

Vol. V. B

Here read the Letter, if thou wilt. But thou art not my friend, if thou offerest to plead for either of the saucy creatures, after thou bast read it.

To Mrs. HARRIOT LUCAS, at Mrs. Moore's, at Hamstead.

AFTER the discoveries I had made of the villainous machinations of the most abandoned of men, particularized in my long Letter of Wednesday last (a), you will believe, my dearest friend, that my surprize upon perusing yours of Thursday evening from Hamstead (b) was not so great as my indignation. Had the villain attempted to fire a city instead of a house, I should not have wondered at it. All that I am amazed at, is, that he (whose boast, as I am told, it is, that no woman shall keep him out of her bedchamber, when he has made a resolution to be in it) did not discover his foot before. And it is as strange to me, that, having got you at such a shocking advantage, and in such an horrid house, you could, at the time, escape dishonour, and afterwards get from such a set of infernals.

I gave you, in my long Letter of Wednesday and Thursday last, reasons why you ought to mistrust that specious Tomlinson. That man, my dear, must be a solemn villain. May lightning from Heaven blast the wretch, who has set him, and the rest of his REMORSE-LESS GANG, at work, to endeavour to destroy the most confummate virtue!—Heaven be praised! you have escaped from all their snares, and now are out of danger.—So I will not trouble you at present with the particulars that I have further collected relating to this abominable im-

pofture.

For the same reason, I forbear to communicate to you some new Stories of the abborred wretch bimself, which have come to my ears. One in particular, of so shocking a nature!—Indeed, my dear, the man's a devil.

The whole Story of Mrs. Fretchville, and her house, I have no doubt to pronounce, likewise, an absolute siction.—Fellow!—How my soul spurns the villain!

<sup>(</sup>a) Vol. IV. Letter xxx. (b) See Vol. IV. Letter xxxi.

Your thought of going abroad, and your reasons for so doing, most sensibly affect me. But, be comforted, my dear; I hope you will not be under a necessity of quitting your native country. Were I sure, that That must be the cruel case, I would abandon all my own better prospects, and soon be with you. And I would accompany you whithersoever you went, and share fortunes with you: For it is impossible that I should be happy, if I knew that you were exposed not only to the perils of the sea, but to the attempts of other vile men; your personal graces attracting every eye, and exposing you to those hourly dangers, which others, less distinguished by the gifts of Nature, might avoid.—All that I know, that Beauty (so greatly coveted, and so greatly admired) is good for.

O, my dear, were I ever to marry, and to be the mother of a CLARISSA [Clarissa must be the name, if promisingly lovely] how often would my heart ake for the dear creature, as she grew up, when I resected, that a prudence and discretion unexampled in woman, had not, in you, been a sufficient protection to that Beauty, which had drawn after it as many admirers as beholders!—How little should I regret the attacks of that cruel distemper, as it is called, which frequently makes the

greatest ravages in the finest faces!

Sat. Afternoon.

I HAVE just parted with Mrs. Townsend (a). I thought you had once seen her with me: But, she says, she never had the honour to be personally known to you. She has a manlike spirit. She knows the world. And her two Brothers being in town, she is sure she can engage them, in so good a cause, and (if there should be occasion) both their Ships Crews, in your service.

Give your consent, my dear; and the borrid villain shall be repaid with broken bones, at least, for all his

vileness!

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The misfortune is, Mrs. Townsend cannot be with

(a) For the account of Mrs. Townsend, &c. see Vol. III.
p. 368, 369.

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you till Thursday next, or Wednesday, at soonest. Are you fure you can be safe where you are, till then? I think you are too near London; and perhaps you had better be in it. If you remove, let me, the very moment, know whither.

How my heart is torn, to think of the necessity so dear a creature is driven to, of hiding herself! Devilish fellow! He must have been sportive and wanton in his inventions—Yet that cruel, that savage sportiveness has saved you from the sudden violence which he has had recourse to in the violation of others, of names and samilies not contemptible. For such the villain always

gloried to spread his snares.

The vileness of this specious monster has done more, than any other consideration could do, to bring Mr. Hickman into credit with me. Mr. Hickman alone knows (for me) of your flight, and the reason of it. Had I not given him the reason, he might have thought still worse of the vile attempt. I communicated it to him by shewing him your Letter from Hamstead. When he had read it [and be trembled and reddened, as he read] he threw himself at my feet, and besought me to permit him to attend you, and to give you the protection of his house. The good-natured man had tears in his eyes, and was repeatedly earnest on this subject; proposing to take his chariot-and-sour, or a Set, and in person, in the face of all the world, give himself the glory of protecting such an oppressed innocent.

know that I was. I hardly expected fo much spirit from him. But a man's passiveness to a beloved object of our Sex may not, perhaps, argue want of courage on proper

occasions.

I thought I ought, in return, to have some considercation for his safety, as such an open step would draw upon him the vengeance of the most villainous enterprizer in the world, who has always a gang of fellows, such as himself, at his call, ready to support one another in the vilest outrages. But yet, as Mr. Hickman might have have strengthened his hands by legal recourses, I should not have stood upon it, had I not known your delicacy, [since such a step must have made a great noise, and given occasion for scandal, as if some advantage had been gained over you] and were there not the greatest probability, that all might be more silently, and more effectually, managed by Mrs. Townsend's means.

Mrs. Townsend will in person attend you—She bopes, on Wednesday.—Her Brothers, and some of their people, will scatteringly, and as if they knew nothing of you [So we have contrived] see you safe not only to London, but

to her house at Deptford.

She has a kinfwoman, who will take your commands there, if she herself be obliged to leave you. And there you may stay, till the wretch's fury on losing you, and his

fearch, are over.

He will very foon, 'tis likely, enter upon fome new villainy, which may engross him: And it may be given out, that you are gone to lay claim to the protection of your cousin Morden at Florence.

Possibly, if he can be made to believe it, he will go

over in hopes to find you there.

After a while, I can procure you a lodging in one of our neighbouring villages; where I may have the happiness to be your daily visiter. And if this Hickman be not filly, and apish, and if my Mother do not do unaccountable things, I may the sooner think of marrying, that I may, without controul, receive and entertain the darling of my heart.

Many, very many, happy days do I hope we shall yet see together: And as this is my hope, I expect, that

it will be your confolation,

As to your Estate, since you are resolved not to litigate for it, we will be patient, either till Col. Morden arrives,

or till shame compels some people to be just.

Upon the whole, I cannot but think your prospects now much happier, than they could have been, had you been actually married to such a man as this. I must therefore congratulate you upon your escape, not only

B 3 fro

from a borrid Libertine, but from fo vile a Husband, as he must have made to any woman; but more especially

to a person of your virtue and delicacy.

You hate him, heartily hate him, I hope, my dear—I am fure you do. It would be strange, if so much purity of life and manners were not to abhor what is so repugnant to itself.

In your Letter before me, you mention one written to me for a feint (a). I have not received any such. Depend upon it therefore, that he must have it. And if he has, it is a wonder, that he did not likewise get my long one of the 7th. Heaven be praised that he did

not; and that it came fafe to your bands!

I send this by a young fellow, whose father is one of our tenants, with command to deliver it to no other hands but yours. He is to return directly, if you give him any Letter. If not, he will proceed to London upon his own pleasures. He is a simple fellow; but very honest. So you may say any-thing to him. If you write not by him, I desire a line or two, as soon as possible.

My Mother knows nothing of bis going to you. Nor yet of your abandoning the fellow! Forgive me!—But

he is not intitled to good manners.

I shall long to hear how you and Mrs. Townsend order matters. I wish she could have been with you sooner. But I have lost no time in engaging her, as you will suppose. I refer to ber, what I have further to say and advise. So shall conclude with my prayers, that Heaven will direct and protect my dearest creature, and make your future days happy!

ANNA HOWE.

Vol.5.

AND now, Jack, I will suppose, that thou hast read this cursed Letter. Allow me to make a few observations upon some of its contents.

It is strange to Miss Howe, that having got her friend at such a shocking advantage, &c.] And it is strange to me, too. If ever I have such another opportunity given me, the cause of both our wonder, I believe, will cease.

(a) Vol. IV. Letters xxxi. xxxii.

So thou seest Tomlinson is further detected. No such person as Mrs. Fretchville. May lightning from beaven —O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!—What a horrid Vixen is this!—My gang, my remorseless gang, too, is brought in—And thou wilt plead for these girls again; wilt thou?—Heaven be praised, she says, that her friend is out of danger—Miss Howe should be sure of that: And that she herself is safe.—But for this termagant (as I have often said) I must surely have made a better hand of it—

New stories of me, Jack!—What can they be?—I have not found, that my generosity to my Rosebud ever did me due credit with this pair of friends. Very hard, Belford, that Credits cannot be set against Debits, and a balance struck in a Rake's favour, as well as in that of every common man!—But he, from whom no good is expected, is not allowed the merit of the good he does.

I ought to have been a little more attentive to character, than I have been. For, notwithstanding that the measures of Right and Wrong are said to be so manifest, let me tell thee, that character by assess and runs away with all mankind. Let a man or woman once establish themselves in the world's opinion, and all that either of them do will be sanctissed. Nay, in the very Courts of Justice, does not character acquit or condemn as often as sacts, and sometimes even in spite of sacts?—Yet, [impolitic that I have been, and am!] to be so careless of mine!—And now, I doubt, it is irretrievable.—But to leave moralizing.

Thou, Jack, knowest almost all my enterprizes worth remembring. Can this particular Story, which this girl hints at, be that of Lucy Villars?—Or can she have heard of my intrigue with the pretty Gypsey, who met me in Norwood, and of the trap I caught her cruel husband in [A fellow, as gloomy and tyrannical as old Harlowe] when he pursued a wife, who would not have deserved ill of bim, if he had deserved well of ber?—But he was not quite drowned. The man is alive at this day: And Miss Howe mentions the Story as a very

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shocking one. Besides, both these are a twelvemonth

old, or more.

But evil fame and scandal are always new. When the offender has forgot a vile fact, it is often told to one and to-another, who, having never heard of it before, trumpet it about as a novelty to others. But well said the honest corregidor at Madrid, [A saying with which I enriched Lord M's collection]—Good actions are remembred but for a day: Bad ones for many years after the life of the guilty.—Such is the relish that the world has for scandal. In other words, Such is the desire which every one has to exculpate himself by blackening his neighbour. You and I, Belford, have been very kind to the world, in surnishing it with many opportunities to gratify its devil.

Miss Howe will abandon ber own better prospects, and share fortunes with ber, were she to go abroad.]—Charming Romancer!—I must set about this girl, Jack. I have always had hopes of a woman whose passions carry her into such altitudes!—Had I attacked Miss Howe first, her passions (instamed and guided, as I could have managed them) would have brought her to my lure in a

fortnight.

But thinkest thou [and yet I think thou dost] that there is any thing in these high flights among the Sex? Verily, Jack, these vehement friendships are nothing but chaff and stubble, liable to be blown away by the very wind that raises them. Apes! mere apes of us! they think the word friendship has a pretty sound with it; and it is much talked of; a fashionable word: And fo, truly, a fingle woman, who thinks she has a Soul, and knows, that she wants something, would be thought to have found a fellow-foul for it in her own Sex. But I repeat, that the word is a mere word, the thing a mere name with them; a cork-bottomed shuttlecock, which they are fond of striking to and fro, to make one another glow in the frosty weather of a Single State; but which, when a man comes in between the pretended inseparables, is given up, like their Music, and other maidenly amusements; which, nevertheless,

may be necessary to keep the pretty rogues out of more active mischief. They then, in short, having caught

the filb, lay aside the net (a).

Thou hast a mind, perhaps, to make an exception for these two Ladies. With all my heart. My Clarissa has, if woman has, a soul capable of friendship. Her slame is bright and steady. But Miss Howe's, were it not kept up by her Mother's opposition, is too vehement to endure. How often have I known opposition not only cement Friendship, but create Love? I doubt not but poor Hickman would fare the better with this Vixen, if her Mother were as heartily against him, as she is for him.

Thus much indeed, as to these two Ladies, I will grant thee; that the active spirit of the one, and the meek disposition of the other, may make their friendship more durable than it would otherwise be; for this is certain, that in every friendship, whether male or female, there must be a man and a woman spirit (that is to say, one of them, a forbearing one) to make it permanent.

But this I pronounce, as a truth, which all experience confirms; that friendship between women never holds to the facrifice of capital gratifications, or to the endangering of life, limb, or estate, as it often does in our

nobler Sex.

Well, but next comes an indictment against poor Beauty!—What has Beauty done, that Miss Howe should be offended at it?—Miss Howe, Jack, is a charming girl. She has no reason to quarrel with Beauty!—Didst ever see her?—Too much fire and spirit in her eye indeed, for a girl!—But that's no fault with a man, that can lower that fire and spirit at pleasure; and I know I am the man that can.

A fweet auburn Beauty, is Miss Howe. A first Beauty among

<sup>(</sup>a) He alludes here to the Story of a Pope, who (once a poor fisherman) thro' every preferment he rose to, even to that of the Cardinalate, hung up in view of all his guests, his Net, as a token of humility. But, when he arrived at the Pontificate, he took it down, saying, That there was no need of the Net, when he had caught the Fish.

among Beauties, when her sweeter friend swith such an affemblage of serene gracefulness, of natural elegance, of native sweetness, yet conscious, tho not arrogant, dignity, every seature glowing with intelligence is not in company.

The difference between the two, when together, I have sometimes delighted to read, in the addresses of a Stranger entering into the presence of both, when standing fide by side. There never was an instance on such an occasion where the Stranger paid not his first devoirs

to my Clariffa.

A respectful solemn-awe sat upon every seature of the addresser's face. His eye seemed to ask leave to approach her; and lower than common, whether man or woman, was the bow or courtesy. And altho' this awe was immediately diminished by her condescending sweetness, yet went it not so intirely off, but that you might see the reverence remain, as if the person saw more of the goddess than of the woman in her.

But the moment the same Stranger turns to Miss Howe (tho' proud and saucy, and erect and bridling, she) you will observe by the turn of his countenance, and the air of his address, a kind of equality assumed. He appears to have discovered the woman in her, charming as that woman is. He smiles. He seems to expect repartee and smartness, and is never disappointed. But then visibly he prepares himself to give as well as take. He dares, after he has been a while in her company, to dispute a point with her—Every point yielded up to the other, tho' no assuming or dogmatical air compels it.

In short, with Miss Howe a bold man sees [No doubt but Sir George Colmar did] that he and she may either very soon be familiar together [I mean with innocence] or he may so far incur her displeasure, as to be forbid her

presence for ever.

For my own part, when I was first introduced to this Lady, which was by my goddess when she herself was a visiter at Mrs. Howe's; I had not been half an hour with her, but I even hungered and thirsted after a Romp-

ing-bout with the lively rogue; and in the fecond or third visit, was more deterred by the delicacy of her friend, than by what I apprehended from her own. This charming creature's presence, thought I, awes us both. And I wished her absence, tho' any other woman were present, that I might try the difference in Miss Howe's behaviour before her friend's face, or behind her back.

Delicate women make delicate women, as well as decent men. With all Miss Howe's fire and spirit, it was easy to see, by her very eye, that she watched for lessons, and feared reproof, from the penetrating eye of her milder-disposition'd friend (a): And yet it was as easy to observe, in the candor and sweet manners of the other, that the fear which Miss Howe stood in of her, was more owing to her own generous apprehension that she fell short of her excellencies, than to Miss Harlowe's consciousness of excellence over ber. I have often, since I came at Miss Howe's Letters, revolved this just and fine praise contained in one of them (b): ' Every one faw, that the preference they gave you to themselves, exalted you not into any visible triumph over them; for you had always fomething to fay, on every point you carried, that raifed the yielding heart, and left every one f pleased and satisfied with themselves, tho' they carried f not off the palm.

As I propose in my more advanced life, to endeavour to atone for my youthful freedoms with individuals of the Sex, by giving cautions and instructions to the whole, I have made a memorandum to enlarge upon this doctrine;—to wit, That it is full as necessary to direct daughters in the choice of their female companions, as it

is to guard them against the defigns of men.

I say not this, however, to the disparagement of Miss Howe. She has from pride, what her friend has from principle [The Lord help the Sex, if they had not pride!]

<sup>(</sup>a) Miss Howe in Vol. II. p. 354. says, That she was always more afraid of Clarissa, than of her mother; and, in Vol. III. p. 66. That she fears her almost as much as she loves her; and in many other places, in her Letters, verifies this observation of Lovelace.

(b) Vol. III. p. 276.

Vol.5.

But yet I am confident, that Miss Howe is indebted to the conversation and correspondence of Miss Harlowe for her highest improvements. But, both these Ladies out of the question, I make no scruple to averr [And I, Jack, should know something of the matter] that there have been more girls ruined, at least prepared for ruin, by their own Sex (taking in servants, as well as companions) than direstly by the attempts and delusions of men.

But it is time enough, when I am old and joyless, to

enlarge upon this topic.

As to the comparison between the two Ladies, I will expatiate more on that subject (for I like it) when I have bad them both—Which this Letter of the Vixen girl's, I hope thou wilt allow, warrants me to try for.

I return to the confideration of a few more of its contents, to justify my vengeances so nearly now in view.

As to Mrs. Townsend; her manlike spirit; her two brothers; and their Ships Crews—I say nothing but this

to the infolent threatening-Let 'em come !-

But as to her fordid menace—To repay the horrid willain, as she calls me, for all my vileness, by BROKEN BONES!—Broken bones, Belford!—Who can bear this Porterly threatening!—Broken bones, Jack!—Damn the little vulgar—Give me a name for her—But I banish all furious resentment. If I get these two girls into my power, Heaven forbid that I should be a second Phalaris, who turned his bull upon the artist! No bones of theirs will I break!—They shall come off with me upon much lighter terms!—

But these sellows are Smugglers, it seems. And am not I a Smuggler too?—I am; and have not the least doubt, but I shall have secured my goods before Thurs-

day, or Wednesday either.

But did I want a plot, what a charming new one does this Letter of Miss Howe strike me out? I am almost forry, that I have fixed upon one.—For here, how easy would it be for me, to affemble a crew of Swabbers, and to create a Mrs. Townsend (whose person, thou seeft, my Beloved knows not) to come on Tuesday, at

Miss Howe's repeated solicitations, in order to carry my Beloved to a warehouse of my own providing to the manual of the solicitations.

This, however, is my triumphant hope, that at the very time, that these Ragamussins will be at Hamstead (looking for us) my dear Miss Harlowe and I [So the fates, I imagine, have ordained] shall be fast asseep in each other's arms in town.—Lie still, villain, till the time comes.—My heart, Jack; my heart!—It is always thumping away on the remotest prospects of this nature.

But it seems, that the vileness of this specious monster [meaning me, Jack!] has brought Hickman into credit with her. So I have done some good!—But to whom, I cannot tell: For this poor sellow, should I permit him to have this termagant, will be punished, as many times we all are, by the enjoyment of his own withes.—Nor can she be happy, as I take it, with him, were he to govern himself by her will, and have none of his own; since never was there a directing wife, who knew where to stop: Power makes such a one wanton—She despises the man she can govern. Like Alexander, who wept, that he had no more worlds to conquer, she will be looking out for new exercises for her power, till she grow uneasy to herself, a discredit to her husband, and a piague to all about her.

But this honest fellow, it seems, with tears in bis eyes, and with bumble prostration, besought the Vixen to permit him to set out in his chariot and four, in order to give himself the glory of protesting such an oppressed innocent, in the face of the whole world. Nay, he reddened, it seems; and trembled too! as he read the fair complainant's Letter.—How valiant is all this!—Women love brave men; and no wonder, that his tears, his trembling, and his prostration, gave him high reputation with the meek Miss Howe.

But dost think, Jack, that I, in the like case (and equally affected with the distress) should have acted thus?

—Dost think, that I should not first have rescued the Lady, and then, if needful, have asked excuse for it, the Lady in my hand?—Wouldst not thou have done thus, as well as I?

But

But 'tis best as it is. Honest Hickman may now sleep in a whole skin. And yet that is more perhaps than he would have done (the Lady's deliverance unattempted) had I come at this requested permission of his any other way, than by a Letter, that it must not be known I have

intercepted.

Miss Howe thinks I may be diverted from pursuing my Charmer, by some new-started villainy. Villainy is a word that she is extremely fond of. But I can tell her, that it is impossible I should, till the End of this villainy be obtained. Difficulty is a stimulus with such a spirit as mine. I thought Miss Howe knew me better. Were she to offer herself, person for person, in the romancing zeal of her friendship, to save her friend, it should not do, while the dear creature is on this side the moon.

She thanks Heaven, that her friend has received her Letter of the 7th. We are all glad of it. She ought to thank me too. But I will not at present claim her thanks.

But when she rejoices, that the Letter went safe, does she not, in effect, call out for vengeance, and expett it?

—All in good time, Miss Howe. When settlest thou

out for the Ise of Wight, Love?

I will close at this time with desiring thee to make a List of the virulent terms with which the inclosed Letter abounds: And then, if thou supposest, that I have made such another, and have added to it all the Flowers of the same Blow, in the former Letters of the same saucy creature, and those in that of Miss Harlowe which she left for me on her elopement, thou wilt certainly think, that I have provocations sufficient to justify me in all I shall do to either.

Return the inclosed the moment thou hast perused it.

### LETTER II.

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Efq;

Sunday Night-Monday Morning.

WENT down with Revenge in my beart; the contents of Miss Howe's Letter almost engrossing me,

me, the moment that Miss Harlowe and Mrs. Moore (accompanied by Miss Rawlins) came in: But in my countenance all the gentle, the placid, the serene, that the glass could teach; and in my behaviour all the polite, that such an unpolite creature, as she has often told

me I am, could put on.

Miss Rawlins was sent for home almost as soon as she came in, to entertain an unexpected visiter; to her great regret, as well as to the disappointment of my Fair-one, as I could perceive from the looks of both: For they had agreed, it seems, if I went to town, as I said I intended to do, to take a walk upon the Heath; at least in Mrs. Moore's garden; and who knows, what might have been the issue, had the spirit of curiosity in the one met with the spirit of communication in the other?

Miss Rawlins promised to return, if possible: But fent to excuse herself; her visiter intending to stay with

her all night.

I rejoiced in my heart, at her message; and, after much supplication, obtained the favour of my Beloved's company for another walk in the garden, having, as I told her, abundance of things to say, to propose, and to be informed of, in order ultimately to govern myself in my future steps.

She had vouchsafed, I should have told thee, with eyes turned from me, and in an balf-aside attitude, to sip two dishes of tea in my company—Dear soul!—How anger unpolishes the most polite! for I never saw Miss Harlowe behave so aukwardly. I imagined she knew not how to

be aukward.

When we were in the garden, I poured my whole foul into her attentive ear; and befought her returning favour.

She told me, that she had formed her scheme for her suture life: That, vile as the treatment was which she had received from me, that was not all the reason she had for rejecting my suit: But that, on the maturest deliberation, she was convinced, that she could neither be happy with me, nor make me happy; and she enjoined me, for both our sakes, to think no more of her.

The

The Captain, I told her, was rid down post in a manner, to forward my wishes with her Uncle.—Lady Betty and Miss Montague were undonbtedly arrived in town by this time. I would set out early in the morning to attend them. They adored her. They longed to see her. They would see her.—They would not be denied her company into Oxfordshire. Whither could she better go, to be free from her Brother's insults?—Whither, to be absolutely made unapprehensive of any-body else?—Might I have any hopes of her returning favour if Miss Howe could be prevailed upon to intercede for me?

Miss Howe prevailed upon to intercede for you! repeated she, with a scornful bridle, but a very pretty one.

-And there she stopt.

I repeated the concern it would be to me to be under a necessity of mentioning the misunderstanding to Lady Betty and my Cousin, as a misunderstanding still to be made up; and as if I were of very little consequence to a dear creature who was of so much to me; urging, that these circumstances would extremely lower me, not only in my own opinion, but in that of my relations.

But still she referred to Miss Howe's next Letter; and all the concession I could bring her to in this whole conference, was, that she would wait the arrival and visit of the two Ladies, if they came in a day or two, or before she received the expected Letter from Miss Howe.

Thank Heaven for this! thought I. And now may I go to town with hopes at my return to find thee, dear-

est, where I shall leave thee.

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But yet, as she may find reasons to change her mind in my absence, I shall not entirely trust to this. My fellow, therefore, who is in the house, and who, by Mrs. Bevis's kind intelligence, will know every step she can take, shall have Andrew and a horse ready, to give me immediate notice of her motions; and moreover, go whither she will, he shall be one of her retinue, tho' unknown to hersels, if possible.

This was all I could make of the fair Inexorable.

Should I be glad of it, or forry for it?-

, red to stom on Anida of , es, Glad,

Glad, I believe: And yet my pride is confoundedly abated to think, that I had fo little hold in the affections

of this daughter of the Harlowes.

Don't tell me, that Virtue and Principle are her guides on this occasion !- 'Tis Pride, a greater Pride than my own, that governs her. Love, she has none, thou feest; nor ever had; at least not in a superior degree. Love that deserves the name, never was under the dominion of Prudence, or of any reasoning power. She cannot bear to be thought a woman, I warrant! And if, in the last attempt, I find her not one, what will she be the worse for the trial?—No one is to blame for fuffering an evil he cannot shun or avoid.

Were a General to be overpowered, and robbed by a highwayman, would he be less fit for the command of an army on that account?—If indeed the General, pretending great valour, and having boafted, that he never would be robbed, were to make but faint refistance when he was brought to the test, and to yield his purse when he was mafter of his own fword, then indeed will the highwayman who robs him be thought the braver man.

But from these last conferences am I furnished with one argument in defence of my favourite purpose, which

I never yet pleaded.

O Jack! what a difficulty must a man be allowed to have, to conquer a predominant passion, be it what it will, when the gratifying of it is in his power, however wrong he knows it to be to refolve to gratify it! Reflect upon this; and then wilt thou be able to account for, if not to excuse, a projected crime, which has babit to plead for it, in a breaft as ftormy, as uncontroulable!

This that follows, my new argument—

Should the fail in the trial; should I succeed; and should she refuse to go on with me; and even resolve not to marry me (of which I can have no notion) and should she disdain to be obliged to me for the handsome provision I should be proud to make for her, even to the balf of my Estate; yet cannot she be altogether VOL. V. unhappy unhappy—Is she not entitled to an independent fortune? Will not Col. Morden, as her Trustee, put her in possession of it? And did she not in our former conference point out the way of life, that she always preferred to the married life—to wit, "To take her good Norton for her directress and guide, and to live upon her own Estate in the manner her Grandfather desired she should live (a)?"

It is moreover to be confidered, that she cannot, according to her own notions, recover above one balf of her fame, were we now to intermarry; so much does she think she has suffered by her going off with me. And will she not be always repining and mourning for the loss of the other balf?—And if she must live a life of such uneasiness and regret for balf, may she not as well repine and mourn for the whole?

Nor, let me tell thee, will her own scheme of penitence, in this case, be half so perfect, if she do not fall, as if she does: For what a foolish penitent will she make, who has nothing to repent of?—She piques herself, thou knowest, and makes it matter of reproach to me, that she went not off with me by her own consent; but

was tricked out of herfelf.

Nor upbraid thou me upon the meditated breach of vows so repeatedly made. She will not, thou seeft, permit me to sulfil them. And if she would, this I have to say, that at the time I made the most solemn of them, I was fully determined to keep them. But what Prince thinks himself obliged any longer to observe the articles of treaties the most facredly sworn-to, than suits with his interest or inclination; altho the consequence of the infraction must be, as he knows, the destruction of thousands?

Is not this then the result of all, that Miss Clarissa Harlowe, if it be not her own fault, may be as virtuous after she has lost her honour, as it is called, as she was before? She may be a more eminent example to her Sex; and if she yield (a little yield) in the trial, may be a com-

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<sup>(</sup>a) See Vol. IV. Letter xlix.

pleter penitent. Nor can she, but by her own wilfulness,

be reduced to low fortunes.

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And thus may her old nurse and she; an old coachman; and a pair of old coach-horses; and two or three old maid-servants, and perhaps a very old footman or two (for every thing will be old and penitential about her) live very comfortably together; reading old sermons, and old prayer-books; and relieving old men, and old women; and giving old lessons, and old warnings, upon new subjects, as well as old ones, to the young Ladies of her neighbourhood; and so pass on to a good old age, doing a great deal of good both by precept and example in her generation.

And is a woman who can live thus prettily without control; who ever did prefer, and who still prefers, the Single to the Married life; and who will be enabled to do every-thing, that the plan she had formed will direct her to do; to be said to be ruined, undone, and such fort of stuff?—I have no patience with the pretty fools, who use those strong words, to describe a transitory evil;

an evil which a mere church-form makes none?

At this rate of romancing, how many flourishing Ruins dost thou, as well as I, know? Let us but look about us, and we shall see some of the haughtiest and most censorious spirits among our acquaintance of that Sex, now passing for chaste wives, of whom strange stories might be told; and others, whose husbands hearts have been made to ake for their gaieties, both before and after marriage; and yet know not half so much of them, as some of us honest fellows could tell them.

But, having thus fatisfied myself in relation to the worst that can happen to this charming creature; and that it will be her own fault, if she be unhappy; I have not at all resected upon what is likely to be my own lot.

This has always been my notion, tho' Miss Howe grudges us Rakes the best of the Sex, and says, that the worst is too good for us (a); That the wife of a Libertine ought to be pure, spotless, uncontaminated.

<sup>(</sup>a) Vol. IV. Letter xxx.

To what purpose has such a one lived a free life, but to know the world, and to make his advantages of it?—And, to be very serious, it would be a missortune to the public, for two persons, heads of a family, to be both bad; since, between two such, a race of variets might be propagated (Lovelaces and Belfords, if thou wilt) who might do great mischief in the world.

Thou feest at bottom, that I am not an abandoned fellow; and that there is a mixture of gravity in me. This, as I grow older, may increase; and when my active capacity begins to abate, I may sit down with the Preacher, and resolve all my past life into vanity and vex-

ation of fpirit.

This is certain, that I shall never find a woman so well suited to my taste, as Miss Clarissa Harlowe. I only wish that I may have such a Lady as her to comfort and adorn my Setting-sun. I have often thought it very unhappy for us both, that so excellent a creature sprang up a little too late for my setting-out, and a little too early in my progress, before I can think of returning. And yet, as I have picked up the sweet traveller in my way, I cannot help wishing, that she would bear me company in the rest of my journey, altho' she were to step out of her own path to oblige me. And then, perhaps, we could put up in the evening at the same Inn; and be very happy in each other's conversation; recounting the difficulties and dangers we had passed in our way to it.

I imagine, that thou wilt be apt to suspect, that some passages in this Letter were written in town. Why, Jack, I cannot but say, that the Westminster Air is a little grosser than that at Hamstead; and the conversation of Mrs. Sinclair, and the Nymphs, less innocent than Mrs. Moore's and Miss Rawlins's And I think in my heart, that I can say and write those things at one place, which I cannot at the other; nor indeed any-

where elfe.

I came to town about Seven this morning.—All necessary directions and precautions remembred to be given.

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I befought the favour of an audience before I fet out. I was desirous to see which of her lovely faces she was pleased to put on, after another night had passed. But she was resolved, I found, to leave our quarrel open. She would not give me an opportunity so much as to entreat her again to close it, before the arrival of Lady Betty and my Cousin.

I had notice from my Proctor, by a few lines brought by man and horse, just before I set out, that all difficulties had been for two days past surmounted; and

that I might have the Licence for fetching.

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I sent up the Letter to my Beloved, by Mrs. Bevis, with a repeated request for admittance to her presence upon it: But neither did this stand me in stead. I suppose she thought it would be allowing of the consequences that were naturally to be expected to follow the obtaining of this instrument, if she had consented to see me on the contents of this Letter, having refused me that honour before I sent it up to her.—No surprising her—No advantage to be taken of her inattention to the nicest circumstances.

And now, Belford, I fet out upon business.

### LETTER III.

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Esq;

Monday, June 12.

DIDST ever see a Licence, Jack?

Edmund, by divine permission, Lord Bishop of London, To our well-beloved in Christ Robert Lovelace [Your servant, my good Lord! What have I done to merit so much goodness, who never saw your Lordship in my life?] of the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, Bachelor, and Clarissa Harlowe of the same parish, Spinster, sendeth greeting.—WHEREAS ye are, as is alleged, determined to enter into the boly State of Matrimony [This is only alleged, thou observest] by and with the consent of, &c. &c. &c. and are very desirous of abtaining your Marriage to be solemnized in the face of the

the Church: We are willing that such your bonest desires [Honest desires, Jack !] may more speedily have their due effect: And therefore, that ye may be able to procure such Marriage to be freely and lawfully folemnized in the parishchurch of St. Martin in the Fields, or St. Giles's in the Fields in the County of Middlesex, by the Rector, Vicar, or Curate thereof, at any time of the year [ At Any time of the year, Jack !] without publication of banes : Provided, that by reason of any precontract [I verily think, that I have had three or four precontracts in my time; but the good girls have not claimed upon them of a long while] consanguinity, affinity, or any other lawful cause what soever, there be no lawful impediment in this behalf; and that there be not at this time any action, fuit, plaint, quarrel, or demand, moved or depending before any judge ecclefiastical or temporal, for or concerning any marriage contracted by or with either of you; and that the faid Marriage be openly folemnized in the Church above-mentioned, between the hours of eight and twelve in the forenoon; and without prejudice to the Minister of the place where the said woman is a parisbioner: We do bereby, for good causes [It cost me-Let me fee, Jack-What did it cost me?] give and grant our Licence, or Faculty, as well to you the parties contracting, as to the Rector, Vicar, or Curate of the faid church, where the faid marriage is intended to be solemnized, to solemnize the same, in manner and form above-specified, according to the Rites and ceremonies prescribed in the Book of Common-prayer in that behalf published by authority of Parliament. Provided always, That if bereafter any fraud shall appear to bave been committed, at the time of granting this Licence, either by false suggestions, or concealment of the truth [Now this, Belford, is a little hard upon us: For I cannot fay, that every one of our fuggestions is literally true: -So, in good conscience, I ought not to marry under this Licence | the Licence shall be void to all intents and purposes, as if the same had not been granted. And in that case, we do inhibit all Ministers what soever, if anything

thing of the premises shall come to their knowlege, from proceeding to the celebration of the said Marriage, without first consulting Us, or our Vicar-general. Given, &c.

Then follow the Register's name, and a large pendent seal, with these words round it—SEAL OF THE VICAR-GENERAL AND OFFICIAL-PRINCIPAL OF THE DIOCESE OF LONDON.

But what, thinkest thou, are the arms to this matrimonial Harbinger?—Why, in the first place, Two crossed Swords; to shew that Marriage is a State of offence as well as defence: Three Lions; to denote, that those who enter into the State, ought to have a triple proportion of courage. And [Couldst thou have imagined that these priestly fellows, in so solemn a case, would cut their jokes upon poor souls who come to have their bonest desires put in a way to be gratified?] there are three crooked borns, smartly top-knotted with ribbands; which being the Ladies wear, seem to indicate that they may very probably adorn, as well as bestow, the Bull's feather.

To describe it according to Heraldry-art, if I am not mistaken—Gules, two Swords, saltire-wise, Or; second coat, a chevron sable between three bugle-horns, OR [So it ought to be]: On a chief of the second, three Lions rampant of the first—But the devil take them for their hieroglyphics, should I say, if I

were determined in good earnest to marry!

And determined to marry I would be, were it not

for this confideration, That once married, and I am married for life.

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That's the plague of it!—Could a man do as the Birds do, change every Valentine's day [A natural appointment! for Birds have not the fense, forfooth, to fetter themselves, as we wiscarre men take great and solemn pains to do] there would be nothing at all in it. And what a glorious time would the Lawyers have, on the one hand, with their Noverint Universi's, and Suits commenceable on restitution of goods and chattels; and the Parsons, on the other, with their

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indulgences (renewable annually, as other Licences)

to the bonest desires of their clients?

Then, were a stated mulch, according to Rank or Fortune, to be paid on every Change, towards the Exigencies of the State [But none on Renewals with the old Loves, for the sake of encouraging constancy, especially among the minores] the Change would be made sufficiently difficult, and the whole Public would be the better for it; while those Children, which the Parents could not agree about maintaining, might be considered as the Children of the Public, and provided for like the Children of the antient Spartans; who were (as ours would in this case be) a nation of heroes. How, Jack, could I have improved upon Lycurgus's Institutions, had I been a Lawgiver?

Did I never shew thee a Scheme, which I drew up on such a notion as this?—In which I demonstrated the conveniencies, and obviated the inconveniencies, of changing the present mode to this? I believe I never did.

I remember I proved, to a demonstration, that such a Change would be a means of annihilating, absolutely annihilating, four or five very atrocious and capital fins.—Rapes, vulgarly so called; Adultery, and Fornication; nor would Polygamy be panted after. Frequently would it prevent Murders and Duelling: Hardly any such thing as Jealousy (the cause of shocking violences) would be heard of: And Hypocrify between man and wife be banished the bosoms of each. Nor, probably, would the reproach of Barrenness rest, as now it too often does, where it is least deserved.—Nor would there possibly be such a person as a barren woman.

Moreover, what a multitude of domestic quarrels would be avoided, were such a Scheme carried into execution? Since both Sexes would bear with each other, in the view that they could help themselves in a few months.

And then what a charming subject for conversation would be the gallant and generous last partings between

man and wife! Each, pehaps, a new mate in eye, and rejoicing fecretly in the manumiffion, could afford to be complaifantly-forrowful in appearance. " He pre-66 fented ber with this jewel, it will be faid by the reporter, for Example fake: She bim with that: " How be wept! How she sobb'd! How they looked se after one another!" Yet, that's the jest of it, neither of them wishing to stand another twelvemonth's Yestarday, for inflance, entered into the Lists

And if giddy fellows, or giddy girls, milbehave in a first Marriage, whether from noviceship, having expected to find more in the matter than can be found; or from perverseness on ber part, or positiveness on bis, each being mistaken in the other [A mighty difference, Tack, in the same person, an immate, or a visiter]; what a fine opportunity will each have, by this Scheme, of recovering a loft character, and of fetting all right 

And, O Jack, with what joy, with what rapture, would the changelings (or changeables, if thou like that word better) number the weeks, the days, the hours, as the annual obligation approached to its defirable

period!

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ment, morder to bring in a As for the Spleen or Vapours, no fuch malady would be known or heard of. The Physical tribe would, indeed, be the fufferers, and the only fufferers; fince fresh health and fresh spirits, the consequences of fweet blood and fweet humours (the mind and body continually pleased with each other) would perpetually flow in; and the joys of Expectation, the highest of all our joys, would invigorate and keep all alive.

But, that no Body of men might suffer, the Physicians, I thought, might turn Parsons, as there would be a great demand for Parsons. Besides, as they would be partakers in the general benefit, they must be forry fellows indeed, if they preferred Themselves to

the Public.

Every one would be married a dozen times, at least. Both men and women would be careful of their chaerafter upon good behaviour from year to year,

racters, and polite in their behaviour, as well as delicate in their persons, and elegant in their dress [A great matter each of thefe, let me tell thee, to keep paffion alive either to induce a Renewal with the old Love, or to recommend themselves to a new. While the Newspapers would be crouded with paragraphs; all the world their readers, as all the world would be concerned to

fee who and who's together of minim ments to make

"Yesterday, for instance, entered into the Holy " State of Marrimony" [We should all speak reverently of matrimony then? "the Right Honourable "Robert Earl Lovelace" fl shall be an Earl by that time! " with her Grace the Duchels Dowager of Fifty-"manors ; his Lordfhip's one-and-thirtieth wife."-I shall then be contented, perhaps, to take up, as it is called, with a widow. But the must not have had more than one husband neither. Thou knowest, that I am nice in these particulars. The tutaowha tasa set at

I know, Jack, that thou, for thy part, wilt approve

of my Scheme. (or coungenders, send out bloom

As Lord M. and I, between us, have three or four Boroughs at command, I think I will get into Parliament, in order to bring in a Bill for this good pur-

poferm or Vaponis, no fuch mislog

Neither will the Houses of Parliament, nor the Houses of Convocation, have reason to object to it. And all the Courts, whether fpiritual or fenfual, civil or uncivil, will find their account in it, when passed into a Law blow ( rodo dom nin

By my foul, Jack, I should be apprehensive of a general infurrection, and that incited by the Women, were fuch a Bill to be thrown out. For here is the Excellency of the Scheme: The Women will have equal reason with the Men to be pleased with it.

Doft think, that old prerogative Harlowe, for example, must not, if such a Law were in being, have pulled in his horns?—So excellent a wife as he has, would never else have renewed with such a gloomy tyrant: Who, as well as all other married tyrants, must have been upon good behaviour from year to year.

A termagant wife, if fuch a Law were to pass,

would be a phoenix.

The Churches would be the only market-places for the fair Sex; and Domestic Excellence the capital recommendation.

Nor would there be an Old Maid in Great Britain, and all its territories. For what an odd foul must the be, who could not have her twelvemonth's trial?

morals and way of life in both Sexes, must, in a very few years, be the consequence of such a salutary Law.

Who would have expected fuch a one from me? I

wish the devil owe me not a spite for it.

Jack ? as in Flowers;—Such a Gentleman, or such a Lady, is an ANNUAL—Such a one a PERENNIAL.

One difficulty, however, as I remember, occurred to me, upon the probability that a wife might be enceinte, as the Lawyers call it. But thus I obviated it.

That no man should be allowed to marry another woman without his then wife's consent, till she were brought-to-bed, and he had defrayed all incident charges; and fill it was agreedoupon between them, whether the Child should be bis; bers, or the public's. The women in this case, to have what I call the coercive option: For I would not have it in the man's power to be a dog neither.

And indeed, I gave the turn of the scale in every part of my Scheme in the womens favour: For dearly

do I love the fweet rogues. .. oil ym ni reven .. o. N

How infinitely more preferable this my Scheme to the Polygamy one of the old Patriarchs; who had wives and concubines without number!—I believe David and Solomon had their hundreds at a time. Had they not, Jack?

Let me add, That Annual Parliaments, and Annual Marriages, are the projects next my heart. How could I expatiate upon the benefits that would arise

from both ! sting and bone association and or gu be

### LETTER IV. g and bloom

if foch a Law viere to take

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Efq;

ployment of writing to thee on this subject will soon come to a conclusion. For now, having got the Licence; and Mrs. Townsend with her Tars being to come to Hamstead next Wednesday or Thursday; and another Letter possibly or message from Miss Howe, to enquire how Miss Harlowe does, upon the Rustic's report of her ill health, and to express her wonder that she has not heard from her in answer to hers on her escape;—I must soon blow up the Lady, or be blown up myself. And so I am preparing, with Lady Betty and my Cousin Montague, to wait upon my Beloved with a coach and sour, or a Set; for Lady Betty will not stir out with a pair, for the world; tho' but for two or three miles. And this is a well-known part of her character.

But as to the arms and creft upon the coach and

beught-to-bed, and he had delinered at springers

Doft thou not know, that a Blunt's must supply her, while her own is new-lining and repairing? An opportunity she is willing to take now she is Town. Nothing of this kind can be done to her mind in the Country. Liveries nearly Lady Betty's.

Thou halt feen Lady Betty Lawrance feveral times

-Haft thou not, Belford? and a smalled you le stag

No, never in my life. assign sowe out to to I to

But thou hast; and lain with her too; or fame does thee more credit than thou deservest—Why, Jack, knowest thou not Lady Betty's other name?

Other name !- Has the two?

She has. And what thinkest thou of Lady Bab.

ore the broices next int liveb on

Now thou hast it. Lady Barbara, thou knowest, lifted up in circumstances, and by pride, never appears

pears or produces herself, but on occasions special— To pass to men of Quality or Price, for a Duchess, or Countess, at least. She has always been admired for a grandeur in her air, that sew women of Quality can come up to: And never was supposed to be other than what she passed for; tho often and often a paramour for Lords.

And who thinkest thou, is my cousin Montague?

Nay, how should I know?

How indeed! Why, my little Johanetta Golding, a lively, yet modest-looking girl, is my cousin Mon-

tague.

There, Belford, is an Aunt!—There's a Cousin! Both have wit at will. Both are accustomed to ape Quality. Both are genteelly descended. Mistresses of themselves; and well educated—Yet past pity.—True Spartan dames; ashamed of nothing but detection—Always, therefore, upon their guard against that. And in their own conceit, when assuming top parts, the very Quality they ape.

And how dost think I dress them out ?-I'll tell

thee.

Lady Betty in a rich gold Tiffue, adorned with

Jewels of high price.

My cousin Montague in a pale pink, standing an end with silver flowers of her own working. Charlotte, as well as my Beloved, is admirable at her needle. Not quite so richly jewel'd out as Lady Betty; but Earrings and Solitaire very valuable, and infinitely becoming.

Johanetta, thou knowest, has a good complexion, a fine neck, and ears remarkably fine.—So has Charlotte.

She is nearly of Charlotte's stature too.

Laces both, the richest that could be procured.

Thou canst not imagine what a fum the Loan of the

Jewels cost me; tho' but for three days.

This fweet girl will half ruin me. But feest thou not by this time, that her reign is short?—It must be so. And Mrs. Sinclair has already prepared everything for her reception once more.

HERE come the Ladies—Attended by Susan Morrison, a tenant-farmer's daughter, as Lady Betty's woman; with her hands before her, and thoroughly instructed.

How dress advantages women lesespecially those, who have naturally a genteel air and turn, and have had education!

Hadft thou feen how they paraded it—Coufin, and Coufin, and Nephew, at every word; Lady Betty bridling and looking haughtily-condescending: Charlotte galanting her fan, and swimming over the floor without touching it.

How I long to see my Niece-elect! cries one—For they are told, that we are not married; and are pleased, that I have not put the slight upon them, that

they had apprehended from mensals ; astrono as week.

How I long to see my dear Cousin that is to be, the other!

Your La'ship, and your La'ship, and an aukward

courtefy at every address, prim Susan Morrison.

Top your parts, ye villains!—You know how nicely I distinguish. There will be no passion in this case to blind the judgment, and to help on meditated delusion, as when you engage with Titled sinners. My Charmer is as cool and as distinguishing, tho' not quite so learned in her own Sex, as I am. Your commonly assumed dignity won't do for me now. Airs of superiority, as if born to rank.—But no over-do!—Doubting nothing. Let not your faces arraign your hearts.

Eafy and unaffected !- Your very dreffes will give

you pride enough. and yides tames tree but galent and

A little graver, Lady Betty. More fignificance, less bridling, in your dignity.

That's the air! Charmingly hit \_\_\_ Again \_\_\_ You

have it

Devil take you!—Less arrogance. You are got into airs of young Quality. Be less sensible of your new Condition. People born to dignity command respect without needing to require it.

Now for your part, Coulin Charlotte !-

Pretty well. But a little too frolickly that air—Yet have I prepared my Beloved to expect in you both, great vivacity and quality-freedom.

Curse those eyes!—Those glancings will never do.

A down-cast bashful turn, if you can command it—

Look upon me. Suppose Me now to be my Beloved.

Devil take that Leer. Too fignificantly arch!—
Once I knew you the girl I would now have you to be.

Sprightly, but not confident, Cousin Charlotte!—
Be fure forget not to look down, or aside, when looked at. When eyes meet eyes, be yours the retreating ones. Your face will bear examination.

O Lord! O Lord! that so young a creature can so soon forget the innocent appearance she first charmed by; and which I thought born with you all!—Five years to ruin what Twenty had been building up! How natural the latter lesson! How difficult to regain the former!

A stranger, as I hope to be saved, to the principal Arts of your Sex!—Once more, what-a-devil has your

heart to do in your eyes?

Have I not told you, that my Beloved is a great observer of the eyes? She once quoted upon me a text (a), which shewed me how she came by her knowlege.—Dorcas's were found guilty of treason the first moment she saw her.

Once more, suppose me to be my Charmer.—Now you are to encounter my examining eye, and my doubting heart.—

That's my dear!
Study that Air in the pier-glass!—
Charming!—Perfectly right!
Your honours, now, devils!—

Pretty well, coufin Charlotte, for a young country

<sup>(</sup>a) Ecclus, xxfi. The whoredom of a woman may be known in her haughty looks and eye-lids. Watch over an impudent eye, and marvel not if it trespass against thee.

Lady!

Lady !- Till form yields to familiarity, you may courtely low. You must not be supposed to have forgot

your boarding-school airs.

But too low, too low, Lady Betty, for your years and your quality. The common fault of your Sex will be your danger: Aiming to be young too long! -The devil's in you all, when you judge of yourselves by your wishes, and by your vanity! Fifty, in that case, is never more than Fifteen.

Graceful eafe, conscious dignity, like that of my

Charmer, O how hard to hit!

Both together now -

Charming !- That's the Air, Lady Betty !- That's the Cue, Cousin Charlotte, fuited to the character of each !- But, once more, be fure to have a guard upon your Eyes. VERLE TO LIMB MINE

Never fear, Nephew !-

Never fear, Coufin. A dram of Barbados each-

And now we are gone-

### 

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Efq;

At Mrs. Sinclair's, Monday Afternoon.

flow pointed the late.

LL's right, as heart can wish !- In spite of all objection—In spite of a reluctance next to fainting-In spite of all foresight, vigilance, suspicion,once more is the Charmer of my foul in her old lodgdings!

Now throbs away every pulse! Now thump, thump,

thumps my bounding heart for fomething!

But I have not time for the particulars of our ma-

nagement.

My Beloved is now directing some of her cloaths to be packed up—Never more to enter this house! Nor ever more will she, I dare say, when once again out of it! nor if is professive gainst ober. T

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Yet not so much as a condition of forgiveness!—
The Harlowe-spirited Fair-one will not deserve my mercy!—She will wait for Miss Howe's next Letter; and then, if she find a difficulty in ber new schemes [Thank her for nothing]—will—Will what?—Why even then will take time to consider, whether I am to be forgiven, or for ever rejected. An indifference that revives in my heart the remembrance of a thousand of the like nature.—And yet Lady Betty and Miss Montague [A man would be tempted to think, Jack, that they wish her to provoke my vengeance] declare, that I ought to be satisfied with such a proud suspension!

They are entirely attached to her. Whatever she says, is, must be, gospel! They are guarantees for her return to Hamstead this night. They are to go back with her. A supper bespoken by Lady Betty at Mrs. Moore's. All the vacant apartments there, by my permission (for I had engaged them for a month certain) to be filled with them and their attendants, for a week at least, or till they can prevail upon the dear Perverse, as they hope they shall, to restore me to her savour, and to accompany Lady Betty to Oxfordshire.

The dear creature has thus far condescended—That she will write to Miss Howe, and acquaint her with the present situation of things.

If the write, I shall see what she writes. But I be-

lieve she will have other employment soon.

Lady Betty is sure, she tells her, that she shall prevail upon her to forgive me; tho' she dares say, that I deserve not forgiveness. Lady Betty is too delicate to enquire strictly into the nature of my offence. But it must be an offence against berself, against Miss Montague, against the Virtuous of the whole Sex, or it could not be so highly resented. Yet she will not leave her till she forgive me, and till she see our Nuptials privately celebrated. Mean time, as she approves of her Uncle's expedient, she will address her as already my wife, before strangers.

Stedman her Sollicitor may attend her for orders, Vol. V. D in

in relation to her Chancery-affair, at Hamstead. Not one hour they can be favoured with, will they lose from the company and conversation of so dear, so charming

a new relation.

Hard then if she had not obliged them with her company, in their coach-and-four, to and from their Cousin Leeson's, who longed (as they themselves had done) to see a Lady so justly celebrated.

' How will Lord M. be raptured when he fees her,

and can falute her as his Niece!

How will Lady Sarah bless herself!—She will now think her loss of the dear daughter she mourns for,

happily supplied!'

Mils Montague dwells upon every word that falls from her lips. She perfectly adores her new Cousin: For her Cousin she must be. And her Cousin will fhe call her! She answers for equal admiration in her Sifter Patty.

Ay, cry I (whispering loud enough for her to hear)
how will my Cousin Patty's dove's eyes glisten and
run over, on the very first interview!—So gracious,

fo noble, so unaffected a dear creature!' What a happy family,' chorus we all, "will

ours be!"

These and such-like congratulatory admirations every hour repeated: Her modesty hurt by the ecstatic praises:— Her graces are too natural to herself for her to be proud of them:—But she must be content to be punished for excellencies that cast a shade upon the most excellent!

In short, we are here, as at Hamstead, all joy and rapture: All of us, except my Beloved; in whose sweet face [Her almost fainting reluctance to re-enter these doors not overcome] reigns a kind of anxious ferenity!—But how will even that be changed in a few hours!

Methinks I begin to pity the half-apprehensive Beauty!—But, avaunt, thou unseasonably-intruding pity! Thou hast more than once already well nigh undone ot

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andone me!—And, Adieu Reflection! Begone Confideration! and Commiseration! I dismiss ye all, for at least a week to come!—Be remembred her broken word! Her flight, when my fond soul was meditating mercy to her!—Be remembred her treatment of me in her Letter on her escape to Hamstead!—Her Hamstead virulence!—What is it she ought not to expect from an unchained Beelzebub, and a plotting villain?

Be her preference of the Single Life to me also remembred!—That she despises me!—That she even results to be my WIFE!—A proud Lovelace to be denied a Wife!—To be more proudly rejected by a Daughter of the Harlowes!—The Ladies of my own samily [She thinks them the Ladies of my family] supplicating in vain for her returning savour to their despised kinsman, and taking Laws from her still prouder punctilio.

Be the execrations of her vixen friend likewise remembred, poured out upon me from ber representations, and thereby made her own execrations!

Be remembred still more particularly, the Townsend plot, set on foot between them, and now, in a day or two, ready to break out; and the fordid threatenings thrown out against me by that little fury.

Is not this the crisis for which I have been long waiting? Shall Tomlinson, shall these women, be engaged; shall so many engines be set at work, at an immense expence, with infinite contrivance; and all to no purpose?

Is not this the hour of her trial—And in her, of the trial of the virtue of her whole Sex, so long premeditated, so long threatened?—Whether her frost be frost indeed? Whether her virtue be principle? Whether, if once subdued, she will not be always subdued? And will she not want the very crown of her glory, the proof of her till now all-surpassing excellence, if I stop short of the ultimate trial?

Now is the end of purposes long over-awed, often D 2 suspended,

fuspended, at hand. And need I to throw the fins of her curfed family into the too weighty scale?

Abborred be force !- Be the thoughts of force! There's no triumph over the Will in force! This I know I have faid (a). But would I not have avoided it, if I could ?-Have I not tried every other method? And have I any other recourse left me? Can she resent the last outrage more than she has resented a fainter effort ?-And if her refentments run ever so high, cannot I repair by Matrimony?-She will not refuse me, I know, Jack; the haughty beauty will not refule me, when her pride of being corporally inviolate is brought down; when she can tell no tales, but but when (be her resistance what it will) even her own Sex will fuspect a Yielding in Resistance; and when that Modesty, which may fill her bosom with refentment, will lock up her speech.

But how know I, that I have not made my own difficulties?—Is she not a woman?—What redress lies for a perpetrated evil?—Must she not live?—Her piety will fecure her life.-And will not time be my friend?-What, in a word, will be her behaviour afterwards? - She cannot fly me! - She must forgive me-And, as I have often faid, once forgiven, will be for ever

forgiven.

Why then should this enervating pity unfteel my

foolish heart?

It shall not. All these things will I remember; and think of nothing elfe, in order to keep up a refolution, which the women about me will have it I shall be still unable to hold.

I'll teach the dear charming creature to emulate me in contrivance!-I'll teach her to weave webs and plots against her conqueror!-I'll shew her, that in her smuggling schemes she is but a spider compared to me, and that she has all this time been spinning only a Cobweb!

What shall we do now! We are immersed in the depth of grief and apprehension! How ill do women bear disappointment!—Set upon going to Hamstead, and upon quitting for ever a house she re-entered with infinite reluctance; what things she intended to take with her, ready pack'd up; herself on tip-toe to be gone; and I prepared to attend her thither; she begins to be asraid, that she shall not go this night; and in grief and despair has slung herself into her old apartment; locked herself in; and thro' the key-hole Dorcas sees her on her knees—praying I suppose for a safe deliverance.

And from what ?-And wherefore these agonizing

apprehensions?

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Why, here, this unkind Lady Betty, with the dear creature's knowlege, tho' to her concern, and this mad-headed cousin Montague without it, while she was employ'd in directing her package, have hurried away in the coach to their own lodgings [Only, indeed, to put up some night-cloaths, and so forth, in order to attend their sweet Cousin to Hamstead]; and, no less to my surprize than hers, are not yet returned.

I have fent to know the meaning of it.

In a great hurry of spirits, she would have had me to go myself. Hardly any pacifying her!—The girl, God bless her! is wild with her own idle apprehensions!—What is she afraid of?

I curse them both for their delay—My tardy villain, how he stays!—Devil setch them! Let them send their coach, and we'll go without them. In her hearing I bid the sellow tell them so.—Perhaps he stays to bring the coach, if any-thing happens to hinder the Ladies from attending my Beloved this night.

all the office—Now indeed, fald

Devil take them, again say I!—They promised too they would not stay, because it was but two nights ago, that a chariot was robbed at the foot of D 2

Hamstead

Hamstead hill; which alarmed my Fair-one when told of it!

Oh! here's Lady Betty's fervant, with a billet.

## To ROBERT LOVELACE, Efq;

Monday Night.

EXcuse us, dear Nephew, I beseech you, to my dearest Kinswoman. One night cannot break squares. For here Miss Montague has been taken violently ill with three fainting fits, one after another. The hurry of her joy, I believe, to find your dear Lady so much surpass all expectation [Never did Family-love, you know, reign so strong, as among us], and the too eager desire she had to attend her, have occasioned it: For she has but weak spirits, poor girl! well as she looks.

If she be better, we will certainly go with you tomorrow morning, after we have breakfasted with ber, at your lodgings. But, whether she be, or not, I will do myself the pleasure to attend your Lady to Hamstead: and will be with you for that purpose about nine in the morning. With due compliments to your most wor-

thily beloved, I am

Yours affectionately,

ELIZAB. LAWRANCE.

Faith and troth, Jack, I know not what to do with myself: For here, just now, having sent in the above note by Dorcas, out came my Beloved with it in her hand: In a fit of phrensy!—True, by my Soul!

She had indeed complained of ber bead all the

evening.

Dorcas ran to me, out of breath, to tell me, that her Lady was coming in some strange way: But she followed her so quick, that the frighted wench had not time to say in what way.

It feems, when she read the billet—Now indeed, said she, am I a lost creature! O the poor Clarissa Harlowe!

She tore off her head-cloaths; enquired where I was: And in the came, her thining treffes flowing about her neck; 5.

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neck; her ruffles torn, and hanging in tatters about her fnowy hands; with her arms spread out; her eyes wildly turned, as if starting from their orbits—Down sunk she at my feet, as soon as she approached me; her charming bosom heaving to her uplisted face; and clasping her arms about my knees, Dear Lovelace, said she, if ever—if ever—if ever—And, unable to speak another word, quitting her clasping hold, down prostrate on the floor sunk she, neither in a Fit nor out of one.

I was quite astonished.—All my purposes suspended for a few moments, I knew neither what to say, nor what to do. But, recollecting myself, Am I again, thought I, in a way to be overcome, and made a fool

of!-If I now recede, I am gone for ever.

I raised her: But down she sunk, as if quite disjointed; her limbs failing her—yet not in a Fit neither. I never heard of or saw such a dear unaccountable: Almost lifeless, and speechless too for a sew moments— What must her apprehensions be at that moment! And for what?—An high-notioned dear soul!—Pretty ignorance! thought I.

Never having met with so sincere, so unquestionable a repugnance, I was staggered—I was confounded—Yet how should I know that it would be so till I tried?—And how, having proceeded thus far, could I stop, were I not to have had the women to goad me on, and to make light of circumstances, which they pretended

to be better judges of than I?

I lifted her, however, into a chair; and in words of disordered passion, told her, All her sears were needles: Wondered at them: Begged of her to be pacified: Besought her reliance on my faith and honour: And revowed all my old vows, and poured forth new ones.

At last, with an heart-breaking sob, I see, I see, Mr. Lovelace, in broken sentences she spoke—I see, I see—that at last—at last—I am ruined!—Ruined, if your pity—Let me implore your pity!—And down on her bosom, like a half-broken-stalked Lily, top-heavy D 4

with the overcharging dews of the morning, funk her head, with a figh that went to my heart.

All I could think of to re-assure her, when a little

recovered, I faid.

Why did I not fend for their coach, as I had intimated? It might return in the morning for the Ladies.

I had actually done so, I told her, on seeing her strange uneasiness. But it was then gone to setch a doctor for Miss Montague, lest his chariot should not be so ready.

Ah! Lovelace! faid she, with a doubting face;

anguish in her imploring eye.

Lady Betty would think it very strange, I told her, if she were to know it was so disagreeable to her to stay one night for ber company in a house where she had passed so many!

She called me names upon this.—She had called me

names before. - I was patient.

Let her go to Lady Betty's lodgings, then; directly go; if the person I called Lady Betty was really Lady Betty.

IF, my dear! Good Heaven! What a villain does

that I r fhew you believe me to be ! I . some guest a

I cannot help it—I beseech you once more, Let me go to Mrs. Leeson's, if that Ir ought not to be said.

Then affuming a more resolute spirit—I will go! I will enquire my way!—I will go by myself!—And

would have rushed by me.

I folded my arms about her to detain her; pleading the bad way I heard poor Charlotte was in; and what a farther concern her impatience, if the went, would give

to poor Charlotte: you no someler rad adoubled their

She would believe nothing I said, unless I would instantly order a coach (since she was not to have Lady Betty's, nor was permitted to go to Mrs. Leeson's) and let her go in it to Hamstead, late as it was; and all alone; so much the better: For in the house of people of whom Lady Betty, upon enquiry, had heard a bad character [Dropt foolishly This, by my prating new relation,

lation, in order to do credit to berfelf, by depreciating others]; every thing, and every face, looking with fo much meaning vileness, as well as my own [Thou art still too sensible, thought I, my Charmer!] she was resolved

not to ftay another night.

Dreading what might happen as to her intellects, and being very apprehensive, that she might possibly go thro' a great deal before morning (tho' more violent fhe could not well be with the worst she dreaded) I humoured her, and ordered Will to endeavour to get a coach directly, to carry us to Hamstead; I cared not at what price.

Robbers, with whom I would have terrified her, she feared not-I was all her fear, I found; and this house her terror: For I faw plainly, that she now believed, that Lady Betty and Miss Montague were both im-

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But her mistrust is a little of the latest to do her

fervice!

And, O Jack, the Rage of Love, the Rage of Revenge, is upon me! By turns they tear me!—The progress already made—The womens instigations—The power I shall have to try her to the utmost, and still to marry her, if the be not to be brought to cohabitation— Let me perish, Belford, if she escape me now!

WILL is not yet come back. Near eleven.

WILL is this moment returned.—No coach to be

got, either for love or money.

Once more, she urges—To Mrs. Leeson's let me go, Lovelace! Good Lovelace, let me go to Mrs. Leeson's! What is Miss Montague's illness to my terror?—For the Almighty's fake, Mr. Lovelace!—her hands clasped—

O my angel! What a wildness is this!-Do you know, do you see, my dearest life, what appearance your causeless apprehensions have given you?—Do you

know it is past Eleven o'clock?

Twelve, One, Two, Three, Four-any hour-I 2000 care care not—If you mean me honourably, let me go out of this hated house!

Thou'lt observe, Belford, that tho' this was written afterwards, yet (as in other places) I write it as it was spoken and happened, as if I had retired to put down every sentence as spoken. I know thou likest this lively present-tense manner, as it is one of my peculiars.

Just as she had repeated the last words, If you mean me bonourably, let me go out of this bated bouse, in came Mrs. Sinclair, in a great ferment.—And what, pray Madam, has this bouse done to you?—Mr. Lovelace, you have known me some time; and, if I have not the niceness of this Lady, I hope I do not deserve to be treated thus!

She fet her huge arms akembo: Hoh! Madam, let me tell you, I am amazed at your freedoms with my character! And, Mr. Lovelace [holding up, and violently shaking, her head] if you are a gentleman, and a man of honour—

Having never before feen any-thing but obsequiousness in this woman, little as she liked her, she was frighted at her masculine air, and sierce look—God help me! cried she—What will become of me now! Then, turning her head hither and thither, in a wild kind of amaze, Whom have I for a protector! What will become of me now!

I will be your protector, my dearest Love!—But indeed you are uncharitably severe upon poor Mrs. Sinclair! Indeed you are!—She is a gentlewoman born, and the relict of a man of honour; and the left in such circumstances as oblige her to let lodgings, yet would she scorn to be guilty of a wilful baseness.

I hope so—It may be so—I may be mistaken—But
—But there is no crime, I presume, no treason, to say

I don't like her house.

The old dragon straddled up to her, with her arms kemboed again—Her eye-brows erect, like the bristles upon a hog's back, and, scouling over her shortened nose, more than half-hid her serret eyes. Her mouth

was distorted. She pouted out her blubber-lips, as if to bellows up wind and sputter into her horse-nostrils; and her chin was curdled, and more than usually prominent with passion.

With two Hob-Madams she accosted the frighted Fair-one; who, terrified, caught hold of my fleeve.

I feared she would fall into fits; and, with a look of indignation, told Mrs. Sinclair, that these apartments were mine; and I could not imagine what she meant, either by liftening to what paffed between me and my fpouse, or to come in, uninvited; and still more I wondered, at her giving herfelf these strange liberties.

I may be to blame, Jack, for fuffering this wretch to give herfelf thefe airs; but her coming in was without my orders to tayour and m rand want

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The old Beldam, throwing herfelf into a chair, fell a blubbering and exclaiming. And the pacifying of her, and endeavouring to reconcile the Lady to her, took up till near One a clock,

And thus, between terror, and the late hour, and what followed, she was diverted from the thoughts of getting out of the house to Mrs. Leeson's, or anywhere elfe. viole of her Sex and Thou their is

# LETTER VI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Tuesday Morn. June 13.

ND now, Belford, I can go no farther. The affair is over. Clariffa lives. And I am

m not the Brocher of the Lady. Had I been

Your bumble Servant.

ser fol to easily for tading liew at a R. LOYELACE.

The whole of this black transaction is given by the injured Lady to Miss Howe, in her subsequent Letters, dated Thursday July 6. See Vol. VI.

#### LETTER VILOUEVOL

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Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Efq;

Watford, Wedn. June 14.

Thou savage-hearted monster! What work hast thou made in one guilty bour, for a whole age of repentance!

I am inexpressibly concerned at the fate of this matchless Lady! She could not have fallen into the hands of any other man breathing, and suffered as she has done

with thee.

I had written a great part of another long Letter, to try to fosten thy slinty heart in her favour; for I thought it but too likely, that thou shouldst succeed in getting her back again to the accursed woman's. But I find it would have been too late, had I finished it, and sent it away. Yet cannot I forbear writing, to urge thee to make the only amends thou now canst make her, by a

proper use of the Licence thou hast obtained.

Poor, poor Lady! It is a pain to me, that I ever faw her. Such an adorer of virtue to be facrificed to the vilest of her Sex; and Thou their implement in the devil's hands, for a purpose so base, so ungenerous, so inhumane!—Pride thyself, O cruellest of men, in this reslection; and that thy triumph over a woman, who for thy sake was abandoned of every friend she had in the world, was effected, not by advantages taken of her weakness and credulity; but by the blackest artifice; after a long course of studied deceits had been tried to no purpose.

A can tell thee, it is well either for thee or for me, that I am not the Brother of the Lady. Had I been her Brother, her violation must have been followed by

the blood of one of us.

Excuse me, Lovelace; and let not the Lady fare the worse for my concern for her. And yet I have but one other motive to ask thy excuse; and that is, because I

owe to thy own communicative pen the knowlege I have of thy barbarous villainy; fince thou mightest, if thou wouldst, have passed it upon me for a common seduction.

CLARISSA LIVES, thou fayst. That she does, is my wonder; and these words shew, that thou thyself (tho' thou couldst, nevertheless, proceed) hardly expectedst she would have survived the outrage. What must have been the poor Lady's distress (watchful as she had been over her honour) when dreadful Certainty took place of cruel Apprehension!—And yet a man may guess what it must have been, by that which thou paintest, when she suspected herself tricked, deserted, and betrayed, by the pretended Ladies.

That thou couldst behold her phrenfy on this occafion, and her half-speechless, half-fainting prostration at thy feet, and yet retain thy evil purposes, will hardly be thought credible, even by those who know thee, if

they have feen ber.

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Poor, poor Lady! With fuch noble qualities as would have adorned the most exalted married life, to fall into the hands of the only man in the world, who could have treated her as thou hast treated her!—And to let loose the old dragon, as thou properly callest her, upon the before-affrighted innocent, what a barbarity was that! What a poor piece of barbarity! in order to obtain by Terror, what thou despairedst to gain by Love, tho' supported by stratagems the most insidious!

O LOVELACE! LOVELACE! bad I doubted it before, I should now be convinced, that there must be a WORLD AFTER THIS, to do justice to injured merit, and to punish barbarous persidy! Could the divine Socrates, and the divine Clarissa, otherwise have

fuffered?

But let me, if possible, for one moment, try to forget this villainous outrage on the most excellent of women.

I have business here, which will hold me yet a few days; and then perhaps I shall quit this house for ever.

I have had a folemn and tedious time of it. I should never have known, that I had half the respect I really find I had for the old gentleman, had I not so closely, at his earnest desire, attended him, and been a witness of the tortures he underwent.

This melancholy occasion may possibly have contributed to humanize me: But surely I never could have been so remorseless a caitiff as thou hast been, to a wo-

man of balf this Lady's excellence.

But pr'ythee, dear Lovelace, if thou'rt a man, and not a devil, resolve, out of hand, to repair thy sin of ingratitude, by conferring upon thyself the highest honour thou canst receive, in making her lawfully thine.

But if thou canst not prevail upon thyself to do her this justice, I think I should not scruple a tilt with thee [An everlasting rupture at least must follow] if thou sa-

crificest her to the accursed women.

Thou art desirous to know what advantage I reap by my Uncle's demise. I do not certainly know; for I have not been so greedily solicitous on this subject, as some of the kindred have been, who ought to have shewn more decency, as I have told them, and suffered the corpse to have been cold before they had begun their hungry enquiries. But, by what I gathered from the poor man's talk to me, who, oftener than I wished, touched upon the subject, I deem it will be upwards of 5000 l. in cash, and in the funds, after all Legacies paid, besides the real estate, which is a clear 1000 l. a year.

I wish from my heart, thou wert a Money-lover! Were the Estate to be of double the value, thou shouldst have it every shilling; only upon one condition [for my circumstances before were as easy as I wish them to be while I am single]—That thou wouldst permit me the honour of being this fatherless Lady's Father, as it is

called, at the altar.

Think of this, my dear Lovelace: Be honest: And let me present thee with the brightest jewel that man ever possessed; and then, body and soul, wilt thou bind to thee for ever, thy

BELFORD.

# LETTER VIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Thursday, June 15.

Lalone!—have I heard a leffer boy, his coward arms held over his head and face, fay to a bigger, who was pommeling him, for having run away with his apple,

his orange, or his ginger-bread.

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So fay I to thee, on occasion of thy severity to thy poor friend, who, as thou ownest, has furnished thee (ungenerous as thou art!) with the weapons thou brandishest so fearfully against him.—And to what purpose, when the mischief is done; when, of consequence, the affair is irretrievable? and when a CLARISSA could not move me?

Well, but, after all, I must own, that there is something very singular in this Lady's case: And, at times, I cannot help regretting, that I ever attempted her; since not one power either of Body or Soul could be moved in my savour; and since, to use the expression of the philosopher, on a much graver occasion, There is no difference to be sound between the skull of king Philip, and that of another man.

But peoples extravagant notions of things alter not fatts, Belford: And, when all's done, Miss Clarissa Harlowe has but run the fate of a thousand others of her Sex—Only that they did not set such a romantic value upon what they call their Honour; that's all.

And yet I will allow thee this—That if a person sets a high value upon any-thing, be it ever such a trisle in itself, or in the eye of others, the robbing of that person of it is not a trisle to bim. Take the matter in this light, I own I have done wrong, great wrong, to this admirable creature.

But have I not known twenty and twenty of the Sex, who have seemed to carry their notions of virtue high; yet, when brought to the test, have abated of their severity?

verity? And how should we be convinced that any of

them are proof, till they are tried?

A thousand times have I said, that I never yet met with such a woman as this. If I bad, I hardly ever should have attempted Miss Clarissa Harlowe. Hitherto she is all angel: And was not that the point which at fetting out I proposed to try (a)? And was not Cobabitation ever my darling view? And am I not now, at last, in the high-road to it?—It is true, that I have nothing to boast of as to her Will. The very contrary. But now are we come to the Test, whether she cannot be brought to make the best of an irreparable evil.-If fhe exclaim [She has reason to exclaim, and I will sit down with patience by the hour together to hear her exclamations, till she is tired of them] she will then defcend to expostulation perhaps: Expostulation will give me hope: Expostulation will shew, that she hates me not. And if she hate me not, she will forgive: And if the now forgive; then will all be over; and the will be mine upon my own terms: And it shall then be the whole fludy of my future life to make her happy.

So, Belford, thou feeft; that I have journeyed on to this stage [indeed, thro' infinite mazes, and as infinite remorfes] with one determined point in view, from the first. To thy urgent supplication then, that I will do her grateful justice by marriage, let me answer in Matt. Prior's two lines on his hoped-for Auditorship; as put

into the mouths of his St. John and Harley;

— Let that be done, which Matt. doth fay. YEA, quoth the Earl—BUT NOT TO-DAY.

Thou feeft, Jack, that I make no resolutions, however, against doing her, one time or other, the wishedfor justice, even were I to succeed in my principal view, Cobabitation. And of this I do assure thee, that, if I ever marry, it must, it shall be Miss Clarissa Harlowe.—
Nor is her honour at all impaired with me, by what she has so far suffered: But the contrary. She must only (a) See Vol. II, p. 352.

take

take care, that, if she be at last brought to forgive me, she shew me, that her Lovelace is the only man on earth, whom she could have forgiven on the like occasion.

But, ah, Jack! what, in the mean time, shall I do with this admirable creature? At present—[I am loth to

fay it—But, at present ] she is quite stupesied.

I had rather, methinks, she should have retained all her active powers, tho' I had fuffered by her nails and her teeth, than that she should be funk into such a state of absolute—insensibility (shall I call it?) as she has been in ever fince Tuesday morning. Yet, as she begins a little to revive, and now-and-then to call names, and to exclaim, I dread almost to engage with the anguish of a spirit that owes its extraordinary agitations to a niceness that has no example either in antient or modern Story. For, after all, what is there in her case, that should fupefy such a glowing, such a blooming charmer? -Excess of grief, excess of terror, has made a person's hair stand on end, and even (as we have read) changed the colour of it. But that it should so stupefy, as to make a person, at times, insensible to those imaginary wrongs, which would raife others from stupefaction, is very furprifing!

But I will leave this subject, lest it should make me

too grave.

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I was yesterday at Hamstead, and discharged all obligations there, with no small applause. I told them, that the Lady was now as happy as myself: And that is no great untruth; for I am not altogether so, when I allow myself to think.

Mrs. Townsend, with her Tars, had not been then there. I told them what I would have them say to her,

if the come. a bad bate protect to a

Well, but, after all [How many after-all's have I?] I could be very grave, were I to give way to it.—The devil take me for a fool! What's the matter with me, I wonder!—I must breathe a fresher air for a few days.

But what shall I do with this admirable creature the while?—Hang me, if I know!—For, if I stir, the Vol. V. E venomous

venomous Spider of this habitation will want to fet upon the charming Fly, whose silken wings are already so entangled in my enormous web, that she cannot move hand or foot: For so much has grief stupesied her, that she is at present as destitute of will, as she always seemed to be of desire. I must not therefore think of leaving her yet for two days together.

#### LETTER IX.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Have just now had a specimen of what the resentment of this dear creature will be when quite recovered: An affecting one!—For, entering her apartment after Dorcas; and endeavouring to sooth and pacify her disordered mind; in the midst of my blandishments, she held up to Heaven, in a speechless agony, the innocent Licence (which she has in her own power); as the poor distressed Catalans held up their English treaty, on an occasion that keeps the worst of my actions in countenance.

She feemed about to call down vengeance upon me; when, happily, the Leaden God, in pity to her trembling Lovelace, waved over her half-drowned eyes his fomniferous wand, and laid afleep the fair Exclaimer, before the could go half thro' with her intended imprecation.

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Thou wilt guess, by what I have written, that some little Art has been made use of: But it was with a generous design (if thou'lt allow me the word on such an occasion) in order to lessen the too quick sense she was likely to have of what she was to suffer. A contrivance I never had occasion for before, and had not thought of now, if Mrs. Sinclair had not proposed it to me: To whom I lest the management of it: And I have done nothing but curse her ever since, lest the quantity should have for ever damped her charming intellects.

Hence my concern—For I think the poor Lady ought not to have been so treated. Poor Lady, did I fay?

fay?—What have I to do with thy creeping style?— But have not I the worst of it; since her insensibility

has made me but a thief to my own joys?

I did not intend to tell thee of this little innocent trick; for such I designed it to be; but that I hate disingenuousness: To thee, especially: And as I cannot help writing in a more ferious vein than usual, thou wouldst perhaps, had I not hinted the true cause, have imagined that I was forry for the fact itself: And this would have given thee a good deal of trouble in scribbling dull perfualives to repair by Matrimony; and me, in reading thy crude nonfense. Besides, one day or other, thou mightest, had I not confessed it, have heard of it in an aggravated manner; and I know thou hast such an high opinion of this Lady's virtue, that thou wouldst be disappointed, if thou hadft reason to think, that she was subdued by ber own confent, or any the least yielding in her will. And so is she beholden to me, in some measure, that, at the expence of my honour, the may fo justly form a plea, which will intirely falve bers.

And now is the whole fecret out.

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Thou wilt fay I am a horrid fellow!—As the Lady does, that I am the unchained Beelzebub, and a plotting villain: And as this is what you both faid beforehand, and nothing worse can be said, I desire, if thou wouldst not have me quite serious with thee, and that I should think thou meanest more by thy Tilting-hint, than I am willing to believe thou dost, that thou wilt forbear thy invectives? For is not the thing done?—Can it be helped?—And must I not now try to make the best of it?—And the rather do I enjoin thee this, and inviolable secrecy; because I begin to think, that my punishment will be greater than the fault, were it to be only from my own resection.

am most confoundedly dulurized about its For I

would be decored raving mad, and I thould be obliged

#### LETTER X.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Friday, June 16.

I AM forry to hear of thy misfortune; but hope thou wilt not long lie by it. Thy fervant tells me, what a narrow escape thou hadst with thy neck. I wish it may not be ominous: But I think thou seemest not to be in so enterprising a way as formerly; and yet, merry or sad, thou seest a Rake's neck is always in danger, if not from the hangman, from his own horse. But 'tis a vicious toad, it seems; and I think thou shouldst never venture upon his back again; for 'tis a plaguy thing for rider and horse both to be vicious.

Thy fellow tells me, thou defireft me to continue to write to thee in order to divert thy chagrin on thy forced confinement: But how can I think it in my power to divert, when my subject is not pleasing to myself?

Cæsar never knew what it was to be bypped, I will call it, till he came to be what Pompey was; that is to say, till he arrived at the height of his ambition: Nor did thy Lovelace know what it was to be gloomy, till he had completed his wishes upon the most charming creature in the world.

And yet why fay I, completed? when the will, the confent, is wanting—And I have still views before me

of obtaining that?

Yet I could almost join with thee in the wish, which thou sendest me up by thy servant, unsriendly as it is, that I had had thy misfortune before Monday night last: For here, the poor Lady has run into a contrary extreme to that I told thee of in my last: For now is she as much too lively, as before she was too stupid; and, bating that she has pretty frequent lucid intervals, would be deemed raving mad, and I should be obliged to confine her.

I am most confoundedly disturbed about it: For I begin to fear, that her intellects are irreparably hurt.

Who

Who the devil could have expected fuch strange

effects from a cause so common, and so slight?

But these high-souled and high-sensed girls, who had set up for shining lights and examples to the rest of the Sex, are with such difficulty brought down to the common standard, that a wise man, who prefers his peace of mind to his glory in subduing one of that exalted class, would have nothing to say to them.

I do all in my power to quiet her spirits, when I force

myself into her presence.

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I go on, begging pardon one minute; and vowing

truth and honour another.

I would at first have persuaded her, and offered to call witnesses to the truth of it, that we were actually married. Tho' the Licence was in her hands, I thought the affertion might go down in her disorder; and charming consequences I hoped would follow. But this would not do.—

I therefore gave up that hope: And now I declare to her, that it is my resolution to marry her, the moment her Uncle Harlowe informs me, that he will grace the Ceremony with his presence.

But she believes nothing I say; nor (whether in her

fenses, or not) bears me with patience in her fight.

I pity her with all my foul; and I curse myself, when she is in her wailing fits, and when I apprehend, that intellects, so charming, are for ever damped But more I curse these women, who put me upon such an expedient!—Lord! Lord! what a hand have I made of it!

—And all for what?

Last night, for the first time since Monday last, she got to her pen and ink: But she pursues her writing with such eagerness and hurry, as shew too evidently her

discomposure.

I hope, however, that this employment will help to calm her fpirits.

Just now Dorcas tells me, that what she writes she tears, and throws the paper in fragments under the table,

E 3 either

either as not knowing what she does, or disliking it: Then gets up, wrings her hands, weeps, and shifts her feat all round the room: Then returns to her table, sits down, and writes again.

ONE odd Letter, as I may call it, Dorcas has this moment given me from her—Carry this, said she, to the vilest of men. Dorcas, a toad, brought it, without any further direction, to me. I sat down, intending (tho' tis pretty long) to give thee a copy of it: But, for my life, I cannot; 'tis so extravagant. And the original is too much an original to let it go out of my hands.

But some of the scraps and fragments, as either torn thro', or slung aside, I will copy, for the novelty of the thing, and to shew thee how her mind works now she is in this whimsical way. Yet I know I am still furnishing thee with new weapons against myself. But spare thy comments. My own reflections render them needless. Dorcas thinks her Lady will ask for them: So wishes to have them to lay again under her table.

By the first thou'lt guess, that I have told her, that Miss Howe is very ill, and can't write; that she may account the better for not having received the Letter de-

figned for her, had been distance of

# PAPER Law and vike

(Torn in two pieces.)

My dearest Miss Howe!

What dreadful, dreadful things have I to tell you!
But yet I cannot tell you neither. But fay, Are
you really ill, as a vile, vile creature informs me you are?

But he never yet told me truth, and I hope has not in this: And yet, if it were not true, furely I should have heard from you before now!—But what have I to do, to upbraid?—You may well be tired of me!—And if you are, I can forgive you; for I am tired of myself: And all my own relations were tired of me long before you were.

How good you have always been to me, mine own

dear Anna Howe!—But how I ramble!

I fat down to fay a great deal—My heart was full—I did not know what to fay first—And thought, and grief, and confusion, and (O my poor head!) I cannot tell what—And thought, and grief, and confusion, came crouding so thick upon me; one would be first, another would be first, all would be first; so I can write nothing at all.—Only that, whatever they have done to me, I cannot tell; but I am no longer what I was in any one thing.—In any one thing did I say? Yes, but I am; for I am still, and I ever will be,

Your true

Plague on it! I can write no more of this eloquent nonfense myself; which rather shews a raised, than a quenched, imagination: But Dorcas shail transcribe the others in separate papers, as written by the whimsical Charmer: And some time hence, when all is over, and I can better bear to read them, I may ask thee for a sight of them. Preserve them therefore; for we often look back with pleasure even upon the heaviest griefs, when the cause of them is removed.

#### PAPER II.

(Scratch'd thro', and thrown under the Table.)

AND can you, my dear honoured Papa, refolve for ever to reprobate your poor child?—But I am fure you would not, if you knew what she has suffered since her unhappy—And will nobody plead for your poor suffering girl?—No one good body?—Why, then, dearest Sir, let it be an act of your own innate goodness, which I have so much experienced, and so much abused. I don't presume to think you should receive me—No, indeed—My name is—I don't know what my name is!—In ever dare to wish to come into your family again!—But your heavy curse, my Papa—Yes, I will call you Papa, and help yourself as you can—for you are my own dear Papa, whether you will or not—And tho' I am an unworthy child—yet I am your child—

E 4

PAPER

#### PAPER III.

Lady took a great fancy to a young Lion, or a Bear, I forget which—But a Bear, or a Tyger, I believe, it was. It was made her a present of, when a whelp. She fed it with her own hand: She nurfed up the wicked cub with great tenderness; and would play with it, without fear or apprehension of danger: And it was obedient to all her commands: And its tameness, as she used to boaft, increased with its growth; so that, like a Lapdog, it would follow her all over the house. But mind what followed: At last, some-how, neglecting to satisfy its hungry maw, or having otherwife disobliged it on some occasion, it resumed its nature; and on a sudden fell upon her, and tore her in pieces.-And who was most to blame, I pray? The Brute, or the Lady? The Lady, furely !- For what she did, was out of nature, out of character, at least: What it did, was in its own nature.

PAPER IV.

ITOW art thou now humbled in the duft, thou proud Clariffa Harlowe! Thou that never steppedst out of thy Father's house, but to be admired! Who wert wont to turn thine eye, sparkling with healthful life, and felf-affurance, to different objects at once, as thou paffedst, as if (for so thy penetrating Sister used to say) to plume thyself upon the expected applauses of all that beheld thee! Thou that usedst to go to rest satisfied with the adulations paid thee in the past day, and couldst put off every-thing but thy Vanity!-

#### PAPER V.

R Ejoice not now, my Bella, my Sifter, my Friend; but pity the humbled creature, whose foolish heart you used to say you beheld thro' the thin veil of humility which covered it.

It must have been so! My fall had not else been per-

mitted-

You penetrated my proud heart with the jealousy of an Elder Sifter's fearching eye.

You knew me better than I knew myfelf.

Hence your upbraidings, and your chidings, when I began to totter.

But forgive now those vain triumphs of my heart.

I thought, poor proud wretch that I was, that what you faid was owing to your envy.

I thought I could acquit my intention of any fuch

vanity.

I was too secure in the knowlege I thought I had of my own heart.

My supposed advantages became a snare to me.

And what now is the end of all?

#### PAPER VI.

What now is become of the profpects of a happy life, which once I thought opening before me?— Who now shall affift in the solemn preparations? Who now shall provide the nuptial ornaments, which soften and divert the apprehensions of the fearful virgin? No court now to be paid to my smiles! No encouraging compliments to inspire thee with hope of laying a mind not unworthy of thee under obligation! No elevation now for conscious merit, and applauded purity, to look down from on a prostrate adorer, and an admiring world, and up to pleased and rejoicing parents and relations!

### PAPER VII.

THOU pernicious Caterpiller, that preyest upon the fair leaf of Virgin Fame, and poisonest those leaves which thou canst not devour!

Thou fell Blight, thou Eastern Blast, thou overspreading Mildew, that destroyest the early promises of the shineing year! that mockest the laborious toil, and blastest the joyful hopes, of the painful Husbandman!

Thou fretting Moth, that corruptest the fairest gar-

ment!

Thou eating Canker-worm, that preyest upon the opening Bud, and turnest the damask Rose into livid yellowness!

If,

If, as Religion teaches us, God will judge us, in a great measure, by our benevolent or evil actions to one another—O wretch! bethink thee, in time bethink thee, how great must be thy condemnation!

#### PAPER VIII.

T first, I saw something in your Air and Person that displeased me not. Your Birth and Fortunes were no small advantages to you. - You acted not ignobly by my paffionate Brother. Every-body faid you were brave: Every-body faid you were generous. A brave man, I thought, could not be a base man: A generous man could not, I believed, be ungenerous, where he acknowleded obligation. Thus prepoffessed, all the rest that my soul loved and wished for in your Reformation, I hoped !- I knew not, but by report, any flagrant instances of your vileness. You feemed frank, as well as generous: Frankness and Generosity ever attracted me: Whoever kept up those appearances, I judged of their hearts by my own; and whatever qualities I wished to find in them, I was ready to find; and, when found, I believed them to be natives of the foil.

My Fortunes, my Rank, my Character, I thought a further fecurity. I was in none of those respects unworthy of being the Niece of Lord M. and of his two noble Sisters.—Your vows, your imprecations—But, Oh! you have barbarously and basely conspired against that Honour, which you ought to have protected: And now you have made me—What is it of vile, that you

have not made me?-

Yet, God knows my heart, I had no culpable inclinations!—I honoured Virtue!—I hated Vice!—But I knew not, that you were Vice itself!

#### PAPER IX.

HAD the happiness of any the poorest Outcast in the world, whom I had never seen, never known, never before heard of, lain as much in my power, as my happiness did in yours, my benevolent heart would have made

Let. 10. CLARISSA HARLOWE.

me fly to the fuccour of fuch a poor distressed—With what pleasure would I have raised the dejected head, and comforted the desponding heart!—But who now shall pity the poor wretch, who has encreased, instead of diminished, the number of the miserable!

# and and part P. A. P. E. R. X. Long me

L E A D me, where my own thoughts themselves may lose me;
Where I may doze out what I've lest of Life,
Forget mysels, and that day's guilt!
Cruel Remembrance!—how shall I appeale thee?

— Oh! you have done an act
That blots the face and blush of modesty;
Takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent Love,
And makes a blifter there!—

Then down I laid my head,
Down on cold earth, and for a while was dead;
And my freed Soul to a firange Somewhere fled!
Ah! fottifh Soul! faid I,
When back to its cage again I faw it fly,
Fool! to refume her broken chain,
And row the galley here again!
Fool! to that Body to return,
Where it condemn'd and defin'd is to mourn.

O my Mils Howe! if thou hast friendship, help me, And speak the words of peace to my divided Soul, That wars within me, And raises ev'ry sense to my confusion. I'm tott ring on the brink

I'm tott'ring on the brink
Of peace; and thou art all the hold I've left!
Affift me — in the pangs of my affliction!

When Honour's loft, 'tis a relief to die: Death's but a fure retreat from infamy.

Then farewel, Youth, And all the joys that dwell With Youth and Life! And Life itfelf, farewel!

For Life can never be fincerely bleft. Heav'n punishes the Bad, and proves the Beft.

By faith misfortune di By How am I pourfu de Which on carch octore w'd Are, like waves, reacew'd

AFTER all, Belford, I have just skimmed over these transcriptions of Dorcas; and I see there are method and good

good sense in some of them, wild as others of them are; and that her memory, which serves her so well for these poetical slights, is far from being impaired. And this gives me hope, that she will soon recover her charming intellects—Tho' I shall be the sufferer by

their restoration, I make no doubt.

But, in the Letter she wrote to me, there are yet greater extravagancies; and tho' I said it was too affecting to give thee a copy of it, yet, after I have let thee see the loose papers inclosed, I think I may throw in a transcript of that. Dorcas therefore shall here transcribe it. I cannot. The reading of it affected me ten times more than the severest reproaches of a regular mind could do.

#### To Mr. LOVELACE.

I Never intended to write another line to you. I would not see you, if I could help it.—O that I never had!

But tell me of a truth, Is Miss Howe really and truly

ill?—Very ill?—And is not her illness poison? And

don't you know who gave it her?

What you, or Mrs. Sinclair, or fomebody (I cannot tell who) have done to my poor head, you best know: But I shall never be what I was. My head is gone. I have wept away all my brain, I believe; for I can weep no more. Indeed I have had my full share; so it is no matter.

But, good now, Lovelace, don't fet Mrs. Sinclair upon me again. I never did her any harm. She so affrights me, when I see her!—Ever since—When was it? I cannot tell. You can, I suppose. She may be a good woman, as far as I know. She was the wife of a man of honour—Very likely—Tho' forced to let lodgings for her livelihood. Poor gentlewoman! Let her know I pity her: But don't let her come near me again—Pray don't!

Yet she may be a very good woman—

What would I say!—I forget what I was going to say.

O Lovelace, you are Saran himself; or he helps you out in every-thing; and that's as bad!

But have you really and truly fold yourfelf to him? And for how long? What duration is your reign to have?

Poor man! The contract will be out; and then

what will be your fate!

O Lovelace! if you could be forry for yourself, I would be forry too—But when all my doors are fast, and nothing but the key-hole open, and the key of late put into that, to be where you are, in a manner without opening any of them—O wretched, wretched Clarissa Harlowe!

For I never will be Lovelace—let my Uncle take

it as he pleases.

Well, but now I remember what I was going to fay
—It is for your good—not mine—For nothing can do
me good now!—O thou villainous man! thou hated
Lovelace!

But Mrs. Sinclair may be a good woman—If you love me—But that you don't—But don't let her bluster up with her worse than mannish airs to me again! O she is a frightful woman! If she be a woman! She needed not to put on that fearful mask to scare me out of my poor wits. But don't tell her what I say—I have no hatred to her—It is only fright, and foolish fear, that's all.—She may not be a bad woman—But neither are all men, any more than all women, alike—

God forbid they should be like you!

Alas! you have killed my head among you—I don't fay who did it!—God forgive you all!—But had it not been better to have put me out of all your ways at once? You might fafely have done it! For nobody would require me at your hands—No, not a foul—Except, indeed, Miss Howe would have faid, when she should see you, What, Lovelace, have you done with Clarissa Harlowe?—And then you could have given any slight gay answer—Sent her beyond-sea; or, she has run away from me, as she did from her parents. And this would have been easily credited; for you know, Lovelace, she that could run away from them, might very well run away from you

But this is nothing to what I wanted to fay. Now

I have it low at noise ub stadW & sand word no I have loft it again—This foolish wench comes teazing me-For what purpose should I eat? For what end should I wish to live ?- I tell thee, Dorcas, I will neither eat nor drink. I cannot be worse than I am.

I will do as you'd have me-Good Dorcas, look not upon me so fiercely-But thou canst not look so

bad as I have feen Somebody look. I as a sed comment

Mr. Lovelace, now that I remember what I took pen in hand to fay, let me hurry off my thoughts, left I lose them again—Here I am sensible—And yet I am hardly fensible neither-But I know my head is not as it should be, for all that Therefore let me propose one thing to you: It is for your good-not mine: And this is it I nam suonielliv port O-! won boog on

I must needs be both a trouble and an expence to you. And here my Uncle Harlowe, when he knows how I am, will never wish any man to have me: No, not even you, who have been the occasion of it-Barbarous and ungrateful !- A less complicated villainy cost a Tarquin-But I forget what I would fay again-

Then this is it - I never shall be myself again : I have been a very wicked creature—a vain, proud, poor creature-full of fecret pride-which I carried off under an humble guife, and deceived every-body-My Sifter fays fo-And now I am punished-So let me be carried out of this house, and out of your fight; and let me be put into that Bedlam privately, which once I saw : But it was a fad fight to me then! Little as I thought what I should come to myfelf!—That is all I would fay: This is all I have to with for-Then I shall be out of all your ways; and I shall be taken care of; and Bread and Water, without your tormentings, will be dainties; and my Straw-bed the easiest I have lain in-for-I cannot tell how long !

My cloaths will fell for what will keep me there, perhaps, as long as I shall live. But, Lovelace, dear Lovelace I will call you; for you have cost me enough,

m'Im, might year well tun away them wil'm

I'm fure!-don't let me be made a shew of, for my family's fake; nay, for your own fake, don't do that-For when I know all I have fuffered, which yet I do not, and no matter if I never do-I may be apt to rave against you by name, and tell of all your baseness to a poor hambled creature, that once was as proud as anybody-But of what I can't tell-Except of mine own folly and vanity—But let that pass—fince I am punished enough for it-

So, suppose, instead of Bedlam, it were a private madhouse, where nobody comes !- That will be better

a great deal, or side mad and 1 a

But, another thing, Lovelace: Don't let them use me cruelly when I am there—You have used me cruelly enough, you know !- Don't let them use me cruelly : for I will be very tractable; and do as any-body would have me do-Except what you would have me dofor that I never will. - Another thing, Lovelace .: Don't let this good woman; I was going to fay vile woman; but don't tell her that.-Because she won't let you send me to this happy refuge perhaps, if she were to know earest villain on earth has robti

Another thing, Lovelace : And let me have pen, and ink, and paper, allowed me-It will be all my amusement-But they need not fend to any-body I shall write to, what I write, because it will but trouble them : And fomebody may do you a mischief, may be-I wish not that any-body do any-body a mischief upon my

You tell me, that Lady Betty Lawrance, and your Coufin Montague, were here to take leave of me; but that I was aseep, and could not be waked. told me at first, I was married, you know; and that you were my hufband-Ah! Lovelace! look to what you fay .- But let not them (for they will fport with my misery) let not that Lady Betty, let not that Miss Montague, whatever the real ones may do; nor Mrs. Sinclair neither, nor any of her Lodgers, nor her Nieces, come to see me in my place-Real ones, I say; for, Lovelace.

Lovelace, I shall find out all your villainies in time—Indeed I shall—So put me there as soon as you can—It is for your good—Then all will pass for ravings that I can say, as, I doubt not, many poor creatures exclamations do pass, tho' there may be too much truth in them for all that—And you know I began to be mad at Hamstead—So you said.—Ah! villainous man! what have you not to answer for!

**10** 10

I LITTLE interval feems to be lent me. I had begun to look over what I have written. It is not fit for any one to fee, fo far as I have been able to re-perufe it: But my head will not hold, I doubt, to go through it all. If therefore I have not already mentioned my earnest desire, let me tell you, it is this: That I be fent out of this abominable house without delay, and locked up in some private Madhouse about this town a for fuch it feems there are; never more to be feen, or to be produced to any-body, except in your own vindication, if you should be charged with the murder of my person; a much lighter crime, than that of my honour, which the greatest villain on earth has robbed me of. And deny me not this my last request, I befeech you; and one other, and that is, Never to let me fee you more! This furely may be granted to

ments side of the sign of the miferally abused of silver I abused the Charissa Harlows.

I WILL not hear thy heavy preachments, Belford, upon this affecting Letter. So, not a word of that fort! The paper, thou'lt see, is blifter'd with the tears even of the harden'd transcriber; which has made her ink run here-and-there.

Mrs. Sinclair is a true heroine, and, I think, shames us all. And she is a woman too! Thou'lt say, The best things corrupted become the worst. But this is certain, that whatever the Sex set their hearts upon, they make thorough work of it. And hence it is, that a mischief which would end in simple robbery among men-rogues, becomes murder, if a woman be in it.

I know thou wilt blame me for having had recourse to Art. But do not physicians prescribe opiates in acute cases, where the violence of the disorder would be apt to throw the patient into a fever or delirium? I aver. that my motive for this expedient was mercy; nor could it be any-thing elfe. For a Rape, thou knowest, to us Rakes, is far from being an undefirable thing. Nothing but the Law stands in our way, upon that account; and the opinion of what a modest woman will suffer rather than become a viva voce accuser, lessens much an honest fellow's apprehensions on that score. Then, if these somnivolencies [I hate the word opiates on this occasion] have turned her head, that is an effect they frequently have upon fome constitutions; and in this case was rather the fault of the dose, than the design in my favour, and is stoamed to revige of

But is not Wine itself an opiate in degree?—How many women have been taken advantage of by wine, and other still more intoxicating viands?—Let me tell thee, Jack, that the experience of many of the passive. Sex, and the consciences of many more of the active, appealed to, will testify that thy Lovelace is not the worst of villains. Nor would I have thee put me upon

clearing myfelf by comparisons.

If she escape a settled delirium when my plots unravel, I think it is all I ought to be concerned about. What therefore I desire of thee, is, That, if two constructions may be made of my actions, thou wilt afford me the most favourable. For this, not only friendship, but my own ingenuousness, which has surnished thee with the knowlege of the facts against which thou art so ready to inveigh, require of thee.

WILL is just returned from an errand to Hamstead; and acquaints me, that Mrs. Townsend was yesterday at Mrs. Moore's, accompanied by three or four rough sellows; a greater number (as supposed) at a distance. She was strangely surprised at the news that my spouse and I are entirely reconciled; and that two sine Ladies,

Vol. V. F my

my relations, came to visit her, and went to town with her: Where she is very happy with me. She was sure we were not married, she said, unless it was while we were at Hamstead: And they were sure the Ceremony was not performed there. But that the Lady is happy and easy, is unquestionable: And a sling was thrown out by Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Bevis at mischief-makers, as they knew Mrs. Townsend to be acquainted with Miss Howe.

Now, fince my Fair-one can neither receive, nor fend away Letters, I am pretty easy as to this Mrs. Townsend and her employer. And I fansy Miss Howe will be puzzled to know what to think of the matter, and afraid of sending by Wilson's conveyance; and perhaps suppose that her friend slights her; or has changed her mind in my favour, and is ashamed to own it; as she has not had an answer to what she wrote; and will believe that the Rustic delivered her last Letter into her own hand.

Mean time I have a little project come into my head, of a new kind—just for amusement-sake, that's all: Variety has irresistible charms. I cannot live without intrigue. My Charmer has no passions; that is to say, none of the passions that I want her to have. She engages all my reverence. I am at present more inclined to regret what I have done, than to proceed to new offences: And shall regret it till I see how she takes it when recovered.

Shall I tell thee my project? 'Tis not a high one.—
'Tis this—To get hither Mrs. Moore, Miss Rawlins, and my Widow Bevis; for they are desirous to make a visit to my spouse, now we are so happy together. And, if I can order it right, Belton, Mowbray, Tourville, and I, will shew them a little more of the ways of this wicked town, than they at present know. Why should they be acquainted with a man of my character, and not be the better and wifer for it?—I would have every-body rail against Rakes with judgment and knowlege, if they will rail. Two of these women gave me

a great deal of trouble: And the third, I am confident, will forgive a merry evening.

Thou wilt be curious to know, what the persons of these women are, to whom I intend so much distinction. I think I have not heretofore mentioned any-

· thing characteristic of their persons.

Mrs. Moore is a widow of about Thirty-eight; a little mortified by misfortunes; but those are often the merriest folks, when warmed. She has good features still; and is what they call much of a gentlewoman, and very neat in her person and dress. She has given over, I believe, all thoughts of our Sex: But when the dying embers are raked up about the half-consumed stump, there will be suel enough lest, I dare say, to blaze out, and give a comfortable warmth to a half-starved by-stander.

Mrs. Bevis is comely; that is to fay, plump; a lover of mirth, and one whom no grief ever dwelt with, I dare fay, for a week together; about Twenty-five years of age: Mowbray will have very little difficulty with her, I believe; for one cannot do every-thing one's felf. And yet sometimes women of this free cast, when it comes to the point, answer not the premises their chearful forwardness gives a man who

has a view upon them.

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Miss Rawlins is an agreeable young Lady enough; but not beautiful. She has sense, and would be thought to know the world, as it is called; but, for her knowlege, is more indebted to Theory than Experience. A mere whipt-syllabub knowlege this, Jack, that always fails the person who trusts to it, when it should hold to do her service. For such young Ladies have so much dependence upon their own understanding and wariness, are so much above the cautions that the less opinionative may be benefited by, that their presumption is generally their overthrow, when attempted by a man of experience, who knows how to flatter their vanity, and to magnify their wisdom, in order to take advantage of their folly. But, for

· Miss Rawlins, if I can add Experience to her Theory, what an accomplished person will she be!—And how

much will she be obliged to me; and not only she,

but all those who may be the better for the precepts
 fhe thinks herself already so well qualified to give!

· Dearly, Jack, do I love to engage with these pre-

· cept-givers, and example-fetters.

Now, Belford, altho' there is nothing striking in any of these characters; yet may we, at a pinch, make a good frolicky half-day with them, if, after we have fostened their wax at table by encouraging viands, we can set our women and them into dancing: Dancing, which all women love, and all men should therefore promote, for both their sakes,

And thus, when Tourville fings, Belton fiddles, Mowbray makes rough love, and I fmooth; and thou, Jack, wilt be by that time well enough to join in the chorus; the devil's in't, if we don't mould them into what shape we please—our own women, by their laughing freedoms, encouraging them to break thro' all their customary reserves: For Women to Women, thou knowest, are great darers and incentives; not one of them loving to be outdone or outdared, when

their hearts are thoroughly warmed.

· I know, at first, the difficulty will be the accidental absence of my dear Mrs. Lovelace, to whom principally they will design their visit: But if we can exhilarate them, they won't then wish to see her; and I can form twenty acccidents and excuses, from one hour to another, for her absence, till each shall have a subject to take up all her thoughts.

I am really fick at heart for a frolick, and have no doubt but this will be an agreeable one. These women already think me a wild fellow; nor do they like me the less for it, as I can perceive; and I shall take care, that they shall be treated with so much freedom before one another's faces, that in policy they shall keep each other's counsel. And won't this be doing a kind thing by them? since it will knit an indissoluble band

of union and friendship between three women who are neighbours, and at present have only common obligations to one another: For thou wantest not to be told, that Secrets of Love, and Secrets of this nature, are generally the strongest cement of semale friendships.

But, after all, if my Beloved should be happily restored to her intellects, we may have scenes arise between us, that will be sufficiently busy to employ all the faculties of thy friend, without looking out for new occasions. Already, as I have often observed, has she been the means of saving scores of her sex; yet without her own knowlege.

saturday Night.

By Dorcas's account of her Lady's behaviour, the dear creature feems to be recovering. I shall give the earliest notice of this to the worthy Capt. Tomlinson, that he may apprise Uncle John of it. I must be properly enabled, from that quarter, to pacify her, or at least, to rebate her first violence.

# i ed aveil L.E T. T. E.R. XI. mom at a

# Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Sunday Afternoon, 6 o'Clock (June 18.)

I WENT out early this morning, and returned not till just now; when I was informed, that my Beloved, in my absence, had taken it into her head to attempt to get away.

She tript down, with a parcel tied up in a handkerchief, her hood on; and was actually in the entry, when Mrs. Sinclair faw her.

Pray, Madam, whipping between her and the street-door, be pleased to let me know whither you are going?

Who has a right to controul me? was the word.

I have, Madam, by order of your Spouse: And, kemboing her arms, as she owned, I desire you will be pleased to walk up again.

She would have spoken; but could not: And, F 2 bursting bursting into tears, turned back, and went up to her chamber: And Dorcas was taken to task for suffering her to be in the passage before she was seen.

This shews, as we hoped last night, that she is re-

covering her charming intellects.

Dorcas fays, she was visible to her but once before, the whole day; and then seemed very solemn and sedate.

I will endeavour to see her. It must be in her own chamber, I suppose; for she will hardly meet me in the Dining-room. What advantage will the considence of our Sex give me over the modesty of hers, if she be recovered!—I, the most consident of men: She, the most delicate of women. Sweet Soul! methinks, I have her before me: Her sace averted: Speech lost in sighs—Abashed—Conscious—What a triumphant aspect will this give me, when I gaze in her downcast countenance!

lady to rebute her did violent

This moment Dorcas tells me, she believes she is coming to find me out. She asked her after me: And Dorcas left her, drying her red-swoln eyes at her glass [No design of moving me by her tears!]; sighing too sensibly for my courage. But to what purpose have I gone thus far, if I pursue not my principal end? Nice-ness must be a little abated. She knows the worst. That she cannot sly me; that she must see me; and that I can look her into a sweet confusion; are circumstances greatly in my favour. What can she do, but rave and exclaim? I am used to raving and exclaiming—But, if recovered, I shall see how she behaves upon this our first sensible interview after what she has suffered.

mboing her arms, us the owned, I delive you wil .

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athing them in the second

#### LETTER XII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Sunday Night.

LEVER blame me for giving way to have Art used with this admirable creature. All the princes of the air, or beneath it, joining with me, could never have subdued her while she had her senses.

I will not anticipate—Only to tell thee, that I am too much awakened by her to think of fleep, were I to go to bed; and so shall have nothing to do, but to write an account of our odd conversation, while it is so strong upon thy mind that I can think of nothing else.

She was dreffed in a white damask night-gown, with less negligence than for some days past. I was sitting with my pen in my singers; and stood up when I first saw her, with great complaisance, as if the day were still her own. And so indeed it is.

She entered with such dignity in her manner, as struck me with great awe, and prepared me for the poor figure I made in the subsequent conversation. A poor figure indeed!—But I will do her justice.

She came up with quick steps, pretty close to me; a white handkerchief in her hand; her eyes neither sterce nor mild, but very earnest; and a fixed sedateness in her whole aspect, which seemed to be the effect of deep contemplation: And thus she accosted me, with an air and action that I never saw equal'd.

You see before you, Sir, the wretch, whose preference of you to all your Sex you have rewarded—as it indeed deserved to be rewarded. My Father's dreadful curse has already operated upon me in the very letter of it, as to This life; and it seems to me too evident, that it will not be your fault, that it is not entirely completed in the loss of my Soul, as well as of my Honour—Which you, villainous man! have robbed me of, with a baseness so unnatural, so inhuman, that, it seems, you, even you, had not the heart to attempt it, till my senses were made the previous sacrifice.

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Here

Here I made an helitating effort to speak, laying down my pen: But she proceeded:-Hear me out. guilty wretch !- abandoned man !- Man did I fay ?-Yet what name else can I? fince the mortal worryings of the fiercest beast would have been more natural, and infinitely more welcome, than what you have acted by me; and that with a premeditation and contrivance worthy only of that fingle heart, which now, base as well as ingrateful as thou art, feems to quake within thee .- And well may'ft thou quake; well may'ft thou tremble and falter, and hefitate, as thou doft, when thou reflectest upon what I have suffered for thy sake. and upon the returns thou haft made me!

By my Soul, Belford, my whole frame was shaken: For not only her Looks, and her Action, but her Voice, fo folemn, was inexpressibly affecting: And then my curfed guilt, and her innocence, and merit, and rank, and superiority of talents, all stared me at that inftant in the face fo formidably, that my present account, to which she unexpectedly called me, seemed, as I then thought, to refemble that general one, to which we are told we shall be summoned, when our

Conscience shall be our accuser.

But she had had time to collect all the powers of her eloquence. The whole day probably in her intellects. And then I was the more disappointed, as I had thought I could have gazed the dear creature into confusion-But it is plain, that the fense she has of her wrongs fets this matchless woman above all lesser, all weaker confiderations.

My dear-My love-I-I never-No never-Lips trembling, limbs quaking, voice inward, hefitating, broken—Never furely did miscreant look so like a miscreant! While thus she proceeded, waving her fnowy hand, with all the graces of moving oratory.

I have no pride in the confusion visible in thy whole person. I have been all the day praying for a composure, if I could not escape from this vile house, that should once more enable me to look up to my destroyer with the consciousness of an innocent sufferer. Thou sees me, since my wrongs are beyond the power of words to express, thou sees me, calm enough to wish, that thou mayst continue harassed by the workings of thy own Conscience, till effectual repentance take hold of thee, that so thou mayst not forfeit all title to that mercy which thou hast not shewn to the poor creature now before thee, who had so well deserved to meet with a faithful friend, where she met with the worst of enemies.

But tell me (for no doubt thou hast fome scheme to pursue) Tell me, since I am a prisoner, as I find, in the vilest of houses, and have not a friend to protect or save me, what thou intendest shall become of the remnant of a life not worth the keeping? Tell me, if yet there are more evils reserved for me; and whether thou hast entered into a compact with the grand deceiver, in the person of his horrid agent in this house; and if the ruin of my Soul, that my Father's curse may be sulfilled, is to complete the triumphs of so vile a consederacy?—Answer me!—Say, if thou hast courage to speak out to her whom thou hast ruined, tell me what further I am to suffer from thy barbarity?

She stopped here; and, fighing, turned her sweet face from me, drying up with her handkerchief those tears which she endeavoured to restrain; and, when

she could not, to conceal from my fight.

As I told thee, I had prepared mysels for high passions, raving, slying, tearing, execration: These transient violences, the workings of sudden grief, and shame, and vengeance, would have set us upon a par with each other, and quitted scores. These have I been accustomed to; and, as nothing violent is lasting, with these I could have wished to encounter. But such a majestic composure—Seeking me—whom yet, it is plain, by her attempt to get away, she would have avoided seeing—No Lucretia-like vengeance upon hersels in her thought—Yet swallowed up, her whole mind swallowed up, as I may say, by a grief so heavy, as, in

her own words, to be beyond the power of speech to express—and to be able, discomposed as she was to the very morning, to put such a home-question to me, as if she had penetrated my future view—How could I avoid looking like a fool, and answering, as before, in broken sentences, and confusion?

What—What-a—What has been done—I, I, I—cannot but fay—Must own—Must confess—Hem—Hem—Is not right—Is not what should have been —But-a—But—But—I am truly—truly—forry for it—Upon my Soul I am—And—And—will do all—do every thing—Do what—What-ever is incumbent upon me—all that you—that you—that you shall require, to make you amends!—

O Belford! Belford! Whose the triumph now!-

HERS, OF MINE?

Amends! O thou truly despicable wretch!—Then, lifting up her eyes—Good Heaven! Who shall pity the creature, who could fall by so base a mind!—Yet—and then she looked indignantly upon me—Yet, I hate thee not (base and low-souled as thou art!) half so much as I hate myself, that I saw thee not sooner in thy proper colours!—That I hoped either Morality, Gratitude, or Humanity, from a Libertine, who, to be a Libertine, must have got over and desied all moral sanctions (a).

She then called upon her cousin Morden's name, as if he had warned her against a man of free principles; and walked towards the window; her handkerchief at her eyes: But, turning short towards me, with an air of mingled scorn and majesty—[What, at the moment, would I have given never to have injured her!] What amends hast thou to propose!—What amends can such a one as Thou make to a person of spirit, or common sense, for the evils thou hast so inhumanly made me

fuffer ?

As foon, Madam—As foon—as—As foon as your Uncle—or—not waiting—

<sup>(</sup>a) Her cousin Morden's words to her in his Letter from Florence. See Vol. III. p. 246.

Thou wouldst tell me, I suppose—I know what thou wouldst tell me—But thinkest thou, that Marriage will satisfy for a guilt like thine? Destitute as thou hast made me both of friends and fortune, I too much despise the wretch, who could rob himself of his wife's virtue, to endure the thoughts of thee, in the light thou seemest to hope I will accept thee in !—

I hesitated an interruption: But my meaning died away upon my trembling lips. I could only pronounce the word Marriage—And thus she proceeded:

Let me therefore know, whether I am to be controlled in the future disposal of myself? Whether, in a Country of Liberty, as this, where the Sovereign of it must not be guilty of your wickedness; and where you neither durst have attempted it, had I one friend or relation to look upon me; I am to be kept here a prifoner, to sustain fresh injuries? Whether, in a word, you intend to hinder me from going whither my destiny shall lead me?

After a pause; for I was still filent;

Can you not answer me this plain question?—I quit all claim, all expectation, upon you—What right have you to detain me here?

I could not speak. What could I say to such a

question ?

O wretch! wringing her uplifted hands, had I not been robbed of my senses, and that in the basest manner—You best know how—Had I been able to account for myself, and your proceedings, or to have known but how the days passed; a whole week should not have gone over my head, as I find it has done, before I had told you, what I now tell you—That the man who has been the villain to me you have been, shall never make me his wife.—I will write to my Uncle, to lay aside his kind intentions in my savour—All my prospects are shut in—I give myself up for a lost creature as to this world—Hinder me not from entering upon a life of severe penitence, for corresponding, after prohibition, with a wretch who has too well justified all

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their warnings and inveteracy; and for throwing myfelf into the power of your vile artifices. Let me try to fecure the only hope I have left. This is all the amends I ask of you. I repeat, therefore, am I now

at liberty to dispose of myself as I please?

Now comes the fool, the miscreant again, hesitating his broken answer: My dearest Love, I am confounded, quite confounded, at the thought of what-of what has been done; and at the thought of-To whom. I fee, I fee, there is no withstanding your eloquence!-Such irreliftible proofs of the Love of Virtue for its own fake-did I never hear of, nor meet with, in all my reading. And if you can forgive a repentant villain, who thus on his knees implores your forgiveness [Then down I dropt, absolutely in earnest in all I faid I vow by all that's Sacred and Just (and may a thunderbolt strike me dead at your feet, if I am not fincere!) that I will by Marriage, before to-morrow noon, without waiting for your Uncle, or any-body, do you all the justice I now can do you. And you shall ever after controul and direct me as you please, till you have made me more worthy of your angelic purity, than now I am: Nor will I prefume fo much as to touch your garment, till I have the honour to call fo great a bleffing lawfully mine.

O thou guileful betrayer! There is a just God, whom thou invokest: Yet the Thunderbolt descends not; and

thou livest to imprecate and deceive!

My dearest Life! rising; for I hoped she was re-

lenting-

Hadst thou not sinned beyond the possibility of forgiveness, interrupted she; and this had been the first
time that thus thou solemnly promisest and invokest the
vengeance thou hast as often defied; the desperateness
of my condition might have induced me to think of
taking a wretched chance with a man so profligate. But,
after what I bave suffered by thee, it would be criminal in
me to wish to bind my Soul in covenant to a man so
nearly allied to perdition.

Good

Good God!—how uncharitable!—I offer not to defend—Would to Heaven that I could recal!—So nearly allied to perdition, Madam!—So profligate a man, Madam!—

O how short is expression of thy crimes, and of my sufferings!—Such premeditation in thy baseness!—To prostitute the characters of persons of honour of thy own family—And all to delude a poor creature, whom thou oughtest—But why talk I to thee?—Be thy crimes upon thy head!—Once more I ask thee, Am I, or am I not, at my own liberty now?

I offered to speak in defence of the women, declaring

that they really were the very persons-

Presume not, interrupted she, base as thou art, to say one word in thine own vindication on this head. I have been contemplating their behaviour, their conversation, their over-ready acquiescencies to my declarations in thy disfavour; their free, yet affectedly reserved light manners: And now, that the sad event has opened my eyes, and I have compared facts and passages together, in the little interval that has been lent me, I wonder I could not distinguish the behaviour of the unmatron-like jilt whom thou broughtest to betray me, from the worthy Lady whom thou hast the honour to call thy Aunt: And that I could not detect the superficial creature, whom thou passeds upon me for the virtuous Miss Montague.

Amazing uncharitableness in a Lady so good herself!

—That the high spirits those Ladies were in to see you, should subject them to such censures!—I do most so-

lemnly vow, Madam-

That they were, interrupting me, verily and indeed Lady Betty Lawrance, and thy cousin Montague!—O wretch! I see by thy solemn averrment [I bad not yet averred it] what credit ought to be given to all the rest. Had I no other proof——

Interrupting her, I besought her patient ear. 'I had found myfelf, I told ber, almost avowedly despised and

hated. I had no hope of gaining her Love, or her

Confidence. The Letter she had lest behind her, on her removal to Hamstead, sufficiently convinced me, that she was entirely under Miss Howe's influence, and

that the was entirely under Mils Howe's influence, and waited but the return of a Letter from her to enter

upon measures that would deprive me of her for ever:
Miss Howe had ever been my enemy: More so then.

on doubt, from the contents of the Letter the had written to her on her first coming to Hamstead: That

I dared not to stand the event of such a Letter; and was glad of an opportunity, by Lady Betty's and my

Cousin's means (tho') they knew not my motive) to get her back to town; far, at the time, from intend-

ing the outrage which my despair, and her want of

confidence in me, put me fo vilely upon'

I would have proceeded; and particularly would have faid fomething of Captain Tomlinson and her Uncle; but she would not hear me further. And indeed it was with visible indignation, and not without several angry

interruptions, that she heard me fay so much.

Would I dare, she asked me, to offer at a palliation of my baseness? The two women, she was convinced, were impostors. She knew not but Captain Tomlinson, and Mr. Mennell, were so too. But, whether they were so or not, I was. And she insisted upon being at her own disposal for the remainder of her short life—For indeed she abhorred me in every light; and more particularly in that, in which I offered myself to her acceptance.

And, faying this, she flung from me; leaving me absolutely shocked and confounded at her part of a conversation, which she began with such uncommon, however sever severe composure, and concluded with so much fin-

cere and unaffected indignation.

And now, Jack, I must address one serious paragraph

particularly to thee.

I have not yet touched upon Cohabitation—Her Uncle's mediation she does not absolutely discredit, as I had the pleasure to find by one hint in this conversation—Yet she suspects my suture views, and has doubts about Mennell and Tomlinson.

I do fay, If the come fairly at her lights, at her clues, or what shall I call them? her penetration is wonderful.

But if the do not come at them fairly, then is her incredulity, then is her antipathy to me, evidently accounted

I will speak out—Thou couldst not, surely, play me booty, Jack?—Surely thou couldst not let thy weak pity for ber lead thee to an unpardonable breach of trust to thy friend, who has been so unreserved in his communications to thee?

I cannot believe thee capable of such a baseness. Satisfy me, however, upon this head. I must make a cursed sigure in her eye, vowing and protesting, as I shall not scruple occasionally to vow and protest, if all the time she has had unquestionable informations of my persidy. I know thou as little searest me, as I do thee, in any point of manhood; and wilt scorn to deny it, if thou bast done it, when thus home pressed.

And here I have a good mind to stop, and write no farther, till I have thy answer.

And fo I will.

Monday morn. past three.

# LETTER XIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Monday Morn. 5 o'clock (June 19.).

Must write on. Nothing else can divert me: And I think thou canst not have been a dog to me.

I would fain have closed my eyes: But Sleep slies me. Well says Horace, as translated by Cowley;

The halcyon Sleep will never build his nest
In any stormy breast.

'Tis not enough, that he does find
Clouds and Darkness in the mind:
Darkness but half his work will do.
'Tis not enough: He must find Quiet too.

Now indeed do I from my heart wish, that I had never known

known this Lady. But who would have thought there had been fuch a woman in the world? Of all the Sex I have hitherto known, or heard, or read of, it was once fubdued, and always fubdued. The first struggle was generally the last; or, at least, the subsequent struggles were so much fainter and fainter, that a man would rather have them, than be without them. But how know I yet—

It is now near Six—The Sun, for two hours past, has been illuminating every-thing about me: For that impartial orb shines upon mother Sinclair's house, as well as upon any other: But nothing within me can it illuminate.

At day-dawn I looked thro' the key-hole of my Beloved's door. She had declared she would not put off her cloaths any more in this house. There I beheld her in a sweet slumber, which I hope will prove refreshing to her disturbed senses; sitting in her elbow-chair, her apron over her head; her head supported by one sweet hand, the other hand hanging down upon her side, in a sleepy lifelessness; half of one pretty soot only visible.

See the difference in our cases, thought I! She, the charming injured, can sweetly sleep, while the variet-injurer cannot close his eyes; and has been trying to no purpose the whole night to divert his melancholy, and to

fly from himself!

As every vice generally brings on its own punishment, even in this life, if any-thing were to tempt me to doubt of future punishment, it would be, that there can hardly be a greater than that which I at this instant experience in my own remorse.

I hope it will go off.—If not, well will the dear creature be avenged; for I shall be the most miserable of

men.

Six o' clock.

Just now Dorcas tells me, that her Lady is preparing openly, and without disguise, to be gone. Very probable. The humour she stew away from me in last night, has given me expectation of such an enterprize. Now. Now, Jack, to be thus hated, and despised!—And if I have sinned beyond forgiveness—

But she has sent me a message by Dorcas, that she will meet me in the dining-room; and desires [Odd enough!] that the wench may be present at the conversation that shall pass between us. This message gives me hope.

Nine o' clock.

CONFOUNDED Art, Cunning, Villainy!—By my Soul, she had like to have slipt thro' my fingers. She meant nothing by her message, but to get Dorcas out of the way, and a clear coast. Is a fansied distress sufficient to justify this Lady for dispensing with her principles? Does she not shew me, that she can wilfully deceive, as well as I?

Had she been in the fore-house, and no passage to go thro' to get at the street-door, she had certainly been gone. But her haste betrayed her: For Sally Martin happening to be in the fore-parlour, and hearing a swifter motion than usual, and a rustling of silks, as if from somebody in a hurry, looked out; and seeing who it was, stept between her and the door, and set her back against it.

You must not go, Madam. Indeed you must not.

By what right?—And how dare you?—And fuchlike imperious airs the dear creature gave herself.— While Sally called out for her Aunt; and half a dozen voices joined instantly in the cry, for me to hasten down, to hasten down, in a moment.

I was gravely instructing Dorcas above-stairs, and wondering what would be the subject of the conversation to which the wench was to be a witness, when these outcries reached my ears. And down I slew.—And there was the charming creature, the sweet deceiver, panting for breath, her back against the partition, a parcel in her hand [Women make no excursions without their parcels] Sally, Polly (but Polly obligingly pleading for her) the Mother, Mabell, and Peter (the footman of the Yor. V.

house) about her; all, however, keeping their distance; the Mother and Sally between her and the door—In her soft rage the dear Soul repeating, I will go!—Nobody has a right—I will go!—If you kill me, women, I won't go up again!

As foon as the faw me, the ftept a pace or two towards me; Mr. Lovelace, I will go! faid the—Do you authorize these women—What right have they, or you

either, to ftop me?

Is this, my dear, preparative to the conversation you led me to expect in the dining-room? And do you think I can part with you thus?—Do you think I will?

And am I, Sir, to be thus befet !- Surrounded thus?

-What have these women to do with me?

I defired them to leave us, all but Dorcas, who was down as foon as I. I then thought it right to affume an air of resolution, having found my tameness so greatly triumphed over. And now, my dear, said I (urging her reluctant seet) be pleased to walk into the fore-par-lour. Here, since you will not go up stairs; here, we may bold our parley; and Dorcas be witness to it.—And now, Madam, seating her, and sticking my hands in my sides, your pleasure!

Infolent Villain! faid the furious Lady. And, rifing, ran to the window, and threw up the Sash [She knew not, I suppose, that there were iron rails before the windows]. And, when she found she could not get out into the street, clasping her uplifted hands together, having dropt her parcel—For the Love of God, good honest man!—For the Love of God, mistres—(to two passers-by) a poor, poor creature, faid she, ruined!—

I clasped her in my arms, people beginning to gather about the window: And then she cried out, Murder! Help! help!—And carried her up to the dining room, in spite of her little plotting heart (as I may now call it) altho' she violently struggled, catching hold of the banisters here and there, as she could. I would have scated her there; but she sunk down half-motionless, pale as ashes. And a violent burst of tears happily relieved her.

Dorcas

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Dorcas wept over her. The wench was actually

moved for her!

Violent hysterics succeeded. I left her to Mabell, Dorcas, and Polly; the latter the most supportable to her of the Sisterhood.

This attempt, so resolutely made, alarmed me not a

little.

Mrs. Sinclair, and her Nymphs, are much more concerned; because of the reputation of their house, as they call it, having received some insults (broken windows threatened) to make them produce the young creature who cried out.

While the mobbish inquisitors were in the height of their office, the women came running up to me, to know what they should do; a Constable being actually

fetched.

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Get the Constable into the parlour, said I, with three or sour of the forwardest of the mob, and produce one of the Nymphs, onion-eyed, in a moment, with disordered head-dress and handkerchief, and let her own herself the person: The occasion, a semale skirmish; but satisfied with the justice done her. Then give a dram or two to each sellow, and all will be well.

Eleven o' clock.

ALL done, as I advised; and all is well.

Mrs. Sinclair wishes she never had seen the face of so skittish a Lady; and she and Sally are extremely pressing with me, to leave the perverse Beauty to their breaking, as they call it, for four or five days. But I cursed them into silence; only ordering double precaution for the future.

Polly, tho' she consoled the dear perverse-one all she could, when with her, insists upon it to me, that nothing

but terror will procure me tolerable usage.

Dorcas was challenged by the women upon her tears. She owned them real. Said, She was ashamed of herfelf; but could not help it. So sincere, so unyielding a grief, in so sweet a Lady!

The women laughed at her: But I bid her make no

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apologies for her tears, nor mind their laughing. I was glad to fee them fo ready. Good use might be made of such strangers. In short, I would have her indulge them often, and try if it were not possible to gain her Lady's confidence by her concern for her.

She faid, That her Lady did take kind notice of them to her; and was glad to see such tokens of hu-

manity in her. at the salamy of and thousand

Well then, faid I, your part, whether any-thing come of it or not, is to be tender-hearted. It can do no harm, if no good. But take care you are not too

fuddenly, or too officiously compassionate.

So Dorcas will be a humane good fort of creature, I believe, very quickly with her Lady. And as it becomes women to be so, and as my Beloved is willing to think highly of her own Sex; it will the more readily pass with her.

I thought to have had one trial (having gone so far) for Cobabitation. But what hope can there be of succeeding?—She is invincible!—Against all my notions, against all my conceptions (thinking of her as a woman, and in the very bloom of her charms) she is absolutely invincible. My whole view, at the present, is to do her legal justice, if I can but once more get her out of her altitudes.

The Confent of such a woman, must make her ever new, ever charming. But, astonishing! Can the want of a Church-Ceremony make such a difference!

She owes me her consent; for hitherto I have had nothing to boast of. All, of my side, has been deep remorse, anguish of mind, and Love encreased rather than abated.

How her proud Rejection stings me!—And yet I hope still to get her to listen to my Stories of the Family-reconciliation, and of her Uncle and Capt. Tomlinson.—And as she has given me a pretence to detain her against her will, she must see me whether in temper or not—She cannot help it. And if Love will not do, Terror, as the women advise, must be tried.

A nice part, after all, has my Beloved to act. If she forgive me easily, I resume perhaps my projects:—If she carry her rejection into violence, that violence may make me desperate, and occasion fresh violence—She ought, since she thinks she has found the women out, to consider where she is.

I am confoundedly out of conceit with myself. If I give up my contrivances, my joy in stratagem, and plot, and invention, I shall be but a common man: Such another dull heavy creature as thyself. Yet what does even my success in my machinations bring me, but disgrace, repentance, regret? But I am overmatched, egregiously overmatched, by this woman. What to do with her, or without her, I know not.

# her voice, to VIX R B T.T.ER. I increwere

# Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Efq;

Have this moment intelligence from Simon Parsons, one of Lord M's stewards, that his Lordship is very ill. Simon, who is my obsequious servant, in virtue of my presumptive heirship, gives me a hint in his Letter, that my presence at M. Hall will not be amiss. So, I must accelerate, whatever be the course I shall be allowed or compelled to take.

No bad prospects for this charming creature, if the old Peer would be so kind as to surrender; and many a summons has his gout given him. A good 8000 l. a year; and perhaps the Title Reversionary, or a still higher, would help me up with her.

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Proudly as this Lady pretends to be above all pride, grandeur will have its charms with her; for grandeur always makes a man's face shine in a woman's eye. I have a pretty good, because a clear, Estate, as it is: But what a noble variety of mischief will 8000 l. a year enable a man to do?

Perhaps thou'lt fay, I do already all that comes into my head: But that's a mistake—Not one half, I will assure thee, And even good folks, as I have heard, love

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to have the power of doing mischief, whether they make use of it, or not. The late Queen Anne, who was a very good woman, was always fond of prerogative. And her Ministers, in her name, in more instances than one, made a ministerial use of this her foible.

But now, at last, am I to be admitted to the prefence of my angry Fair-one: After three denials, nevertheless; and a peremptory from me, by Dorcas, that I must see her in her chamber, if I cannot see her in the

dining-room.

Dorcas, however, tells me, that she says, If she were at her own liberty, she would never see me more; and that she has been asking after the characters and conditions of the neighbours. I suppose, now she has found her voice, to call out for help from them, if there were any to hear her.

She will have it now, it feems, that I had the wickedness, from the very beginning, to contrive for her ruin, a

house so convenient for dreadful mischief.

Dorcas begs of her to be pacified—Intreats her to fee me with patience—Tells her, that I am one of the most determined of men, as she has heard say—That gentleness may do with me; but that nothing else will, she believes. And what, as her ladyship (as she always stiles her) is married, if I bad broke my oath, or intended to break it!—

She hinted plain enough to the honest wench, that she was not married.—But Dorcas would not understand

her.

This shews, that she is resolved to keep no meafures. And now is to be a trial of skill, whether she shall or not.

Dorcas has hinted to her my Lord's illness, as a piece of intelligence that dropt in conversation from me.

But here I stop. My Beloved, pursuant to my peremptory message, is just gone up into the dining-room.

And even med toler, as I lave

# LETTER XV.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Monday afternoon.

PITY me, Jack, for pity's fake; fince, if thou dost not, nobody else will: And yet never was there a man of my genius and lively temper that wanted it more. We are apt to attribute to the Devil everything that happens to us, which we would not have happen: But here, being (as perhaps thou'lt say) the Devil myself, my plagues arise from an Angel. I suppose all mankind is to be plagued by its Contrary.

She began with me like a true woman [She in the fault, I to be blamed] the moment I entered the dining-room:—Not the least apology, not the least excuse, for the uproar she had made, and the trouble she had

given me.

I come, said she, into thy detested presence, because I cannot help it. But why am I to be imprisoned here?

-Altho' to no purpose, I cannot help-

Dearest Madam, interrupted I, give not way to so much violence. You must know, that your detention is entirely owing to the desire I have to make you all the amends that is in my power to make you. And This, as well for your sake as my own.—Surely, there is still one way left to repair the wrongs you have suffered—

Canst thou blot out the past week? Several weeks past, I should say; ever since I have been with thee?

Canst thou call back time?—If thou canst——

Surely, Madam, again interrupting her, If I may be permitted to call you legally mine, I might have but

anticip-

Wretch, that thou art! Say not another word upon this subject. When thou vowedst, when thou promisedst at Hamstead, I had begun to think that I must be thine. If I had consented, at the request of those I thought thy relations, this would have been a principal inducement, That I could then have brought thee, what was G

most wanted, an unsullied honour in dowry, to a wretch destitute of all honour; and could have met the gratulations of a samily to which thy life has been one continued disgrace, with a consciousness of deserving their gratulations. But thinkest thou, that I will give a Harlotniece to thy honourable Uncle, and to thy real Aunts; and a Cousin to thy Cousins from a Brothel? For such, in my opinion, is this detested house!—Then, lifting up her clasped hands, 'Great and good God of Heaven, faid she, give me patience to support myself under the

weight of those afflictions, which Thou, for wise and good ends, tho' at present impenetrable by me, hast

permitted!

Then, turning towards me, who knew neither what to fay to her, nor for myfelf, I renounce thee for ever, Lovelace!—Abhorred of my Soul! for ever I renounce thee!—Seek thy fortunes wherefoever thou wilt!—Only now, that thou hast already ruined me—

Ruined you, Madam-The world need not-I knew

not what to fay.

Ruined me in my own eyes; and that is the same to me, as if all the world knew it—Hinder me not from going whither my mysterious destiny shall lead me.

Why hesitate you, Sir? What right have you to stop me, as you lately did; and to bring me up by force, my hands and arms bruised with your violence? What right

have you to detain me here? To me and all quit of

I am cut to the heart, Madam, with invectives so violent. I am but too sensible of the wrong I have done you, or I could not bear your reproaches. The man who perpetrates a villainy, and resolves to go on with it, shews not the compunction I shew. Yer, if you think yourself in my power, I would caution you, Madam, not to make me desperate. For you shall be mine, or my life shall be the forseit! Nor is life worth having without you!

Be thine!—I be thine!—faid the passionate Beauty.

O how lovely in her violence!—

Yes, Madam, Be mine!—I repeat, You foall be mine!

mine!—My very crime is your glory. My Love, my Admiration of you is increased by what has passed: And soit ought. I am willing, Madam, to court your returning favour: But let me tell you, were the house beset by a thousand armed men, resolved to take you from me, they should not effect their purpose, while I had life.

I never, never will be yours, faid she, clasping her hands together, and lifting up her eyes!—I never will

be yours! Ym neewee

We may yet fee many happy years, Madam. All your friends may be reconciled to you. The treaty for that purpose is in greater forwardness than you imagine. You know better than to think the worse of yourself for suffering what you could not belp. Enjoin but the terms I can make my peace with you upon, and I will instantly comply.

Never, never, repeated the, will I be yours!

Only forgive me, my dearest life, this one time!—A virtue so invincible! what further view can I have against you?—Have I attempted any further outrage?—If you will be mine, your injuries will be injuries done to myself. You have too well guessed at the unnatural Arts that have been used.—But can a greater testimony be given of your Virtue?—And now I have only to hope, that altho' I cannot make you complete amends, yet that you will permit me to make you all the amends that can possibly be made.

Hear me out, I beseech you, Madam; for she was going to speak with an aspect unpacifiedly angry: The God, whom you serve, requires but repentance and amendment: Imitate Him, my dearest Love, and bless me with the means of reforming a course of life, that begins to be hateful to me. That was once your favourite point. Resume it, dearest creature: In charity to a Soul as well as Body, which once, as I flattered myself, was more than indifferent to you, resume it. And let to-

morrow's Sun witness to our espousals.

I cannot judge thee, faid she; but the God to whom thou so boldly referrest, can; and affure thyself He will.

But, if compunction has really taken hold of thee; if indeed thou art touched for thy ingrateful baseness, and meanest any-thing by pleading the Holy Example thou recommendest to my imitation; in this thy pretended repentant moment, let me fift thee thoroughly; and by thy answer I shall judge of the sincerity of thy pretended declarations.

Tell me then, Is there any reality in the treaty thou hast pretended to be on foot between my Uncle and Captain Tomlinson, and Thyself?-Say, and hesitate not, is there any truth in that Story?-But, remember, if there be not, and thou avowest that there is, what further condemnation attends thy averrment, if it be as folemn as I require it to be!

This was a curfed thrust. What could I say?—Surely, this merciles Lady is resolved to damn me, thought I: and yet accuses me of a defign against her Soul!-But was I not obliged to proceed as I had begun?

In short, I solemnly averred, that there was !- How one crime, as the good folks fay, brings on another?

I added, That the Captain had been in town, and would have waited on her, had she not been indisposed: That he went down much afflicted, as well on her account, as on that of her Uncle; tho' I had not acquainted him either with the nature of her diforder, or the everto-be-regretted occasion of it; having told him, that it was a violent fever: That he had twice fince, by her Uncle's defire, fent up to enquire after her health: And that I had already dispatched a man and horse with a Letter, to acquaint him (and her Uncle thro' him) with her recovery; making it my earnest request, that he would renew his application to her Uncle for the favour of his presence at the private celebration of our Nuptials; and that I expected an answer, if not this night, as tomorrow.

Let me ask thee next, said she (Thou knowest the opinion I have of the women thou broughtest to me at Hamftead; and who have feduced me hither to my ruin; Let me ask thee) If, really and truly, they were Lady

Betty Lawrance and thy Cousin Montague?—What fayest thou—Hesitate not—What sayest thou to this question?

Aftonishing, my dear, that you should suspect them!

But, knowing your strange opinion of them, what can

I fay to be believed?

And is this the answer thou returnest me? Dost thou thus evade my question? But let me know, for I am trying thy sincerity now, and shall judge of thy new professions by thy answer to this question; Let me know, I repeat, whether those women be really Lady Betty Lawrance and thy Cousin Montague?

Let me, my dearest Love, be enabled to-morrow to call you lawfully mine, and we will set out the next day, if you please, to Berkshire, to my Lord M's, where they both are at this time; and you shall convince yourself by your own eyes, and by your own ears; which you will believe sooner than all I can say or swear.

Now, Belford, I had really some apprehension of treachery from thee; which made me so miserably evade; for else, I could as safely have sworn to the truth of this, as to that of the former: But she pressing me still for a categorical answer, I ventured plumb; and swore to it [Lovers Oatks, Jack] that they were really and truly Lady Betty Lawrance and my Cousin Montague.

She lifted up her hands, and eyes-What can I think!

-What can I think !-

You think me a devil, Madam; a very devil! or you could not, after you have put these questions to me, seem to doubt the truth of answers so solemnly sworn to.

And if I do think thee fo, have I not cause? Is there another man in the world (I hope, for the sake of human nature, there is not) who could act by any poor friendless creature as thou hast acted by me, whom thou hast made friendless—And who, before I knew thee, had for a friend every one who knew me?

I told you, Madam, before, that Lady Betty and my Cousin were actually here, in order to take leave of you, before they set out for Berkshire: But the effects of my

ingrateful crime (such, with shame and remorse, I own it to be) were the reason you could not see them. Nor could I be fond, that they should see you: Since they never would have forgiven me, had they known what had passed—And what reason had I to expect your silence on the subject, had you been recovered?

It fignifies nothing now, that the cause of their appearance has been answered in my ruin, who or what they are: But, if thou hast averred thus solemnly to two

falshoods, what a wretch do I see before me!

I thought she had now reason to be satisfied; and I begged her to allow me to talk to her of to-morrow, as of the happiest day of my life. We have the Licence, Madam—And you must excuse me, that I cannot let you go hence, till I have tried every way I can try, to

obtain your forgiveness.

And am I then (with a kind of frantic wildness) to be detained a prisoner in this horrid house? Am I, Sir?—Take care! Take care! holding up her hand, menacing, how you make me desperate! If I fall, tho' by my own hand, inquisition will be made for my blood: And be not out in thy plot, Lovelace, if it should be so—Make fure work, I charge thee: Dig a hole deep enough to cram in and conceal this unhappy body: For, depend upon it, that some of those, who will not stir to protect me living, will move Heaven and Earth to avenge me dead!

A horrid dear creature!—By my Soul, she made me shudder! She had need indeed to talk of ber unhappiness in falling into the hands of the only man in the world, who could have used her, as I have used her—She is the only woman in the world, who could have shocked and disturbed me, as she has done.—So we are upon a foot in that respect. And I think I have the worst of it by much: Since very little has been my joy; very much my trouble: And ber punishment, as she calls it, is over: But when mine will, or what it may be, who can tell?

Here, only recapitulating (think, then, how I must be affected

affected at the time) I was forced to leave off, and fing a fong to myself. I aimed at a lively air; but I croaked rather than fung. And fell into the old difmal Thirtieth of Tanuary strain. I hemmed up for a sprightlier note; but it would not do: And at last I ended, like a malefactor, in a dead-pfalm melody.

High-ho!-I gape like an unfledged kite in its neft. wanting to fwallow a chicken, bobbed at its mouth by its

marauding dam!-

What a devil ails me!-I can neither think nor write!-

Lie down, pen, for a moment!-

#### LETTER XVI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

HERE is certainly a good deal in the observation, That it costs a man ten times more pains to be wicked, than it would cost him to be good. What a confounded number of contrivances have I had recourse to, in order to carry my point with this charming creature; and, after all, how have I puzzled myself by it; and yet am near tumbling into the pit which it was the end of all my plots to shun! What a happy man had I been with such an excellence, could I have brought my mind to marry when I first prevailed upon her to quit her Father's house! But then, as I have often reflected, how had I known, that a but-bloffoming Beauty, who could carry on a private correspondence, and run such risques with a notorious wild fellow, was not prompted by inclination, which one day might give fuch a free liver as myfelf, as much pain to reflect upon, as, at the time, it gave me pleasure? Thou remembrest the Host's Tale in Ariosto. And thy experience, as well as mine, can furnish out twenty Fiametta's in proof of the imbecillity of the Sex.

But to proceed with my Narrative.

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The dear creature refumed the topic her heart was fo firmly fixed upon; and infifted upon quitting the odious house, and that in very high terms,

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I urged her to meet me the next day at the altar in either of the two churches mentioned in the Licence. And I befought her, whatever were her resolution, to

let me debate this matter calmly with her.

If, she said, I would have her give what I desired the least moment's consideration, I must not hinder her from being her own mistress. To what purpose did I ask her consent, if she had not a power over either her own person or actions?

Will you give me your Honour, Madam, if I confent to your quitting a house so disagreeable to you?—

My Honour, Sir! faid the dear creature—Alas!—And turned weeping from me with inimitable grace—As if she had faid—Alas!—You have robbed me of

my Honour!

I hoped then, that her angry passions were subsiding; but I was mistaken: For, urging her warmly for the Day; and that for the sake of our mutual honour, and the honour of both our families; in this high-flown and

high-fouled strain she answered me:

And canst thou, Lovelace, be so mean-as to wish to make a wife of the creature thou hast infulted, dishonoured, and abused, as thou hast me? Was it necessary to humble me down to the low level of thy baseness, before I could be a wife meet for thee? Thou hadft a Father, who was a man of honour: A Mother, who deserved a better Son. Thou hast an Uncle, who is no dishonour to the Peerage of a kingdom, whose Peers are more respectable than the Nobility of any other country. Thou hast other Relations also, who may be thy boast, tho' thou canst not be theirs—And canst thou not imagine, that thou hearest them calling upon thee; the Dead from their monuments; the Living from their laudable pride; not to dishonour thy antient and splendid house, by entering into wedlock with a creature whom thou hast levelled with the dirt of the Street, and classed with the vileft of her Sex?

I extolled her Greatness of Soul, and her Virtue. I execrated myself for my guilt: And told her, how grateful?

grateful to the Manes of my Ancestors, as well as to the Wishes of the Living, the honour I supplicated for would

But still she insisted upon being a free agent; of feeing herfelf in other lodgings before the would give what I urged the least confideration. Nor would she promise me favour even then, or to permit my visits. How then, as I asked her, could I comply, without resolving to lofe her for ever?

She put her hand to her forehead often as she talked; and at last, pleading disorder in her head, retired; neither of us fatisfied with the other. But the ten times more diffatisfied with me, than I with her.

Dorcas feems to be coming into favour with her-

What now!—What now!—

Monday night.

How determined is this Lady!—Again had she like to have escaped us!—What a fixed resentment!—She only, I find, affumed a little calm, in order to quiet fufpicion. She was got down, and actually had unbolted the Street-door, before I could get to her; alarmed as I was by Mrs. Sinclair's cookmaid, who was the only one that faw her fly thro' the passage: Yet lightning was not quicker than I.

Again I brought her back to the dining-room, with infinite reluctance on her part. And before her face, ordered a fervant to be placed constantly at the bottom

of the stairs for the future.

She feemed even choaked with grief and disappointment.

Dorcas was exceedingly affiduous about her; and confidently gave it as her own opinion, that her dear Lady should be permitted to go to another lodging, fince this was fo difagreeable to her: Were the to be killed for faying fo, the would fay it. And was good Dorcas for this afterwards.

But for fome time the dear creature was all passion and violence-

I fee, I fee, faid the, when I had brought her up,

what I am to expect from your new professions, O vilest of men!-

Have I offered to you, my beloved creature, any-thing that can justify this impatience after a more hopeful calm? She wrung her hands. She disordered her head-dress.

She tore her ruffles. She was in a perfect phrenfy.

I dreaded her returning malady: But entreaty rather exasperating, I affected an angry air .- I bid her expect the worst she had to fear-And was menacing on, in hopes to intimidate her, when, dropping down at my

feet,

Twill be a mercy, faid she, the highest act of mercy you can do, to kill me outright upon this spot—This happy spot, as I will, in my last moments, call it!-Then, baring, with a still more frantic violence, part of her enchanting neck-Here, here, faid the foul-harrowing Beauty, let thy pointed mercy enter! And I will thank thee, and forgive thee for all the dreadful past! -With my latest gasp will I forgive and thank thee!-Or help me to the means, and I will myself put out of thy way so miserable a wretch! And bless thee for those means!

Why all this extravagant passion? Why all these exclamations? Have I offered any new injury to you, my dearest life? What a phrensy is this! Am I not ready to make you all the reparation that I can make you? Had I not reason to hope—

No, no, no, no-half a dozen times, as fast as she

could speak.

med even che Had I not reason to hope, that you were meditating upon the means of making me happy, and yourfelf not miserable, rather than upon a slight so causeless and so precipitate?-

No, no, no, as before, shaking her head with wild impatience, as refolved not to attend to what I faid.

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My resolutions are so honourable, if you will permit them to take effect, that I need not be folicitous whither you go, if you will but permit my visits, and receive my vows. - And God is my witness, that I bring you not back WHISE

back from the door with any view to your dishonour, but the contrary: And this moment I will send for a Minister to put an end to all your doubts and fears.

Say this, and fay a thousand times more, and bind every word with a solemn appeal to that God whom thou art accustomed to invoke to the truth of the vilest salie-hoods, and all will still be short of what thou bast vowed and promised to me. And, were not my heart to abhor thee, and to rise against thee, for thy perjuries, as it does, I would not, I tell thee once more, I would not, bind my Soul in covenant with such a man, for a thousand worlds!

Compose yourself, however, Madam; for your own sake, compose yourself. Permit me to raise you up;

abborred as I am of your Soul-

Nay, if I must not touch you; for she wildly slapt my hands; but with such a sweet passionate Air, her bosom heaving and throbbing as she looked up to me, that altho' I was most sincerely enraged, I could with transport have pressed her to mine.

If I must not touch you, I will not.—But depend upon it [and I assumed the sternest air I could assume, to try what that would do] depend upon it, Madam, that this is not the way to avoid the evils you dread. Let me do what I will, I cannot be used worse!—Dorcas, be

gone!

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She arose, Dorcas being about to withdraw; and wildly caught hold of her arm: O Dorcas! If thou art of mine own Sex, leave me not, I charge thee!—Then quitting Dorcas, down she threw herself upon her knees, in the furthermost corner of the room, clasping a chair with her face laid upon the bottom of it!—O where can I be safe?—Where, where can I be safe, from this man of violence?—

This gave Dorcas an opportunity to confirm herself in her Lady's confidence: The wench threw herself at my feet, while I seemed in violent wrath; and, embracing my knees, Kill me, Sir, kill me, Sir, if you please!—I must throw myself in your way, to save my Lady. I beg your pardon, Sir—But you must be set Vol. V.

on!—God forgive the mischief-makers!—But your own heart, if left to itself, would not permit these things!—Spare, however, Sir! spare my Lady, I befeech you!—bustling on her knees about me, as if I were intending to approach her Lady, had I not been

restrained by her.

This, humoured by me, Begone, devil!—Officious devil, begone!—ftartled the dear creature; who, fnatching up hastily her head from the chair, and as hastily popping it down again in terror, hit her nose, I suppose, against the edge of the chair; and it gushed out with blood, running in a stream down her bosom; she herself too much affrighted to heed it!

Never was mortal man in such terror and agitation as I; for I instantly concluded, that she had stabbed herself

with fome concealed instrument.

I ran to her in a wild agony—For Dorcas was frighted

out of all her mock interpolition—

What have you done!—O what have you done!—Look up to me, my dearest life!—Sweet injured innocence, look up to me! What have you done!—Long will I not survive you!—And I was upon the point of drawing my sword to dispatch myself, when I discovered—[What an unmanly blockhead does this charming creature make me at her pleasure!] that all I apprehended was but a bloody nose, which, as far as I know (for it could not be stopped in a quarter of an hour) may have saved her head, and her intellects.

But I see by this scene, that the sweet creature is but a pretty coward at bottom; and that I can terrify her out of her virulence against me, whenever I put on sternness and anger: But then, as a qualifier to the advantage this gives me over her, I find myself to be a coward too, which I had not before suspected, since I was capable of being so easily terrified by the apprehensions of her of-

fering violence to herfelf.

# LETTER XVII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

BUT, with all this dear creature's resentment against me, I cannot, for my heart, think but she will get all over, and consent to enter the Pale with me. Were she even to die to-morrow, and to know she should, would not a woman of her sense, of her punctilio, and in her situation, and of so proud a family, rather die married, than otherwise?—No doubt but she would; altho' she were to hate the man ever so heartily. If so, there is now but one man in the world whom she can have—And that is Me.

Now I talk [Familiar writing is but talking, Jack] thus glibly of entering the Pale, thou wilt be ready to question me, I know, as to my intentions on this head.

As much of my heart, as I know of it myself, will I tell thee.—When I am from her, I cannot still help he-fitating about Marriage; and I even frequently resolve against it, and determine to press my favourite scheme for Cohabitation. But when I am with her, I am ready to say, to swear, and to do, whatever I think will be most acceptable to her: And were a Parson at hand, I should plunge at once, no doubt of it, into the State.

I have frequently thought, in common cases, that it is happy for many giddy fellows [There are giddy fellows, as well as giddy girls, Jack; and perhaps those are as often drawn in, as these] that Ceremony and Parade are necessary to the irrevocable Solemnity; and that there is generally time for a man to recollect himself in the space between the heated over-night, and the cooler next morning; or I know not who could escape the sweet gypsies, whose safetinating powers are so much aided by our own raised imaginations.

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A wife at any time, I used to say. I had ever confidence and vanity enough, to think, that no woman breathing could deny her hand, when I held out mine. I am confoundedly mortified to find, that this Lady

vows.

What force [Allow me a ferious reflection, Jack: It will be put down! What force have evil habits upon the human mind! When we enter upon a devious course. we think we shall have it in our power when we will to return to the right path. But it is not fo, I plainly fee: For, who can acknowlege with more justice this dear creature's merits, and his own errors, than I? Whose regret, at times, can be deeper than mine, for the injuries I have done her? Whose resolutions to repair those injuries Aronger?-Yet how transitory is my penitence!-How am I hurried away-Canst thou tell by what?-O devil of Youth, and devil of Intrigue, how do ye mislead me!-How often do we end in occasions for the deepest remorse, what we begin in wantonness!-

At the present writing, however, the turn of the scale is in behalf of Matrimony—For I despair of carrying

with her my favourite point.

The Lady tells Dorcas, that her heart is broken; and that she shall live but a little while. I think nothing of that, if we marry. In the first place, she knows not what a mind unapprehensive will do for her, in a State to which all the Sex look forward with high fatisfaction. How often have the whole facred Conclave been thus deceived in their choice of a Pope; not confidering, that the new dignity is of itself sufficient to give new hife. A few months heart's-ease will give my Charmer a quite different notion of things: And I dare fay, as I have heretofore faid (a), Once married, and I am married for life.

I will allow, that her Pride, in one fense, has suffered abasement: But her Triumph is the greater in every other. And while I can think that all her trials are but additions to her honour, and that I have laid the foundations of her glory in my own shame, can I be called cruel, if I am not affected with her grief as some men would be? (a) See p. 23. of this Volume.

And

And for what should her heart be broken? Her will is unviolated:—At present, however, her will is unviolated. The destroying of good habits, and the introducing of bad, to the corrupting of the whole heart, is the violation. That her will is not to be corrupted, that her mind is not to be debased, she has hitherto unquestionably proved. And if she give cause for further trials, and hold fast her integrity; what ideas will she have to dwell upon, that will be able to corrupt her morals? What vestigia, what remembrances, but such as will inspire abhorrence of the attempter?

What nonfense then to suppose, that such a mere notional violation as she has suffered, should be able to cut

afunder the strings of life?

Her Religion, married, or not married, will fet her above making such a triffing accident, such an involun-

tary fuffering, fatal to her.

Such confiderations as these, they are, that support me against all apprehension of bugbear consequences: And I would have them have weight with thee; who art such a doughty advocate for her. And yet I allow thee this; That she really makes too much of it: Takes it too much to heart. To be sure she ought to have forgot it by this time, except the charming, charming consequence happen, that still I am in hopes will happen, were I to proceed no further. And, if she apprehend this herself, then has the dear over-nice soul some reason for taking it so much to heart: And yet would not, I think, resule to legitimate.

O Jack! had I an imperial diadem, I fwear to thee, that I would give it up, even to my enemy, to have one charming Boy by this Lady. And should she escape me, and no such effect follow, my Revenge on her family, and, in such a case, on herself, would be incomplete, and

I should reproach myself as long as I lived:

Were I to be fure, that this foundation is laid [And why may I not hope it is?] I should not doubt to have her still (should she withstand her day of grace) on my own conditions: Nor should I, if it were so, question

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that revived affection in ber, which a woman feldom fails to have for the father of her first child, whether born in

wedlock, or out of it.

And pr'ythee, Jack, see in this aspiration, let me call it, a distinction in my favour from other Rakes; who almost to a man follow their inclinations, without troubling themselves about consequences. In imitation, as one would think, of the strutting villain of a Bird, which from feathered Lady to feathered Lady pursues his imperial pleasures, leaving it to his sleek paramours to hatch the genial product in holes and corners of their own finding out.

# LETTER XVIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, E/q;

Tuesday Morning, June 20.

WELL, Jack, now are we upon another foot together. This dear creature will not let me be good. She is now authorizing all my plots by her own

example.

Lich an involut-

Thou must be partial in the highest degree, if now thou blamest me for resuming my former schemes, since in that case I shall but follow her clue. No forced construction of her actions do I make on this occasion in order to justify a bad cause or a worse intention. A little pretence, indeed, served the Wolf, when he had a mind to quarrel with the Lamb; but this is not now my case.

For here [Wouldst thou have thought it?] taking advantage of Dorcas's compassionate temper, and of some warm expressions, which the tender-hearted wench let sall against the cruelty of men; and wishing to have it in her power to serve her; has she given her the following Note, signed by her maiden name: For she has thought sit, in positive and plain words, to own to the pitying Dorcas, that she is not married.

#### Monday, June 19. . . .

The underwritten do hereby promise, that, on my coming into possession of my own Estate, I will provide for Dorcas Martindale in a gentlewoman-like manner, in my own bouse: Or, if I do not soon obtain that possession, or (hould first die, I do hereby bind my (elf, my executors, and administrators, to pay to her, or her order, during the term of her natural life, the sum of five pounds on each of the four usual quarterly days in the year; that is to say, twenty pounds by the year; on condition that she faithfully assist me in my escape from an illegal confinement, under which I now labour. The first quarterly payment to commence and be payable at the end of three months immediately following the day of my deliverance. And I do also promise to give ber, as a testimony of my bonour in the reft, a diamond ring, which I have shewed her. Witness my band, this nineseenth day of June, in the year above-CLARISSA HARLOWE. Written.

Now, Jack, what terms wouldst thou have me to keep with such a sweet corruptress? Seest thou not how she hates me? Seest thou not, that she is resolved never to forgive me? Seest thou not, however, that she must disgrace herself in the eye of the world, if she actually should escape?—That she must be subjected to infinite distress and hazard? For whom has she to receive and protect her? Yet to determine to risque all these evils: And surthermore to stoop to artissice, to be guilty of the reigning vice of the times, of Bribery and Corruption! O Jack, Jack! say not, write not, another word in her favour!

Thou hast blamed me for bringing her to this house; But had I carried her to any other in England, where there would have been one servant or inmate capable either of compassion or corruption, what must have been the consequence?

But feeft thou not, however, that, in this flimly contrivance, the dear implacable, like a drowning man,

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catches

THE HISTORY OF Vol.5. 104 catches at a straw to save herself !- A straw shall she find to be the refuge she has reforted to.

#### that in my con-LETTER XIX.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Tuesday Morning, 10 o'Clock. ERY ill—Exceeding ill—as Dorcas tells me, in order to avoid feeing me-And yet the dear foul may be so in her mind. But is not that equivocation? Some one passion predominating, in every human breast, breaks thro' principle, and controuls us all. Mine is Love and Revenge taking turns. Hers is Hatred .-But this is my confolation, that Hatred appealed, is Love begun; or Love renewed I may rather say, if Love ever had footing here.

But reflectioning apart, thou feeft, Jack, that her plot is beginning to work. Tomorrow it is to break out.

I have been abroad, to fet on foot a plot of circum-

vention. All fair now, Belford!

I infifted upon vifiting my indifposed Fair-one. Dorcas made officious excuses for her. I cursed the wench in her hearing for her impertinence; and stamp'd, and made a clutter; which was improved into an apprehension to the Lady, that I would have flung her faithful confidante from the top of the stairs to the bottom,

He is a violent wretch!—But, Dorcas [Dear Dorcas now it is thou shalt have a friend in me to the last day

of my life.

capelies

And what now, Jack, dost think the name of her good angel is? - Why Dorcas Martindale, Christian and Super (no more Wykes) as in the promifory note in my former.—And the dear creature has bound her to her by the most solemn obligations, besides the tie of interest.

Whither, Madam, do you delign to go when you

get out of this house?

I will throw myfelf into the first open house I can find; and beg protection till I can get a coach, or a lodging in some honest family.

What

What will you do for Cloaths, Madam? I doubt you'll not be able to take any away with you, but what you'll have on.

O no matter for cloaths, if I can but get out of this

housed lervices suspected ?. alund

What will you do for Money, Madam? I have heard his Honour express his concern, that he could not prevail upon you to be obliged to him, tho' he

apprehended that you must be short of money.

O, I have rings, and other valuables. Indeed I have but four guineas, and two of them, I found lately wrapt up in a bit of Lace, defigned for a charitable use: But now, alas! Charity begins at home!—But I have one dear friend left, if she be living, as I hope in God she is! to whom I can be obliged, if I want. O Dorcas! I must ere now have heard from her, if I had had fair play.

Well, Madam, yours is a hard lot. I pity you at

my heart !

Thank you, Dorcas !—I am unhappy, that I did not think before, that I might have confided in thy

Pity, and in thy Sex!

I pitied you, Madam, often and often: But you were always, as I thought, diffident of me. And then I doubted not but you were married; and I thought his Honour was unkindly used by you. So that I thought it my duty to wish well to his Honour, rather than to what I thought to be your humours, Madam. Would to Heaven, that I had known before that you were not married!—Such a Lady! Such a Fortune! To be so fadly betrayed!—

Ah, Dorcas! I was basely drawn in! My youth— My ignorance of the world—And I have some things

to reproach myself with, when I look back.

Lord, Madam, what deceitful creatures are these men!—Neither oaths, nor vows—I am sure, I am sure [And then with her apron she gave her eyes half a dozen hearty rubs] I may curse the time that I came into this house!

Here was accounting for her bold eyes! And was it not better for Dorcas to give up a house which her Lady could not think worse of than she did, in order to gain the reputation of fincerity, than by offering to vindicate it, to make her proffered services suspected?

Poor Dorcas!-Bless me! how little do we who have lived all our time in the country, know of this wicked

town in hand of bonden ad of not nogo liky and sen

Had I been able to write, cried the veteran wench. I should certainly have given some other near relations I have in Wales a little inkling of matters; and they would have faved me from—from—from—

Her Sobs were enough. The apprehensions of women on fuch subjects are ever aforehand with speech.

And then, fobbing on, she lifted her apron to her face again. She shewed me how, a sto flum I leastful

Poor Dorcas!-Again wiping her own charming Madam, you's is a hard le-/

eyes. All Love, all Compassion, is this dear creature to every one in affliction, but me, and of the

And would not an Aunt protect her kinfwoman?

Abominable wretch!

I can't -I can't -I can't - fay, my Aunt was privy to it. She gave me good advice. She knew not for a great while, that I was that I was that I was ugh !-- ugh !-- ugh !-- botu vibris nu asve nuonoi l'ai

No more, no more, good Dorcas-What a world do we live in !- What a house am I in !- But come. don't weep (the' fhe herfelf could not forbear): My being betrayed into it, tho' to my own ruin, may be

a happy event for thee : And if I live, it shall.

I thank you, my good Lady, blubbering. I am forry, very forry, you have had fo hard a lot. But it may be the faving of my foul, if I can get to your Ladyship's house. Had I but known that your Ladyship was not married, I would have eat my own flesh, before, before, before-

Dorcas fobbed and wept. The Lady fighed and

wept also.

STALL

But now, Jack, for a ferious reflection upon the

premises.

How will the good folks account for it, that Satan has such faithful instruments, and that the bond of wickedness is a stronger bond than the ties of virtue; as if it were the nature of the human mind to be villainous? For here, had Dorcas been good, and been tempted as she was tempted to any-thing evil, I make no doubt

but she would have yielded to the temptation.

And cannot our fraternity in an hundred instances give proof of the like predominance of Vice over Virtue? And that we have risqued more to serve and promote the interests of the former, than ever a good man did to serve a good man or a good cause? For have we not been prodigal of life and fortune? Have we not defied the Civil Magistrate upon occasion? And have we not attempted Rescues, and dared all things, only to extricate a pounded profligate?

Whence, Jack, can this be?

O I have it, I believe. The vicious are as bad as they can be; and do the devil's work without looking after; while he is continually spreading snares for the others; and, like a skilful angler, suiting his baits to

the fifth he angles for. \_\_\_\_ to do to the to to nontributes

Nor let even bonest people, so called, blame poor Dorcas for her fidelity in a bad cause. For does not the General, who implicitly serves an ambitious Prince in his unjust designs upon his neighbours, or upon his own oppressed subjects; and even the Lawyer, who, for the sake of a paltry Fee, undertakes to whiten a black cause, and to defend it against one he knows to be good, do the very same thing as Dorcas? And are they not both every whit as culpable? Yet the one shall be dubbed a hero, the other called an admirable sellow, and be contended for by every client, and his double-paced abilities shall carry him thro' all the high preferments of the Law with reputation and applause.

Well but, what shall be done, fince the Lady is so much determined on removing?—Is there no way to

oblige her, and yet to make the very act subservient to my own views?—I fancy such a way may be found out.

I will study for it-

Suppose I suffer her to make an escape? Her heart is in it. If she effect it, the triumph she will have over me upon it will be a counterbalance for all she has suffered.

I will oblige her if I can.

# LETTER XX.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

TIRED with a fuccession of fatiguing days and sleepless nights, and with contemplating the precarious situation I stand in with my Beloved, I fell into a prosound Resverie; which brought on Sleep; and that produced a Dream; a fortunate Dream; which, as I imagine, will afford my working mind the means to effect the obliging double purpose my heart is now

once more fet upon.

What, as I have often contemplated, is the enjoyment of the finest woman in the world, to the contrivance, the bustle, the surprizes, and at last the happy conclusion of a well-laid plot?—The charming roundabouts, to come the nearest way home;—the doubts; the apprehensions; the heart-akings, the meditated triumphs—These are the joys that make the blessing dear.—For all the rest, what is it?—What but to find an Angel in imagination dwindled down to a Woman in fact?—But to my Dream—

Methought it was about Nine on Wednesday morning that a chariot, with a dowager's arms upon the doors, and in it a grave matronly Lady [Not unlike Mother H. in the face; but in her heart O how unlike!] stopped at a grocer's shop about ten doors on the other side of the way, in order to buy some groceries: And methought Dorcas, having been out to see if the coast were clear for her Lady's slight, and if a coach were to be got near the place, espied this chariot with

with the dowager's arms, and this matronly Lady: And what, methought, did Dorcas, that subtle traitress, do, but whip up to the old matronly Lady, and, lifting up her voice, fay, Good my Lady, permit me one word with your Ladyship!

What thou hast to say to me, say on, quoth the old Lady; the Grocer retiring, and standing aloof, to give Dorcas leave to speak; who, methought, in words like

these, accosted the Lady.

POLICER SHOW 'You feem, Madam, to be a very good Lady; and here in this neighbourhood, at a house of no high repute, is an innocent Lady of rank and fortune, beautiful as a May-morning, and youthful as a Rose-bud, and full as fweet and lovely; who has been tricked thither by a wicked gentleman, practifed in the ways of the town; and this very night will she be ruined, if she get not out of his hands. Now, O Lady! if you will extend your compassionate goodness to this fair young Lady, in whom, the moment you behold her, you will see cause to believe all I say; and let her but have a place in your chariot, and remain in your protection for one day only, till she can fend a man and horse to her rich and powerful friends; you may fave from ruin a Lady who has no equal for Virtue as well as Beauty."

Methought the old Lady, moved with Dorcas's story, answered and said, 'Hasten, Odamsel, who in a happy moment art come to put it in my power to ferve the innocent and the virtuous, which it has always been 'my delight to do: Haften to this young Lady, and bid her hie hither to me with all speed; and tell her, that my chariot shall be her asylum: And if I find 'all that thou fayest true, my house shall be her fan-' ctuary, and I will protect her from all her oppressors.'

Hereupon, methought, this traitress Dorcas hied back to the Lady, and made report of what she had done. And, methought, the Lady highly approved of Dorcas's proceeding, and bleffed her for her good thought. had escaped and in my writts he

And I lifted up mine eyes, and behold the Lady iffued out of the house, and without looking back, ran to the chariot with the dowager's coat upon it, and was received by the matronly Lady with open arms, and Welcome, welcome, welcome, fair young Lady, who so well answer the description of the faithful damsel:

And I will carry you instantly to my house, where you shall meet with all the good usage your heart can

wish for, till you can apprise your rich and powerful friends of your past dangers; and present escape.'
Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you, worthy, thrice worthy Lady, who afford so kindly your protection to a most unhappy young creature,

who has been basely seduced and berrayed, and

brought to the very brink of destruction.

Methought then, the matronly Lady, who had by the time the young Lady came to her, bought and paid for the goods fine wanted, ordered her coachman to drive home with all speed; who stopped not till he had arrived in a certain Street, not far from Lincolns-inn-fields, where the matronly Lady lived in a fumptuous dwelling, replete with damfels who wrought curiously in Muslins, Cambricks, and fine linen, and in every good work that industrious damfels love to be employed about, except the Loom and the Spinning-wheel.

And methought, all the way the young Lady and the old Lady rode, and after they came in, till dinner was ready, the young Lady filled up the time with the dismal account of her wrongs and her sufferings, the like of which was never heard by mortal ear; and this in so moving a manner, that the good old Lady did nothing but weep, and figh, and sob, and inveigh against the arts of wicked men, and against that abominable 'Squire Lovelace, who was a plotting villain, methought she said; and, more than that, an unchained Beelzebub.

Methought I was in a dreadful agony, when I found the Lady had escaped; and in my wrath had like to have have flain Dorcas, and our Mother, and every one I met. But, by some quick transition, and strange metamorphosis, which dreams do not usually account for, methought, all of a sudden, this matronly Lady was turned into the famous Mother H. herself; and, being an old acquaintance of Mother Sinclair, was prevailed upon to assist in my plot upon the young Lady.

Then, methought, followed a strange Scene; for, Mother H. longing to hear more of the young Lady's Story, and night being come, befought her to accept of a place in her own bed, in order to have all the talk to themselves. For, methought, two young Nieces of hers had broken in upon them in the middle

of the difmal tale.

Accordingly going early to bed, and the fad story being resumed, with as great earnestness on one side, as attention on the other, before the young Lady had gone far in it, Mother H. methought, was taken with a fit of the Colic; and her tortures increasing, was obliged to rise to get a cordial she used to find specific in this disorder, to which she was unhappily subject.

Having thus rifen, and stept to her closet, methought she let fall the wax taper in her return; and then [O metamorphosis still stranger than the former! What unaccountable things are Dreams!] coming to bed again in the dark, the young Lady, to her insinite assonishment, grief, and surprize, found Mother H. turned into a young person of the other Sex: And altho' Lovelace was the abborred of her Soul, yet, fearing it was some other person, it was matter of some consolation to her, when she found it was no other than himself, and that she had been still the bedfellow of but one and the same man.

A strange promiseuous huddle of adventures sollowed; Scenes perpetually shifting; now nothing heard from the Lady, but sighs, groans, exclamations, faintings, dyings—From the gentleman, but vows, promises, protestations, disclaimers of purposes pursued; and all the gentle and ungentle pressures of the Lover's warfare.

Then, as quick as thought (for Dreams thou knowest confine not themselves to the Rules of the Drama) enfued Recoveries, Lyings-in, Christenings, the fmiling Boy, amply, even in ber own opinion, rewarding the

fuffering Mother.

Then the Grandfather's Estate yielded up, possession taken of it: Living very happily upon it: Her beloved Norton her companion; Miss Howe her visiter; and (admirable! thrice admirable!) enabled to compare notes with her; a charming Girl, by the fame father, to her friend's charming Boy; who, as they grow up, in order to confolidate their mammas friendships (for neither have Dreams regard to confanguinity) intermarry; change Names by Act of Parliament, to enjoy my Estate—And I know not what of the like incongruous relumed, with as great carneftness on one .fluft

I awoke, as thou mayest believe, in great disorder, and rejoiced to find my Charmer in the next room, and Dorcas honest. who was a blod out

Now thou wilt fay this was a very odd Dream. And yet (for I am a strange dreamer) it is not altogether improbable that fomething like it may happen; as the pretty Simpleton has the weakness to confide in Dor-

cas, whom till now she disliked.

But I forgot to tell thee one part of my Dream; and that was, That, the next morning, the Lady gave way to fuch transports of grief and resentment, that she was with difficulty diverted from making an attempt upon her own Life. But however at last was prevailed upon to resolve to live, and to make the best of the matter: A Letter, methought, from Capt. Tomlinfon helping to pacify her, written to apprife me, that her Uncle Harlowe would certainly be at Kentish-town on Wednesday night June 28. the following day (the 29th) being his birth-day; and he doubly defirous on that account that our Nuptials should be then privately folemnized in his prefence.

But is Thursday the 20th her Uncle's anniversary, methinks thou askest ?-It is; or else the day of Cele-

bration

bration should have been earlier still. Three weeks ago I heard her say it was; and I have down the Birth-day of every one of her family, and the Wedding-day of her Father and Mother. The minutest circumstances are often of great service, in matters of the last importance.

And what fayeft thou now to my Dream?

Who fays, that, fleeping and waking, I have not fine helps from fome body, fome spirit rather, as thou'lt be apt to fay? But no wonder that a Beelzebub has his devilkins to attend his call.

I can have no manner of doubt of succeeding in Mother H's part of the scheme; for will the Lady (who resolves to throw herself into the first bouse she can enter, or to bespeak the protection of the first person she meets; and who thinks there can be no danger out of this house, equal to what she apprehends from Me in it) scruple to accept of the chariot of a dowager, accidentally offering? And the Lady's protection engaged by her faithful Dorcas, so highly bribed to promote her escape?—And then Mrs. H. has the air and appearance of a venerable matron, and is not such a forbidding devil as Mrs. Sinclair.

The pretty Simpleton knows nothing of the world; nor that people who have money, never want affiftants in their views, be they what they will. How elfe could the Princes of the earth be so implicitly served as they are, change they hands ever so often, and be their purposes ever so wicked?

If I can but get her to go on with me till Wednesday next week, we shall be settled together pretty quietly by that time. And indeed if she has any gratitude, and has in her the least of her Sex's foibles, she must think I deserve her favour, by the pains she has cost me. For dearly do they all love that men should take pains about them and for them.

And here, for the present, I will lay down my pen, and congratulate myself upon my happy invention (since her obstinacy puts me once more upon exercising Vol. V.

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it)—But with this resolution, I think, That, if the present contrivance sail me, I will exert all the faculties of my mind, all my talents, to procure for myself a Legal Right to her favour, and that in designce of all my antipathies to the Married State; and of the suggestions of the great devil out of the house, and of his secret agents in it.—Since, if now she is not to be prevailed upon, or drawn in, it will be in vain to attempt her further.

#### LETTER XXI.

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Esq; Tuesday night, June 20.

in a violent fever, Dorcas thinks. Yet will have no advice.

Dorcas tells her how much I am concerned at it.

But again let me ask, Does this Lady do right to make herself ill, when she is not ill? For my own part, Libertine as people think me, when I had occasion to be sick, I took a dose of Ipecacuanha, that I might not be guilty of a falshood; and most heartily sick was I; as she, who then pitied me, full well knew. But here to pretend to be very ill, only to get an opportunity to run away, in order to avoid forgiving a man who has offended her, how unchristian!—If good solks allow themselves in these breaches of a known duty, and in these presumptuous contrivances to deceive, who, Belford, shall blame us?

I have a strange notion, that the matronly Lady will be certainly at the Grocer's shop at the hour of nine to-morrow morning: For Dorcas heard me tell Mrs. Sinclair, that I shall go out at Eight precisely; and then she is to try for a coach: And if the dowager's chariot should happen to be there, how lucky will it be for my Charmer! How strangely will my dream be made out!

# Let.21. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 113

I HAVE just received a Letter from Captain Tomlinson. Is it not wonderful? For that was part of my dream.

I shall always have a prodigious regard to dreams henceforward. I know not but I may write a book upon that subject; for my own experience will furnish out a great part of it. Glanville of Witches, and Baxter's History of Spirits and Apparitions, and the Royal Pedant's Demonology, will be nothing at all to

Lovelace's Resveries.

The Letter is just what I dreamed it to be. I am only concerned, that Uncle John's Anniversary did not happen three or four days sooner; for should any new missortune befall my Charmer, she may not be able to support her Spirits so long as till Thursday in the next week. Yet it will give me the more time for new expedients should my present contrivance sail; which I cannot however suppose.

## To ROBERT LOVELACE, Efq;

Dear Sir, Monday, June 19.

I Can now return you joy, for the joy you have given me, as well as my dear friend Mr. Harlowe, in the news of his beloved Niece's happy recovery; for he is determined to comply with ber wishes and yours, and

to give her to you with his own hand.

As the Ceremony has been necessarily delayed by reafon of her illness, and as Mr. Harlowe's Birth-day is on Thursday the 29th of this instant June, when he enters into the Seventy-sourth year of his age; and as time may be wanted to complete the dear Lady's recovery; he is very desirous that the Marriage shall be solemnized upon it; that he may afterwards have double joy on that day to the end of his life.

For this purpose he intends to set out privately, so as to be at Kentish-town on Wednesday se'nnight in the

evening.

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All the family used, he says, to meet to celebrate it with him; but as they are at present in too un-

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happy

happy a fituation for that, he will give out, that, not being able to bear the day at home, he has resolved to

be absent for two or three days.

He will fet out on horseback, attended only with one trusty servant, for the greater privacy. He will be at the most creditable-looking public house there, expecting you both next morning, if he hear nothing from me to prevent him. And he will go to town with you after the Ceremony is performed, in the coach he supposes you will come in.

He is very desirous, that I should be present on the occasion. But this I have promised him, at his request, that I will be up before the day, in order to see the Settlements executed, and every-thing properly prepared.

He is very glad that you have the Licence ready.

He speaks very kindly of You, Mr. Lovelace; and says, that, if any of the family stand out after he has seen the Ceremony performed, he will separate from them, and unite himself to his dear Niece and her interests:

I owned to you, when in town last, that I took slight notice to my dear friend of the misunderstanding between You and his Niece; and that I did this, for fear the Lady should have shewn any little discontent in his presence, had I been able to prevail upon him to go up in person, as then was doubtful. But I hope nothing of that discontent remains now.

My absence, when your messenger came, must ex-

cuse me for not writing by him.

Be pleased to make my most respectful compliments acceptable to the admirable Lady, and believe me to be Your most faithful and obedient Servant,

ANTONY TOMLINSON.

This Letter I sealed, and broke open. It was brought, thou mayst suppose, by a particular messenger; the Seal such a one as the writer need not be ashamed of. I took care to enquire after the Captain's health, in my Beloved's hearing; and it is now ready to be produced, as a paci-

fier,

fier, according as she shall take on, or refent, if the two metamorphoses happen pursuant to my wonderful dream; as, having great faith in dreams, I dare say they will.—I think it will not be amiss in changing my cloaths, to have this Letter of the worthy Captain lie in my Beloved's way.

### LETTER XXII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Wedn. Noon, June 21.

What I say now!—I who but a sew hours ago had such faith in dreams, and had proposed out of hand to begin my treatise of *Dreams sleeping* and *Dreams waking*, and was pleasing myself with the dialoguings between the old matronly Lady, and the young Lady; and with the two metamorphoses (absolutely assured that every-thing would happen as my dream chalked it out) shall never more depend upon those slying sollies, those illusions of a fancy depraved, and run mad.

Thus confoundedly have matters happened.

I went out at Eight o'clock in high good humour with myself, in order to give the sought-for opportunity to the plotting mistress and corrupted maid; only ordering Will. to keep a good look-out for fear his Lady should mistrust my plot, or mistake a Hackney-coach for the dowager Lady's chariot. But first I sent to know how she did; and received for answer, Very ill:—Had a very bad night: Which latter was but too probable: Since This I know, that people who have plots in their heads as seldom bave as deserve good ones.

I desired a physician might be called in; but was re-

fused.

I took a walk in St. James's Park, congratulating myself all the way on my rare inventions: Then, impatient, I took coach, with one of the windows quite up, the other almost up, playing at bo-peep at every chariot I saw pass in my way to Lincoln's-inn-fields: And when

arrived there, I fent the coachman to defire any one of Mother H's family to come to me to the coach-fide, not doubting but I should have intelligence of my fair fugitive there; it being then half an hour after ten.

A fervant came, who gave me to understand, that the matronly Lady was just returned by herself in the

chariot.

Frighted out of my wits, I alighted, and heard from the Mother's own mouth, that Dorcas had engaged her to protect the Lady; but came to tell her afterwards, that she had changed her mind, and would not quit the house.

Quite aftonished, not knowing what might have happened, I ordered the coachman to lash away to our

mother's.

Arriving here in an inftant, the first word I asked, was, If the Lady were safe?

Mr. Lovelace gives here a very circumstantial relation of all that passed between the Lady and Dorcas. But as he could only guess at her motives for refusing to go off, when Dorcas told her, that she had engaged for her the protection of the downger Lady, it is thought proper to omit his relation, and to supply it by some memoranda of the Lady's. But it is first necessary to account for the occasion on which those memoranda were made.

The Reader may remember, that in the Letter written to Miss Howe on her escape to Hamstead (a), she promises to

give ber the particulars of ber flight at leisure.

She had indeed thoughts of continuing her account of every-thing that had passed between her and Mr. Lovelace, since her last Narrative Letter. But the uncertainty she was in from that time, with the execrable treatment she met with on her being deluded back again; followed by a week's delirium; had hitherto hindered her from prosecuting her intention. But, nevertheless, having it still in her view to perform her promise as soon as she had opportunity, she made minutes of every-thing as it passed, in

<sup>(</sup>a) See Vol. IV. p. 223.

# Let. 22. CLARISSA HARLOWE.

order to belp ber memory :- Which, as she observes in one place, ' she could less trust to since her late disorders " than before."

In these minutes, or book of memoranda, she observes,

'That having apprehensions, that Dorcas might be a

traitress, she would have got away while she was gone

out to fee for a coach; and actually flid down stairs with

'that intent. But that, feeing Mrs. Sinclair in the Entry [whom Dorcas had planted there while she went out]

' fhe speeded up again, unseen.'

She then went up to the dining-room, and saw the Letter of Captain Tomlinson: On which she observes in her

memorandam-book as follows.

'How am I puzzled now!-He might leave this Letter on purpose: None of the other papers left with it being of any confequence: - What is the alter-' native?-To stay, and be the wife of the vilest of men '-How my heart refifts that !- To attempt to get off, and fail, ruin inevitable!—Dorcas may betray me!—I doubt the is still his implement!—At his going out, he whispered her, as I saw, unobserved-In a very

familiar manner too-Never fear, Sir, with a cour-

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'In her agreeing to connive at my escape, she pro-' vided not for her own fafety, if I got away: Yet had ' reason, in that case, to expect his vengeance. And wants 'not forethought.—To have taken her with me, was to be in the power of her intelligence, if a faithless crea-' ture.-Let me, however, tho' I part not with my cau-'tion, keep my charity!-Can there be any woman fo 'vile to woman ?- O yes! Mrs. Sinclair: Her Aunt.-'The Lord deliver me!—But, alas! I have put myfelf out of the course of his protection by the natural means - And am already ruined! A Father's Curfe likewife 'against me! Having made vain all my friends cautions

and folicitudes, I must not hope for miracles in my favour!

'If I do escape, what may become of me, a poor, helpless, deserted creature!—Helpless from Sex!— 120

From Circumstances!-Exposed to every danger!-

Lord protect me!

'His vile man not gone with him!-Lurking hereabouts, no doubt, to watch my steps !- I will not go away by the chariot, however.

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THAT this chariot should come so opportunely! So ' like his many opportunelies! That Dorcas should have

the fudden thought! Should have the courage with the thought, to address a Lady in behalf of an absolute

- ftranger to that Lady! That the Lady should so rea-
- dily consent! Yet the transaction between them to take up so much time, their distance in degree considered:
- For, arduous as the case was, and precious as the time,
- Dorcas was gone above half an hour! Yet the chariot was faid to be ready at a Grocer's not many doors off!

' Indeed some Elderly Ladies are talkative: And there are, no doubt, some good people in the world-

But that it should chance to be a widow Lady, who could do what she pleased! That Dorcas should know her to be fo by the Lozenge! Persons in her station

not usually fo knowing, I believe, in Heraldry.

'Yet some may! For servants are fond of deriving collateral honours and distinctions, as I may call them, from the quality, or people of rank, whom they ferve.

But his fly fervant not gone with him! Then this

Letter of Tomlinfon!-

'Altho' I am resolved never to have this wretch, yet, may I not throw myself into my Uncle's protection at

- 'Kentish town or Highgate, if I cannot escape before; and
- ' so get clear of bim? May not the evil I know, be less ' than what I may fall into, if I can avoid further vil-
- ' lainy? Further villainy he has not yet threatened; ' freely and justly as I have treated him !- I will not go,
- 'I think. At least, unless I can send this fellow out of moult not book

the way (a).

<sup>(</sup>a) She tried to do this; but was prevented by the fellow's pretending to put his ancle out, by a flip down flairs-A trick, fays his contriving mafter, in his omitted relation, I had learned bim, on a like occasion, at Amiens.

farthe lame room? the cooon which, if arrended to THE fellow a villain! The wench, I doubt, a vile wench. At last concerned for her own fafety. Plays off and on about a coach.

All my hopes of getting off, at present, over!-'Unhappy creature! to what further evils art thou re-' ferved! O how my heart rifes, at the necessity I must ftill be under to fee and converse with so very vile a " man!"

#### With joy Statehod had Be pleased to read that Letter LETTER XXIII.

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Efg;

Wednesday afternoon. Disappointed in her meditated escape; obliged, against her will, to meet me in the Diningroom; and perhaps apprehensive of being upbraided for her art in feigning herself ill; I expetted that the dear Perverse would begin with me with spirit and indignation. But I was in hopes, from the gentleness of her natural disposition; from the consideration which I expected from her on her fituation; from the contents of the Letter of Captain Tomlinfon, which Dorcas told me she had feen; and from the time she had had to cool and reflect fince she last admitted me to her presence. that she would not have carried it so strongly thro' as I was to ched to the quick.

As I entered the Dining-room, I congratulated her and myself upon her sudden recovery. And would have taken her hand, with an air of respectful tenderness: But she was resolved to begin where she left off.

She turned from me, drawing in her hand, with a repulling and indignant afpect-I meet you once more. faid she, because I cannot help it. What have you to say to me? Why am I to be thus detained against my will?

With the utmost folemnity of speech and behaviour, I urged the Ceremony. I faw I had nothing else for it. I had a Letter in my pocket, I said [feeling for it, altho' I had not taken it from the table where I left it, in the same room] the contents of which, if attended to, would make us both happy. I had been loth to shew it to her before, because I hoped to prevail upon her to be mine somer than the day mentioned in it.

I felt for it in all my pockets, watching her eye mean time, which I faw glance towards the table where it lay.

I was uneasy that I could not find it—At last, directed again by her sly eye, I spied it on the table at the further end of the room.

With joy I fetched it. Be pleased to read that Letter,

Madam; with an air of fatisfied affurance.

She took it, and cast her eye over it, in such a careless way, as made it evident, that she had read it before: And then unthankfully tossed it into the window-seat before her.

I urged her to bless me to-morrow, or Friday morning: At least, that she would not render vain her Uncle's journey, and kind endeavours to bring about a Recon-

ciliation among us all.

Among us all! repeated she, with an air equally disdainful and incredulous. O Lovelace, thou art surely nearly allied to the grand deceiver, in thy endeavour to suit temptations to inclinations!—But what honour, what faith, what veracity, were it possible that I could enter into parley with thee on this subject (which it is not) may I expect from such a man as thou hast shewn thyself to be?

I was touched to the quick. A Lady of your perfect character, Madam, who has feigned herfelf fick, on purpose to avoid seeing the man who adored her, should

not--

I know what thou wouldst say, interrupted she— Twenty and twenty low things, that my soul would have been above being guilty of, and which I have despised myself for, have I been brought into by the infection of thy company, and by the necessity thou hast laid me under, of appearing mean. But I thank God, destitute as I am, that I am not, however, sunk so low, as to wish to be thine.

I, Madam, as the injurer, ought to have patience. It

Let.23. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 123

is for the injured to reproach. But your *Uncle* is not in a plot against you, it is to be hoped. There are circumstances in the Letter you have cast your eyes over—

Again she interrupted me, Why, once more I ask you, am I detained in this house?—Do I not see myself surrounded by wretches, who, tho' they wear the habit of my Sex, may yet, as far as I know, lie in wait for my perdition?

She would be very loth, I faid, that Mrs. Sinclair and her Nieces should be called up to vindicate themselves,

and their house.

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Would but they kill me, let them come, and welcome. I will bless the hand that will strike the blow! Indeed I will.

'Tis idle, very idle, to talk of dying. Mere younglady talk, when controuled by those they hate. But let

me beseech you, dearest creature-

Befeech me nothing. Let me not be detained thus against my will!—Unhappy creature, that I am, said she, in a kind of phrensy, wringing her hands at the same time, and turning from me, her eyes lifted up! 'Thy 'curse, O my cruel Father, seems to be now in the height of its operation!—My weakened mind is full of fore-bodings, that I am in the way of being a lost creature as to both worlds! Blessed, blessed God, said she, falling on her knees, save me, O save me from myself, and from this man!'

I funk down on my knees by her, excessively affected —O that I could recall yesterday!—Forgive me, my dearest creature, forgive what is past, as it cannot now but by one way be retrieved. Forgive me only on this condition—That my future faith and honour—

She interrupted me, rifing—If you mean to beg of me, Never to feek to avenge myself by Law, or by an appeal to my relations, to my Cousin Morden in parti-

cular, when he comes to England-

D—n the Law, rifing also [She started] and all those to whom you talk of appealing!—I dety both the one and the other—All I beg, is Your forgiveness; and that

that you will, on my unfeigned contrition, re-establish me in your favour—

O no, no, no! lifting up her clasped hands, I never, never will, never, never can forgive you!—And it is a punishment worse than death to me, that I am obliged to

meet you, or to fee you!

This is the last time, my dearest life, that you will ever see me in this posture, on this occasion: And again I kneeled to her. Let me hope, that you will be mine next Thursday, your Uncle's Birth-day, if not before. Would to Heaven I had never been a villain! Your indignation is not, cannot be, greater than my remorse—And I took hold of her gown; for she was going from me.

Be remorfe thy portion!—For thine own fake, be remorfe thy portion!—I never, never will forgive thee!
—I never, never will be thine!—Let me retire!—Why kneeleft thou to the wretch whom thou haft so vilely humbled?

Say but, dearest creature, you will consider—Say but you will take time to reflect upon what the honour of both our families requires of you. I will not rise. I will not permit you to withdraw [still holding her gown] till you tell me you will consider.—Take this Letter. Weigh well your situation, and mine. Say you will withdraw to consider; and then I will not presume to with-hold you.

Compulsion shall do nothing with me. Tho' a slave, a prisoner, in circumstance, I am no slave in my will!—
Nothing will I promise thee—With-held, compelled—

Nothing will I promife thee-

Noble creature! But not implacable, I hope!—Promise me but to return in an hour!—

Nothing will I promife thee!-

Say but you will fee me again this evening!

O that I could fay—that it were in my power to fay—I never will fee thee more!—Would to Heaven I never were to fee thee more!

Paffionate Beauty !- ftill holding her-

I speak, tho' with vehemence, the deliberate wish of my heart.—O that I could avoid looking down upon thee, mean groveler, and abject as insulting—Let me withdraw! My Soul is in tumults! Let me withdraw!

I quitted my hold to clasp my hands together—Withdraw, O sovereign of my fate!—Withdraw, if you will withdraw!—My destiny is in your power!—It depends upon your breath!—Your Scorn but augments my Love!—Your resentment is but too well founded!—But, dearest creature, return, return, with a resolution to bless with pardon and peace your faithful adorer!

She flew from me. The Angel, as foon as she found her wings, flew from me. I, the reptile kneeler, the despicable slave, no more the proud victor, arose; and, retiring, tried to comfort myself, that, circumstanced as she is, destitute of friends and fortune; her Uncle moreover, who is to reconcile all so soon (as, I thank my

Stars, she still believes) expected-

O that she would forgive me!—Would she but generously forgive me, and receive my vows at the altar, at the instant of her forgiving me, that I might not have time to relapse into my old prejudices!—By my Soul, Belford, this dear girl gives the lye to all our Rakish Maxims. There must be something more than a name in virtue!—I now see that there is!—Once subdued, always subdued—'Tis an egregious falshood!—But Oh, Jack, she never was subdued. What have I obtained, but an increase of shame and confusion!—While her glory has been established by her sufferings!

This one merit is, however, left me, that I have laid all her Sex under obligation to me, by putting this noble creature to trials, which, so gloriously supported, have

done honour to them all.

However,—But no more will I add—What a force have evil habits!—I will take an Airing, and try to fly from myfelf—Do not thou upbraid me on my weak fits—On my contradictory purposes—On my irresolution—And all will be well.

#### LETTER XXIV.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, E/q;

Wednesday Night.

Man is just now arrived from M. Hall, who tells me, that my Lord is in a very dangerous way. The Gout in his Stomach to an extreme degree, occafioned by drinking a great quantity of Limonade.

A man of 8000 l. a year to prefer his appetite to his health!-He deserves to die!-But we have all of us our inordinate paffions to gratify: And they generally bring their punishment along with them. - So witnesses the Nephew, as well as the Uncle.

The fellow was fent up on other business; but stretched

his orders a little, to make his court to a fucceffor.

I am glad I was not at M. Hall, at the time my Lord took the grateful dose [It was certainly grateful to him at the time]: There are people in the world, who would have had the wickedness to say, that I had persuaded him to drink it.

The man fays, that his Lordship was so bad when he came away, that the family began to talk of fending for me, in post-haste. As I know the old Peer has a good deal of cash by him, of which he seldom keeps account, it behoves me to go down as foon as I can. But what shall I do with this dear creature the while? To-morrow over, I shall, perhaps, be able to answer my own question. I am afraid fhe will make me desperate.

For here have I fent to implore her company, and am

denied with fcorn.

I HAVE been so happy as to receive, this moment, a third Letter from my dear correspondent Miss Howe. A little fevere devil!—It would have broken the heart of my Beloved, had it fallen into her hands. I will inclose a copy of it. Read it here.

My dearest Miss Harlowe, Tuesday, June 20.

Gain I venture to write to you (almost against inclination); and that by your former conveyance, little as I like it.

I know not how it is with you. It may be bad; and then it would be hard to upbraid you, for a filence you may not be able to help. But if not, what shall I say severe enough, that you have not answered either of my last Letters? The first (a) of which [and I think it imported you too much to be filent upon it ] you owned the receipt of. The other, which was delivered into your own hands (b), was so pressing for the favour of a line from you, that I am amazed I could not be obliged. -And still more, that I have not heard from you fince.

The fellow made fo strange a Story of the condition he faw you in, and of your speech to him, that I know not what to conclude from it: Only, that he is a simple, blundering, and yet conceited fellow, who aiming at defcription, and the Ruftic Wonderful, gives an air of bumkinly romance to all he tells. That this is his character. you will believe, when you are informed, that he defcribed you in grief excessive (c), yet so improved in your person and features, and so rosy, that was his word, in your face, and fo flush-coloured, and so plump in your arms, that one would conclude you were labouring under the operation of fome malignant poifon; and fo much the rather, as he was introduced to you, when you were upon acouch, from which you offered not to rife, or fit up.

Upon my word, Miss Harlowe, I am greatly distressed upon your account; for I must be so free as to say, that, in your ready return with your deceiver, you have not at all answered my expectations, nor acted up to your own character: For Mrs. Townsend tells me, from the women at Hamítead, how chearfully you put yourfelf into his hands again: Yet, at the time, it was impossible you

should be married!—

(a) See Vol. IV. p. 200. (c) See the last Letter of Vol. IV.

<sup>(</sup>b) See p. 2. of this Volume.

Lord, my dear, what pity it is, that you took so much pains to get from the man! But you know best!—Sometimes I think it could not be you to whom the Rustic delivered my Letter. But it must too: Yet it is strange I could not have one line by him:—Not one:—And you so soon well enough to go with the wretch back again!

I am not fure, that the Letter I am now writing will come to your hands: So shall not say half that I have upon my mind to say. But if you think it worth your while to write to me, pray let me know, what fine Ladies, his relations, those were, who visited you at Hamstead, and carried you back again so joyfully, to a place that I had so fully warned you—But I will say no more: At least till I know more: For I can do nothing but wonder, and stand amazed.

Notwithstanding all the man's baseness, 'tis plain, there was more than a lurking Love—Good Heaven!—But I have done!—Yet I know not how to have done, neither!
—Yet I must—I will.

Only account to me, my dear, for what I cannot at all account for: And inform me, whether you are really married, or not.—And then I shall know, Whether there must, or must not, be a period shorter than that of one of our lives, to a friendship which has hitherto been the pride and boast of

Your Anna Howe.

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Dorcas tells me, that she has just now had a fearching conversation, as she calls it, with her Lady. She is willing, she tells the wench, still to place a confidence in her. Dorcas hopes she has re-affured her; but wishes me not to depend upon it. Yet Captain Tomlinson's Letter must affuredly weigh with her. I sent it in just now by Dorcas, desiring her to re-peruse it. And it was not returned me, as I seared it would be. And that's a good sign, I think.

I say, I think, and I think; for this charming creature, entangled as I am in my own inventions, puzzles

me ten thousand times more than I ber.

# you without tax emanage T T E T XXX.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, E/q;

rolling tadt , sol of ,ood Thut fday Noon, June 22. 1

L T me perish, if I know what to make either of myself, or of this surprising creature—Now calm, now tempestuous—But I know thou lovest not antici-

pation any more than I.

At my repeated requests, she met me at Six this morning. She was ready dressed; for she has not had her cloaths off ever since she declared, that they never more should be off in this house. And charmingly she looked, with all the disadvantages of a three hours violent Stomach-ach (for Dorcas told me that she had been really ill) no Rest, and eyes red, and swelled with weeping. Strange to me, that those charming fountains have not been long ago exhausted. But she is a Woman: And I believe Anatomists allow, that women have more watry beads than men.

Well, my dearest creature, I hope you have now thoroughly considered of the contents of Captain Tomlinson's Letter. But as we are thus early met, let me beseech you to make this my happy day.

She looked not favourably upon me. A cloud hung upon her brow at her entrance: But as she was going to answer me, a still greater solemnity took possession of

her charming features.

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Your air, and your countenance, my beloved creature, are not propitious to me. Let me beg of you, before you speak, to forbear all further recriminations: For already I have such a sense of my vileness to you, that I know not how to bear the reproaches of my own mind.

I have been endeavouring, said she, fince I am not permitted to avoid you, to obtain a composure which I never more expected to see you in... How long I may enjoy it, I cannot tell. But I hope I shall be enabled to speak to Vol. V.

and could not help it (a).

After a pause (for I was all attention) thus she proceeded.

It is easy for me, Mr. Lovelace, to see, that further violences are intended me, if I comply not with your purposes, whatever they are. I will suppose them to be what you so solemnly profess they are. But I have told you, as folemnly, my mind, that I never will, that I never can, be yours; nor, if fo, any man's upon earth. All vengeance, nevertheless, for the wrongs you have done me, I disclaim. I want but to slide into some obscure corner, to hide myfelf from you, and from every one, who once loved me. The defire lately so near my heart, of a Reconciliation with my friends, is much abated. They shall not receive me now, if they would. Sunk in mine own eyes, I now think myfelf unworthy of their favour. In the anguish of my Soul, therefore, I conjure you, Lovelace [tears in her eyes] to leave me to my In doing fo, you will give me a pleasure, the highest I now can know.

Whither, my dearest life-

No matter whither. I will leave to Providence, when I am out of this house, the direction of my future steps. I am sensible enough of my destitute condition. I know, that I have not now a friend in the world. Even Miss Howe has given me up—or you are—But I would fain keep my temper!—By your means I have lost them all—And you have been a barbarous enemy to me. You know you have.

She paufed.

to forbear all further

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<sup>(</sup>a) The Lady, in her Minutes, fays, "I fear Doréas is a false one. May I not be able to prevail upon him to leave me at my liberty? "Better to try, than to trust to her. If I cannot prevail, but must meet him and my Uncle, I hope I shall have fortitude enough to renounce him then. But I would fain avoid qualifying with the wretch, or to give him an expectation which I intend not to answer. If I am mistress of my own resolutions, my Uncle him felf shall not prevail with me to bind my Soul in Covenant with so vile a man."

I could not fpeak.

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The evils I have fuffered, proceeded she [turning from me] however irreparable, are but temporary evils. Leave me to my hopes of being enabled to obtain the Divine forgiveness, for the offence I have been drawn in to give to my parents, and to virtue; that so I may avoid the evils that are more than temporary. This is now all I have to wish for. And what is it that I demand, that I have not a right to, and from which it is an illegal violence to with-hold me?

It was impossible for me, I told her plainly, to comply. I befought her to give me her hand as this very day. I could not live without her. I communicated to her my Lord's illness, as a reason why I wished not to stay for her Uncle's anniversary. I befought her to bless me with her consent; and, after the Ceremony was passed, to accompany me down to Berks. And thus, my dearest Life, said I, will you be freed from a house, to which you have conceived so great an antipathy.

This, thou wilt own, was a Princely offer. And I was refolved to be as good as my word. I thought I had killed my Confcience, as I told thee, Belford, some time ago. But Confcience, I find, tho it may be temporarily stifled, cannot die; and when it dare not speak aloud, will whisper. And at this instant, I thought I felt the revived varietes (on but a slight retrograde motion) writhing round my pericardium like a serpent; and in the action of a dying one (collecting all its force into its head) fix its plaguy sangs into my heart.

And this set my heart up at my mouth. And, believe me, I had instantly popt in upon me, in imagination, an old spectagled Parson, with a White Surplice thrown over a Black Habit [A fit emblem of the halcyon office, which, under a benign appearance, often introduces a life of storms and tempests] whining and souffling thro' his nose the irrevocable Ceremony.

I hope now, my dear Life, faid I, fnatching her hand, and preffing it to my lips, that your filence bodes me K 2 good.

good. Let me, my beloved creature, have but your tacit confent; and this moment I will step out and engage a minister—And then I promised how much my whole suture life should be devoted to her commands, and that I would make her the best and tenderest of husbands.

At last, turning to me, I have told you my mind, Mr. Lovelace, said she. Think you, that I could thus solemnly—There she stopt—I am too much in your power, proceeded she; Your prisoner, rather than a person free to chuse for myself, or to say what I will do or be—But, as a testimony that you mean me well, let me instantly quit this house; and I will then give you such an answer in writing, as best besits my unhappy circumstances.

And imaginest thou, fairest, thought I, that this will go down with a Lovelace? Thou oughtest to have known, that Free-livers, like Ministers of State, never part with a power put into their hands, without an equivalent of twice the value.

I pleaded, that if we joined hands this morning (if not, to-morrow; if not, on Thursday, her Uncle's Birthday, and in his presence); and afterwards, as I had proposed, set out for Berks; we should, of course, quit this house; and, on our return to town, should have in readiness the house I was in treaty for.

She answered me not, but with tears and sighs: Fond of believing what I boped, I imputed her silence to the Modesty of her Sex. The dear creature (thought I) solemnly as she began with me, is ruminating, in a sweet suspense, how to put into fit words the gentle purposes of her condescending heart. But, looking in her averted face with a soothing gentleness, I plainly perceived, that it was resentment, and not bashfulness, that was struggling in her bosom (a).

At last, she broke silence-I have no patience, said

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<sup>(</sup>a) The Lady, in her Minutes, owns the difficulty she lay under to keep her temper in this conference. "But when I found, says she, "that all my entreaties were ineffectual, and that he was resolved to detain me, I could no longer with-hold my impatience."

Tell me, Sir, in so many words tell me, Whether it be, or be not, your intention to permit me to quit it?—To permit me the freedom which is my birthright as an English subject?

Will not the consequence of your departure hence be, that I shall lose you for ever, Madam?—And can I bear

the thoughts of that?

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She flung from me—My Soul disdains to hold parley with thee, were her violent words—But I threw myself at her feet, and took hold of her reluctant hand, and began to imprecate, to vow, to promise—But thus the passion-

ate Beauty, interrupting me, went on:

I am fick of thee, MAN!—One continued string of vows, oaths, and protestations, varied only by time and place, fills thy mouth!—Why detainest thou me? My heart rises against thee, O thou cruel implement of my Brother's causeless vengeance—All I beg of thee is, that thou wilt remit me the future part of my Father's dreadful Curse! The temporary part, base and ingrateful as thou art! thou hast completed!

I was speechless!—Well I might!—Her Brother's implement!—James Harlowe's implement!—Zounds,

Jack! what words were thefe!

I let go her struggling hand. She took two or three turns cross the room, her whole haughty soul in her Air. Then approaching me, but in silence, turning from me, and again to me, in a milder voice—I see thy confusion, Lovelace. Or is it thy remorse?—I have but one request to make thee.—The request so often repeated—That thou wilt this moment permit me to quit this house. Adieu then, let me say, for ever adieu! And mayst thou enjoy that happiness in this world, which thou hast robbed me of; as thou hast of every friend I have in it!

And faying this, away she flung, leaving me in a confusion so great, that I knew not what to think, say, or do.

But Dorcas foon roused me—Do you know, Sir, running in hastily, that my Lady is gone down stairs!

K 3.

No.

No, fure!—And down I flew, and found her once more at the Street-door, contending with Polly Horton to get out.

She rushed by me into the Fore-parlour, and flew to the window, and attempted once more to throw up the

Sash-Good people! Good people! cried she.

I caught her in my arms, and lifted her from the window. But being afraid of hurting the charming creature (charming in her very rage) she slid thro' my arms on the floor;—Let me die here! Let me die here! were her words; remaining jointless and immoveable till Sally and Mrs. Sinclair hurried in.

She was visibly terrified at the sight of the old wretch; while I (fincerely affected) appealed, Bear witness, Mrs. Sinclair!—Bear witness, Miss Martin!—Miss Horton!—Every one bear witness, that I offer not vio-

lence to this beloved creature!

She then found her feet—O house [looking towards the windows, and all round her, O house] contrived on purpose for my ruin! said she—But let not that woman come into my presence—Nor that Miss Horton neither, who would not have dared to controul me, had she not been a base one!

Hoh, Sir! Hoh, Madam! vociferated the old dragon, her arms kemboed, and flourishing with one foot to the extent of her petticoats—What ado's here about nothing!—I never knew such work in my life, between a Chicken of a Gentleman, and a Tyger of a Lady!—

She was visibly affrighted: And up stairs she hastened. A bad woman is certainly, Jack, more terrible to her own

Sex, than even a bad man.

I followed her up. She rushed by her own apartment into the Dining-room: No terror can make her

forget her punctilio.

To recite what passed there of invective, exclamations, threatenings, even of her own life, on one side; of expostulations, supplications, and sometimes menaces, on the other, would be too affecting; and, after my particularity in like scenes, these things may as well be imagined as expressed. I will therefore only mention, that, at length, I extorted a concession from her. She had reason (a) to think it would have been worse for her on the spot, if she had not made it. It was, That she would endeavour to make herself easy, till she saw what next Thursday, her Uncle's Birth-day, would produce. But O that it were not a sin, she passionately exclaimed on making this poor concession, to put an end to her own life, rather than yield to give me but that assurance!

This, however, shews me, that she is aware, that the reluctantly-given assurance may be fairly construed into a matrimonial expectation on my side. And if she will now, even now, look forward, I think, from my heart, that I will put on her livery, and wear it for life.

What a fituation am I in, with all my curfed inventions? I am puzzled, confounded, and ashamed of myfels, upon the whole. To take such pains to be a villain!—But (for the fiftieth time) let me ask thee, Who would have thought, that there had been such a woman in the world?—Nevertheless, she had best take care, that she carries not her obstinacy much further. She knows not what Revenge for slighted Love will make me do.

The bufy Scenes I have just passed thro', have given, emotions to my heart, which will not be quieted one while. My heart, I see (on reperusing what I have written) has communicated its tremors to my fingers; and in some places the characters are so indistinct and unformed, that thou'lt hardly be able to make them out. But if one balf of them only are intelligible, that will be enough to expose me to thy contempt, for the wretched hand I have.

" of a baseness so premeditatedly vile and inhuman."

<sup>(</sup>a) The Lady mentions, in her memorandum-book, that she had no other way, as she apprehended, to save herself from instant dishonour, but by making this concession. Her only hope, now, she says, if she cannot escape by Dorcas's connivance (whom, nevertheless, she suspects) is, to find a way to engage the protection of her Uncle, and even of the Civil Magistrate, on Thursday next, if necessary. "He shall see, says she, tame and timid as he has thought me, what

<sup>&</sup>quot; I dare to do, to avoid so hated a compulsion, and a man capable

made of my plots and contrivances.-But furely, Jack,

I have gained fome ground by this promife.

And now, one word to the affurances thou sendess me, that thou hast not betrayed my Secrets in relation to this charming creature. Thou mightest have spared them, Belford. My suspicions held no longer than while I wrote about them (a). For well I knew, when I allowed myself time to think, that thou hadst no principles, no virtue, to be missed by. A great deal of strong Envy, and a little of weak Pity, I knew to be thy motives. Thou couldst not provoke my anger, and my compassion thou ever hadst; and art now more especially entitled to it; because thou art a pityful fellow.

All thy new expostulations in my Beloved's behalf, I

will answer when I see thee,

### LETTER XXVI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Thursday Night.

Onfoundedly out of humour with this perverse woman!—Nor wilt thou blame me, if thou art my friend. She regards the concession she made, as a concession extorted from her: And we are but just where we were before she made it.

With great difficulty I prevailed upon her to favour me with her company for one half-hour this evening. The necessity I was under to go down to M. Hall, was

the subject I wanted to talk upon.

I told her, that as she had been so good as to promise, that she would endeavour to make herself easy till she saw the Thursday in next week over, I hoped, that she would not scruple to oblige me with her word, that I should find her here at my return from M. Hall.

Indeed she would make me no such promise. Nothing of this bouse was mentioned to me, said she: You know it was not. And do you think that I would have

given my consent to my imprisonment in it?

(a) See p. 79.

I was plaguily nettled, and disappointed too. If I go not down to M. Hall, Madam, you'll have no scruple to stay here, I suppose, till Thursday is over?

If I cannot help myself, I must.—But I insist upon being permitted to go out of this house whether you

leave it or not.

Well, Madam, then I will comply with your commands. And I will go out this very evening in quest of lodgings that you shall have no objection to.

I will have no lodgings of your providing, Sir-I

will go to Mrs. Moore's at Hamstead.

Mrs. Moore's, Madam?—I, have no objection to Mrs. Moore's.—But will you give me your promise, to admit me there to your presence?

As I do here—When I cannot help it.

Very well, Madam—Will you be so good, as to let me know, what you intended by your promise to make yourself easy—

To endeavour, Sir, to make myself easy-were the

words——

—Till you saw what next Thursday would produce?

Ask me no questions that may ensure me. I am too

fincere for the company I am in.

Let me ask you, Madam, What meant you, when you said, "that, were it not a sin, you would die before "you gave me that assurance?"

She was indignantly filent.

You thought, Madam, you had given me room to hope your pardon by it?

When I think I ought to answer you with patience, I

will speak.

Do you think yourfelf in my power, Madam?

If I were not-And there the ftopt-

Dearest creature, speak out—I beseech you, dearest creature, speak out.—

She was filent; her charming face all in a glow. Have you, Madam, any reliance upon my honour?

Still filent.

You hate me, Madam! You despise me more than you do the most odious of God's creatures!

You ought to despise me, if I did not.

You say, Madam, you are in a bad house. You have no reliance upon my honour—You believe you cannot avoid me—

She arose. I beseech you, let me withdraw.

I snatched her hand, rising, and pressed it first to my lips, and then to my heart, in wild disorder. She might have felt the bounding mischief ready to burst its bars—You shall go—To your own apartment, if you please—But, by the great God of Heaven, I will accompany you thither.

She trembled-Pray, pray, Mr. Lovelace, don't ter-

rify me fo!

Be seated, Madam! I beseech you, be seated!-

I will fit down-

Do then, Madam—Do then—All my foul in my eyes, and my heart's blood throbbing at my fingers ends.

I will—I will—You hurt me—Pray, Mr. Lovelace, don't—don't frighten me so—And down she sat, trem-

bling; my hand still grasping hers.

I hung over her throbbing bosom, and putting my other arm round her waist—And you say, you hate me, Madam—And you say, you despise me—And you say,

you promifed me nothing

Yes, yes, I did promise you—Let me not be held down thus—You see I sat down when you bid me—Why [struggling] need you hold me down thus?—I did promise to endeavour to be easy till Thursday was over! But you won't let me!—How can I be easy?—Pray, let me not be thus terrified.

And what, Madam, meant you by your promise? Did you mean any-thing in my favour?—You designed that I should, at the time, think you did. Did you mean any-thing in my favour, Madam?—Did you intend, that

I should think you did?

Let go my hand, Sir—Take away your arm from about me [struggling, yet trembling] —W by do you gaze upon me so?

Answer me, Madam - Did you mean any-thing in my

favour by your promise? Dod to avoide floin and on so

Let me not be thus constrained to answer.

Then pauling, and gaining more spirit, Let me go. faid she: I am but a woman-but a weak woman-But my life is in my own power, tho' my person is not-I will not be thus conftrained the state of th

You shall not, Madam, quitting her hand, bowing, but my heart at my mouth, and hoping farther provo-Afk me not fuch a question, Mr. Lovelace, .noits

She arofe, and was hurrying away.

I purfue you not, Madam - I will try your generofity. -Stop-Return This moment stop, return, if, Madam, you would not make me desperate.

She stopt at the door; burst into tears—O Lovelace!

-How, how, have I deferved-

Be pleased, dearest angel, to return.

She came back-But with declared reluctance; and

imputing her compliance to terror.

Terror, Jack, as I have heretofore found out, tho' I have so little benefited by the discovery, must be my refort, if the make it necessary-Nothing else will do with the inflexible Charmer. In square and over them boy a

She feated herfelf over-against me; extremely difcomposed.—But indignation had a visible predominance

in her features.

I was going towards her, with a countenance intendedly changed to love and foftness: Sweetest, dearest Angel, were my words, in the tenderest accent :- But, rifing up, the infifted upon my being feated at diffance from her. Walk , vino vi Day only, dearest escalure,

I obeyed—and begged her hand over the table, to my extended hand; to fee, as I faid, if in any-thing she would oblige me-But nothing gentle, foft, or affectionate, would do. She refused me her hand!-Was she wife, Jack, to confirm to me, that nothing but Terror

Let me only know, Madam, if your promise to endeavour to wait with patience the event of next Thursday, meant me favour?

Do you expect any voluntary favour from one to whom you give not a free choice?

Do you intend, Madam, to honour me with your

hand, in your Uncle's presence, or do you not?

My heart and my hand shall never be separated. Why, think you, did I stand in opposition to the will of my best, my natural friends?

I know what you mean, Madam-Am I then as hate-

ful to you as the vile Solmes?

Ask me not such a question, Mr. Lovelace.

I must be answered. Am I as hateful to you as the vile Solmes?

Why do you call Mr. Solmes vile?

Don't you think him fo, Madam?

Why Thould I? Did Mr. Solmes ever do vilely by me?

Dearest creature! don't distract me by hateful compatisons! And perhaps by a more hateful preference.

Don't you, Sir, put questions to me, that you know I will answer truly, tho' my answer were ever so much to

enrage you.

My heart, Madam, my foul is all yours at present. But you must give me hope, that your promise, in your own construction, binds you, no new cause to the contrary, to be mine on Thursday. How else can I leave you?

Let me go to Hamstead; and trust to my favour.

May I trust to it?—Say, only, May I trust to it?

How will you trust to it, if you extort an answer to

Say only, dearest creature, say only, may I trust to

your favour, if you go to Hamstead?

How dare you, Sir, if I must speak out, expect a promise of favour from me?—What a mean creature must you think me, after your ingrateful baseness to me, were

I to give you fuch a promise?

Then standing up, Thou hast made me, O vilest of men! [her hands classed, and a face crimsoned over with indignation] an inmate of the vilest of houses—Nevertheless, while I am in it, I shall have a heart incapable of any-thing but abhorrence of that and of thee!

And you give not a free choice?

And round her looked the Angel, and upon me, with fear in her sweet aspect of the consequence of her free declaration.—But what a Devil must I have been, I, who love Bravery in a Man, had I not been more struck with admiration of her fortitude at the instant, than stimulated by revenge?

Noblest of creatures!—And do you think I can leave you, and my interest in such an excellence, precarious?

No promise!—No hope!—If you make me not desperate, may lightning blast me, if I do you not all the

juffice 'tis in my power to do you! a man yel belong

If you have any intention to oblige me, leave me at my own liberty, and let me not be detained in this abominable house. To be constrained as I have been constrained! To be stopt by your vile agents! To be brought up by force, and to be bruised in my own defence against such illegal violence!—I dare to die, Lovelace—And she who fears not death is not to be intimidated into a meanness unworthy of her heart and principles!

Wonderful creature! But why, Madam, did you lead me to hope for something favourable for next Thurfday?—Once more, make me not desperate—With all your magnanimity, glorious creature! [I was more than half frantic, Belford] You may, you may—But do not, do not make me brutally threaten you!—Do not, do not

make me desperate! not sved shot -best sved mod

My aspect, I believe, threatened still more than my words. I was rising—She arose—Mr. Lovelace, be pacified—You are even more dreadful than the Lovelace I have long dreaded—Let me retire—I ask your leave to retire—You really frighten me—Yet I give you no hope—From my heart I ab——

Say not, Madam, you abber me. You must, for your own sake, conceal your hatred—At least not avow

it. I feized her hand. Ilw bas ; xol alorw on to vitio

Let me retire—Let me retire, faid she in a manner out of breath, and should on one and I slidy and

I will only fay, Madam, that I refer myfelf to your

generosity. My heart is not to be trusted at this instant. As a mark of my submission to your will, you shall, if you please, withdraw.—But I will not go to M. Hall—Live or die my Lord M. I will not go to M. Hall—But will attend the effect of your promise. Remember, Madam, you have promised to endeavour to make your-felf easy, till you see the event of next Thursday—Next Thursday, remember, your Uncle comes up, to see us married—Vest's the event—Kou think ill of your Love-lace—Do not, Madam, suffer your own morals to be degraded by the infection, as you called it, of his example.

And no doubt thoughts that the had an escape nor without resion 1 as beniarities and a supplied that the had an escape of without resion 1 as beniarities and a supplied to the had an escape of the h

Vexed at the heart, nevertheless (now the was from me, and when I reflected upon her hatred of me, and her defiances) that I suffered myself to be so over-awed, checked, restrained to yellow and send a one beam

And now I have written thus far (having of course recollected the whole of our conversation). I am more and more incensed against myself not not equal of em

But I will go down to these women and perhaps fuffer myself to be laughed at by them.

Devil fetch them, they pretend to know their own Sex. Sally was a woman well aducated Polly alfo-Both have read - Both have fenfe Of parentage not mean - Que modeft both - Still they fay had been modeft, but for me Not entirely indelicate now; the' too little nice for my per fonal intimacy, loth as they both are to have me think fo .- The old one, too, a woman of family, tho' thus (from bad inclination, as well as at first from low circumstances) miserably sunk: And hence they all pretend to remember what once they were and vouch for the inclinations and hypocrify of the whole Sex; and wish for nothing so ardently, as that I will leave the preverte Lady to their management, while I am gone to Berkshire; undertaking abfolutely for her humility and passiveness on my return; gene. and whom they have obliged to draw in their traces.

· I AM just come from these Sorceresses.

· I was forced to take the Mother down; for she · began with her Hoh, Sirs! with me; and to cate- · chise and upbraid me, with as much insolence as if I

· owed her money.

I made her fly the Pit, at last. Strange wishes wished we against each other, at her quitting it—
What were they?—I'll tell thee—She wished me married, and to be jealous of my Wise; and my HeirApparent the child of another man. I was even with her with a vengeance. And yet thou wilt think that could not well be.—As how?—As how, Jack!—
Why I wished her Conscience come to life!—And I know by the gripes mine gives me every half-hour, that she would then have a cursed time of it.

Sally and Polly gave themselves high airs too. Their first favours were thrown at me. [Women to boast of those favours which they were as willing to impart, first forms all the difficulty with them I as I to receive!] I was upbraided with Ingratitude, Dastardice, and all my difficulties with my angel charged upon myself, for want of following my blows; and for leaving the proud Lady mistress of her own will, and nothing to repreach herself with. And all agreed, that the arts used against her on a certain occasion, had too high an operation for them or me to judge what her will would have been in the arduous trial. And then they blamed one another; as I curied them all.

They concluded that I should certainly marry, and be a lost man. And Sally, on this oceasion, with an affected and malicious laugh, frapt her singers at me, and pointing two of each hand forkedly at me, bid me remember the lines I once shewed her, of my favourite Jack Dryden, as she always familiarly calls that eelebrated Poet.

· We women to new joys unseen may move:

· There are no prints left in the paths of Love.

· All goods besides by public marks are known: But those men most desire to keep, bave none.

This infernal Implement had the confidence further to hint, that when a Wife, some other man would not find half the difficulty with my Angel, that I had found. Confidence indeed !- But yet I must say, that this dear creature is the only woman in the world of whom I should not be jealous. And yet, if a man gives himself up to the company of these devils, they never let him reft, till he either suspect or hate his wife.

But a word or two of other matters, if possible. Methinks, I long to know how causes go at M. Hall. I have another private intimation, that the old

Peer is in the greatest danger.

I must go down. Yet what to do with this Lady the mean while!-These cursed women are full of cruelty and enterprize. She will never be easy with them in my absence. They will have provocation and pretence therefore. But woe be to them, if-

Yet what will vengeance do, after an infult committed? The two Nymphs will have jealous rage to goad them on-And what will with-hold a jealous and

already-ruined woman?

To let her go elsewhere; that cannot be done. I am still resolved to be honest, if she'll give me hope: If yet she'll let me be honest-But I'll see how she'll be, after the contention she will certainly have between her refentment, and the terror she had reason for from our last conversation.—So let this subject rest till the morning. And to the old Peer once more.

I shall have a good deal of trouble, I reckon, tho no fordid man, to be decent on the expected occasion. Then how to act (I who am no hypocrite) in the days of condolement! What farces have I to go through; and to be a principal actor in them! I'll try to think of my own latter end; a grey beard, and a graceless Thou. heir; in order to make me ferious.

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Thou, Belford, knowest a good deal of this sort of grimace; and canst help a gay heart to a little of the dismal. But then every feature of thy face is cut out for it. My heart may be touched, perhaps, sooner than thine; for, believe me, or not, I have a very tender one—But then, no man looking in my sace, be the occasion for grief ever so great, will believe that heart to be deeply distressed.

All is placid, eafy, ferene, in my countenance. Sorrow cannot fit half an hour together upon it. Nay, I believe, that Lord M's recovery, should it happen, would not affect me above a quarter of an hour. Only the new scenery (and the pleasure of aping an Heraclitus to the family, while I am a Democritus among my private friends) or I want nothing that the old Peer can leave me. Wherefore then should grief sadden and distort such blythe, such jocund features as mine?

But as for thine, were there murder committed in the street, and thou wert but passing by, the murderer even in sight, the pursuers would quit *him*, and lay hold of *thee*: And thy very looks would hang, as well

as apprehend, thee.

But one word to business, Jack. Whom dealtest thou with for thy blacks?—Wert thou well used?—I shall want a plaguy parcel of them. For I intend to make every soul of the family mourn—Outside, if not In.

#### LETTER XXVII.

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Efq;

June 23. Friday Morning.

I Went out early this morning, on a design that I know not yet whether I shall or shall not pursue; and on my return found Simon Parsons, my Lord's Berkshire Bailiff (just before arrived) waiting for me with a message in form, sent by all the family, to press me to go down, and that at my Lord's particular desire; who wants to see me before he dies.

Vol. V. L Simon

Simon has brought my Lord's chariot-and-fix [Perhaps my own by this time] to carry me down. I have ordered it to be in readiness by Four to-morrow morning. The cattle shall smoke for the delay; and by the rest they'll have in the interim, will be better able to bear it.

I am still resolved upon Matrimony, if my fair Perverse will accept of me. But, if she will not—why then I must give an uninterrupted hearing, not to my

Conscience, but to these Women below.

Dorcas had acquainted her Lady with Simon's arrival and errand. My Beloved had desired to see him. But my coming in prevented his attendance on her, just as Dorcas was instructing him what questions he should not answer to, that might be asked of him.

I am to be admitted to her presence immediately, at my repeated request. Surely the acquisition in view will help me to make all up with her. She is just gone

up to the Dining-room.

Nothing will do, Jack!—I can procure no favour from her, tho' she has obtained from me the point which she had set her heart upon.

I will give thee a brief account of what paffed be-

tween us.

I first proposed instant Marriage; and this in the most fervent manner: But was denied as fervently.

Would she be pleased to assure me, that she would stay here only till Tuesday morning? I would but just go down and see how my Lord was—To know whether he had any-thing particular to say, or enjoin me, while yet he was sensible, as he was very earnest to see me—Perhaps I might be up on Sunday—Concede in something!—I beseech you, Madam, shew me some little consideration.

Why, Mr. Lovelace, must I be determined by your motions?—Think you, that I will voluntarily give a a fanction to the imprisonment of my person? Of what importance to me ought to be your stay or your return?

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Give a fanction to the imprisonment of your person!

Do you think, Madam, that I fear the Law?—

I might have spared this foolish question of defiance: But my pride would not let me. I thought she threatened me, Jack.

I don't think you fear the Law, Sir—You are too brave to have any regard either to Moral or Divine Sanctions.

'Tis well, Madam!—But ask me any-thing I can do to oblige you; and I will oblige you, tho' in nothing will you oblige me.

Then I ask you, then I request of you, to let me

go to Hamstead.

I paused—and at last—By my Soul you shall—This very moment I will wait upon you, and see you fixed there, if you'll promise me your hand on Thursday, in presence of your Uncle.

I want not you to see me fixed—I will promise nothing. Take care, Madam, that you don't let me see, that

I can have no reliance upon your future favour.

I have been used to be threatened by you, Sir—But I will accept of your company to Hamstead—I will be ready to go in a quarter of an hour—My cloaths may be sent after me.

You know the condition, Madam-Next Thursday.

You dare not trust-

My infinite demerits tell me, that I ought not—Nevertheless I will confide in your generosity—To-morrow morning (no new cause arising to give reason to the contrary) as early as you please you may go to Hamstead.

This feemed to oblige her. But yet she looked with

a face of doubt.

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I will go down to the women, Belford. And having no better judges at hand, will hear what they say upon my critical situation with this proud Beauty, who has so insolently rejected a Lovelace kneeling at her feet, tho' making an earnest tender of himself for a Husband, in spite of all his prejudices to the State of Shackles.

### LETTER XXVIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

TUST come from the women.

Have I gone so far, and am I afraid to go farther?—Have I not already, as it is evident by her behaviour, sinned beyond forgiveness?—A Woman's

- tears used to be to me but as water sprinkled on a glowing fire, which gives it a fiercer and brighter
- blaze: What defence has this Lady, but her Tears and her Eloquence? She was before taken at no weak
- advantage. She was insensible in her moments of trial,
- Had the been fentible, the must have been fentible.
   So they say. The methods taken with her have aug-
- mented her glory and her pride. She has now a Tale to tell, that she may tell, with honour to herself. No
- accomplice-inclination. She can look me into confu-
- fion, without being conscious of so much as a thought,

which she need to be ashamed of."

This, Jack, is the substance of the womens reason-

ings with me.

To which let me add, that the dear creature now fees the necessity I am in to leave her. Detecting me is in her head. My contrivances are of such a nature, that I must appear to be the most odious of men, if I am detected on this side Matrimony. And yet I have promised as thou seest, that she shall set out to Hamstead as soon as she pleases in the morning, and that without condition on her side.

Dost thou ask, What I meant by this promise?

No new cause arising, was the proviso on my side, thou'lt remember. But there will be a new cause.

Suppose Dorcas should drop the promisory-note given her by her Lady? Servants, especially those who cannot read or write, are the most careless people in the world of written papers. Suppose I take it up?—At a time, too, that I was determined that the dear creature should be her own mistress?—Will not this detection be a new cause?—A cause that will carry with it against her the appearance of ingratitude?

That she designed it a Secret from me, argues a fear of detestion, and indirectly a sense of guilt. I wanted a pretence. Can I have a better?—If I am in a violent passion upon the detection, is not passion an universally allowed extenuator of violence?—Is not every man and woman obliged to excuse that fault in another, which at times they find attended with such

ungovernable effects in themselves?

The Mother and Sisterhood, suppose, brought to sit in judgment upon the vile corrupted—The least benefit that must accrue from the accidental discovery, if not a pretence for perpetration [which, however, may be the case] an excuse for renewing my orders for her detention till my return from M. Hall [the fault her own]; and for keeping a stricter watch over her than before; with direction to send me any Letters that may be written by her or to her.—And when I return, the devil's in it if I find not a way to make her chuse lodgings for herself (since these are so hateful to her) that shall answer all my purposes; and yet I no more appear to direct her choice, than I did before in these.

Thou wilt curse me, when thou comest to this place. I know thou wilt. But thinkest thou, that, after such a Series of contrivance, I will lose this inimitable woman for want of a little more? A Rake's a Rake, Jack!—And what Rake is with-held by Principle from the perpetration of any evil his heart is set upon, and in which he thinks he can succeed?—Besides, am I not in earnest as to Marriage?—Will not the generality of the world acquit me, if I do marry? And what is that injury which a Church-Rite will at any time repair? Is not the Catastrophe of every Story that ends in Wedlock accounted bappy, be the difficulties in the progress to it

ever fo great?

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But here, how am I engroffed by this Lady, while poor Lord M. as Simon tells me, lies groaning in the most dreadful agonies?—What must be suffer!—Heaven relieve him!—I have a too compassionate heart. And so would the dear creature have found, could I have thought that the worst of ber sufferings is equal to the

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lightest of bis. I mean as to fact; for, as to that part of hers, which arises from extreme sensibility, I know nothing of that; and cannot therefore be answerable for it.

#### LETTER XXIX.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

JUST come from my Charmer. She will not fuffer me to fay half the obliging, the tender things, which my honest heart is ready to overflow with. A confounded situation That, when a man finds himself in humour to be eloquent, and pathetic at the same time; yet cannot engage the mistress of his sate to lend an ear to his fine speeches.

I can account now, how it comes about, that Lovers, when their mistresses are cruel, run into solitude, and disburthen their minds to Stocks and Stones: For am I not forced to make my complaints to Thee?

She claimed the performance of my promise, the moment she saw me, of permitting her [haughtily she spoke the word] to go to Hamstead, as soon as I was gone to Berks.

Most chearfully I renewed it.

She defired me to give orders in her hearing.

I fent for Dorcas and Will. They came.—Do you both take notice [But, perhaps, Sir, I may take you with me] that your Lady is to be obeyed in all her commands. She purposes to return to Hamstead as soon as I am gone—My dear, will you not have a servant to attend you?

I shall want no servant there.

Will you take Dorcas?

If I should want Dorcas, I can fend for her.

Dorcas could not but fay, She should be very proud—Well, well, that may be at my return, if your Lady permit—Shall I, my dear, call up Mrs. Sinclair, and give her orders to the same effect, in your hearing?

I desire not to see Mrs, Sinclair; nor any that be-

long to her,

As you please, Madam.

And then (the servants being withdrawn) I urged her again

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One favour, however, I would not be denied; to

be admitted to pass the evening with her.

the not thank herfelf for all that may follow?

All fweetness and obsequiousness will I be on this occasion. My whole Soul shall be poured out to move her to forgive me. If she will not, and if the promisory-note should fall in my way, my Revenge will doubtless take total possession of me.

All the house in my interest, and every one in it not only engaging to intimidate and assist, as occasion shall offer, but staking all their experience upon my success, if it be not my own fault, what must be the conse-

quence ? : : :

This, Jack, however, shall be her last trial; and if she behave as nobly in and after this second attempt [All her Senses about her] as she has done after the first, she will come out an angel upon full proof, in spite of man, woman, and devil: Then shall there be an end of all her sufferings. I will then renounce that vanquished devil, and reform. And if any vile machination start up, presuming to mislead me, I will sooner stab it in my heart as it rifes, than give way to it.

A few hours will now decide all. But whatever be the event, I shall be too busy to write again, till I get

to M. Hall.

Mean time I am in strange agitations. I must suppress them, if possible, before I venture into her presence—My heart bounces my bosom from the table. I will lay down my pen, and wholly resign to its impulses.

## LETTER XXX.

Mr. LOVELACE, To John Belford, Esq;

Friday Night, or rather Sat. Morn. 1 o'Clock.

I Thought I should not have had either time or inclination to write another line before I got to M. Hall. But have the first; must find the last; since I

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can neither fleep, nor do any-thing but write, if I can do that. I am most confoundedly out of humour. The reason let it follow; if it will follow-No preparation for it, from me.

I tried by Gentleness and Love to soften-What?-Marble. A heart incapable either of Love or Gentleness. Her past injuries for ever in her head. Ready to receive a favour; the permission to go to Hamstead; but neither to deserve it, nor return any. So my Scheme of the gentle kind was foon given over.

I then wanted her to provoke me: Like a Coward Boy, who waits for the first blow before he can perfuade himself to fight, I half-challenged her to challenge or defy me : She feemed aware of her danger ; and would not directly brave my refentment : But kept fuch a middle course, that I neither could find a pretence to offend, nor reason to hope: Yet she believed my tale, that her Uncle would come to Kentish Town; and feemed not to apprehend, that Tomlinfon was an impostor.

She was very uneasy, upon the whole, in my company: Wanted often to break from me: Yet fo held me to my promise of permitting her to go to Hamflead, that I knew not how to get off it; altho' it was impossible, in my precarious situation with her, to

think of performing it.

In this fituation; the women ready to affift; and, if I proceeded not, as ready to ridicule me; what had I left me, but to purfue the concerted scheme, and to feek a pretence to quarrel with her, in order to revoke my promised permission, and to convince her, that I would not be upbraided as the most brutal of Ravishers for nothing?

I had agreed with the women, that if I could not find a pretence in her prefence to begin my operations, the Note should lie in my way, and I was to pick it up, soon after her retiring from me. But I began to doubt at near Ten o'clock (so earnest was she to leave me, fuspecting my over-warm behaviour to her, and

eager grasping of her hand two or three times, with eyestrings, as I selt, on the strain, while her eyes shewed uneasiness and apprehension) that if she actually retired for
the night, it might be a chance, whether it would be
easy to come at her again. Loth therefore to run such a
risque, I stept out at a little after Ten, with intent to alter
the preconcerted disposition a little; saying I would attend her again instantly. But as I returned, I met her
at the door, intending to withdraw for the night. I
could not persuade her to go back: Nor had I presence
of mind (so full of complaisancy as I was to her just before) to stay her by force: So she slid thro' my hands
into her own apartment. I had nothing to do therefore,
but to let my former concert take place.

I should have premised (but care not for order of time, connexion, or any-thing else) that, between Eight and Nine in the evening, another servant of Lord M. on horseback, came, to desire me to carry down with me Dr. S. the old Peer having been once (in extremis, as they judge he is now) relieved and reprieved by him. I sent, and engaged the Doctor to accompany me down; and am to call upon him by Four this morning: Or the devil should have both my Lord and the Doctor, if I'd

ftir, till I got all made up.

Poke thy damned nose forward into the event, if thou wilt—Curse me if thou shalt have it till its proper

time and place-And too foon then.

She had hardly got into her chamber, but I found a little paper, as I was going into mine; which I took up; and, opening it (for it was carefully pinned in another paper) what should it be, but a Promisory Note, given as a bribe, with a further promise of a Diamond Ring, to induce Dorcas to favour her mistress's escape?

How my temper changed in a moment!—Ring, ring, ring, ring, I my bell, with a violence enough to break

the string, and as if the house were on fire.

Every devil frighted into active life: The whole house in an uproar: Up runs Will.—Sir—Sir—Sir!—Eyes goggling, mouth distended—Bid the damned toad Dorcas come hither (as I stood at the stair-head) in a horrible rage, and out of breath, cried I.

In fight came the trembling devil—but standing aloof, from the report made her by Will, of the passion

I was in, as well as from what she heard.

Flash came out my Sword immediately; for I had it ready on—Curfed, confounded, villainous, Bribery and Corruption!—

Up runs she to her Lady's door, screaming out for

fafety and protection.

Good your Honour, interposed Will. for God's sake!

-O Lord, O Lord !- receiving a good cuff.-

Take that, varlet, for faving the ingrateful wretch from my vengeance!—

Wretch! I intended to fay; but if it were some other

word of like ending, paffion must be my excuse.

Up ran two or three of the Sisterhood, What's the

matter! What's the matter!

The matter! (for still my Beloved opened not her door; on the contrary, drew another bolt) This abominable Dorcas!—(Call her Aunt up!—Let her see what a traitress she has placed about me!—And let her bring the toad to answer for herself)—has taken a bribe, a provision for life, to betray her trust; by that means to perpetuate a quarrel between a man and his wife, and frustrate for ever all hopes of reconciliation between us!

Let me perish, Belford, if I have patience to proceed

with the farce!

Ir I must resume, I must-

Up came the Aunt puffing and blowing.—As she hoped for mercy, she was not privy to it!—She never knew such a plotting perverse Lady in her life!—Well might servants be at the pass they were, when such Ladies as Mrs. Lovelace made no conscience of corrupting them. For her part, she desired no mercy for the wretch: No Niece of hers, if she were not faithful to her trust!—But what was the proof?—

She was shewn the paper-

But too evident!—Cursed, cursed Toad, Devil, Jade, passed from each mouth:—And the vileness of the corrupted, and the unworthiness of the corrupteess, were inveighed against.

Up we all went, paffing the Lady's door into the

Dining-room, to proceed to tryal-

Stamp, stamp, stamp up, each on her heels; Rave, rave, rave, every tongue—

Bring up the creature before us all, this instant-

And would she have got out of the house, say you?— These the noises, and the speeches, as we clattered by

the door of the fair briberess.

Up was brought Dorcas (whimpering) between two, both bawling out—You must go—You shall go—'Tis fit you should answer for yourself—You are a discredit to all worthy servants—as they pulled and pushed her up stairs.—She whining, I cannot see his Honour—I cannot look so good and so generous a gentleman in the face—O how shall I bear my Aunt's ravings!—

Come up, and be d—n'd—Bring her forward, her imperial judge—What a plague, it is the detection, not the crime, that confounds you. You could be quiet enough for days together, as I fee by the date, under the villainy. Tell me, ingrateful devil, tell me, who

made the first advances?

Ay, difgrace to my family and blood, cried the old one—Tell his Honour—Tell the truth;—Who made the first advances?—

Ay, cursed creature, cried Sally, Who made the first

advances?

I have betrayed one trust already!—O let me not betray another!—My Lady is a good Lady!—O let not ber suffer!—

Tell all you know. Tell the whole truth, Dorcas, cried Polly Horton—His Honour loves his Lady too well, to make her suffer much; little as she requites his Love!—

Every-body fees that, cried Sally-Too well indeed,

for his Honour, I was going to fay.

Till

Till now, I thought she deserved my Love—But to bribe a servant thus, who she supposed had orders to watch her steps, for fear of another Elopement; and to impute that precaution to me as a crime!—Yet I must love her—Ladies, forgive my weakness!—

Curse upon my grimaces!—If I have patience to repeat them!—But thou shalt have it all—Thou canst

not despise me more than I despise myself!-

But suppose, Sir, said Sally, you have my Lady and the Wench face to face? You see she cares not to confess.

O my carelesses! cried Dorcas—Don't let my poor Lady suffer!—Indeed if you all knew what I know, you would say, Her Ladyship has been cruelly treated—

See, see, see!—repeatedly, every one at once— Only forry for the detection, as your Honour said—Not for the fault—

Curfed creature, and devilish creature, from every

mouth.

Your Lady won't, she dare not come out to save you, cried Sally; tho' it is more his Honour's mercy, than your desert, if he does not cut your vile throat this instant.

Say, repeated Polly, was it your Lady, that made the first advances, or was it you, you creature?—

If the Lady has so much honour, bawled the Mother, excuse me, So—Excuse me, Sir [Confound the old wretch! she had like to have said Son!]—If the Lady has so much honour, as we have supposed, she will appear to vindicate a poor servant, missed, as she has been, by such large promises!—But I hope, Sir, you will do them both justice: I bope you will!—Good lack! Good lack! clapping her hands together, to grant her everything she could ask—To indulge her in her unworthy hatred to my poor innocent house!—To let her go to Hamstead, tho your Honour told us, you could get no condescension from her; no, not the least—O Sir—O Sir—I hope—I hope—If your Lady will not come out—I hope, you will find a way to hear this cause in her presence.

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presence. I value not my doors on such an occasion as this. Justice I ever loved. I desire you will come at the bottom of it in *clearance* to me. I'll be sworn I had no privity in this black corruption.

Just then, we heard the Lady's door unbar, unlock,

unbolt-

Now, Sir!

Now, Mr. Lovelace.

Now, Sir! from every encouraging mouth!— But, O Jack, Jack! I can write no more!

IF you must have it all, you must!

Now, Belford, fee us all fitting in judgment, refolved to punish the fair briberess-I, and the Mother, the hitherto dreaded Mother, the Nieces Sally, Polly, the traitress Dorcas, and Mabell, a guard, as it were, over Dorcas, that she might not run away, and hide herself: -All pre-determined, and of necessity pre-determined. from the journey I was going to take, and my precarious situation with her-And hear her unbolt, unlock, unbar, the door; then, as it proved afterwards, put the key into the lock on the outside, lock the door, and put it in her pocket—Will. I knew, below, who would give me notice, if, while we were all above, she should mistake her way, and go down stairs, instead of coming into the Dining-room: The Street-doors also doubly secured, and every shutter to the windows round the house fastened. that no noise or screaming should be heard [Such was the brutal preparation]-And then bear her step towards us, and inftantly fee her enter among us, confiding in her own innocence; and with a majesty in her person and manner, that is natural to her; but which then shone out in all its glory!—Every tongue filent, every eye awed, every heart quaking, mine, in a particular manner, funk, throbless, and twice below its usual region, to once at my throat:—A shameful recreant!—She filent too, looking round her, first on Me; then on the Mother, as no longer fearing her; then on Sally, Polly; and the culprit Dorcas!—Such the glorious power of Innocence exerted at that awful moment!

She would have spoken, but could not, looking down my guilt into confusion. A mouse might have been heard passing over the floor; her own light feet and rustling silks could not have prevented it; for she seemed to tread air, and to be all foul. She passed to the door, and back towards me, two or three times, before speech could get the better of indignation; and at last, after twice or thrice hemming, to recover her articulate voice:

— O thou contemptible and abandoned Lovelace,

thinkest thou that I see not thro' this poor villainous plot of thine, and of these thy wicked accomplices?

Thou, woman (looking at the Mother) once my terror! always my dislike! but now my detestation! houldst once more (for thine perhaps was the prepa-

ration) have provided for me intoxicating potions, to

rob me of my fenfes-

And then (turning to me) Thou, wretch, mighteft more fecurely have depended upon fuch a low contrivance as this!—

And ye, vile women, who perhaps have been the ruin, body and foul, of hundreds of innocents (you

hew me bow, in full affembly) know, that I am not

married—Ruined as I am, by your help, I bless God, I am not married, to this miscreant—And I have

friends that will demand my honour at your hands!-

And to whose authority I will apply; for none has

this man over me. Look to it then, what further in-

fults you offer me, or incite him to offer me. I am a person, tho' thus vilely betrayed, of rank and fortune.

I never will be his; and, to your utter ruin, will find

friends to pursue you: And now I have this full proof

of your detestable wickedness, and have heard your

base incitements, will have no mercy upon you!'
They could not laugh at the poor figure I made.—
Lord! how every devil, conscience-shaken, trembled!—

What a dejection must ever fall to the lot of guilt, were it given to innocence always thus to exert itself!

'And as for thee, thou vile Dorcas! Thou double deceiver!—whining out thy pretended Love for me!

-Begone,

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Begone, wretch!-Nobody will hurt thee!-Be-

gone, I say!—Thou hast too well acted thy part to be blamed by any here but mysels—Thou art safe:

Thy guilt is thy fecurity in fuch a house as this!-

Thy shameful, thy poor part, thou hast as well acted, as the low farce could give thee to act!—As well as

they each of them (thy fuperiors, tho' not thy betters)

thou feeft, can act theirs .- Steal away into darkness!

No enquiry after this will be made, whose the first ad-

vances, thine or mine.

And, as I hope to live, the wench, confoundedly frightened, flunk away; fo did her centinel Mabell; tho' I, endeavouring to rally, cried out for Dorcas to stay—But I believe the devil could not have stopt her, when an angel bid her begone.

Madam, faid I, let me tell you; and was advancing towards her, with a fierce aspect, most cursedly vexed,

and ashamed too-

But she turned to me; Stop where thou art, O vilest and most abandoned of men!—Stop where thou

art!-Nor, with that determined face, offer to touch

me, if thou wouldst not that I should be a corpse at

thy feet!

To my aftonishment, she held forth a penknife in her hand, the point to her own bosom, grasping resolutely the whole handle, so that there was no offering to take it from her.

I offer not mischief to any-body but myself. You, Sir, and ye, women, are safe from every violence of

mine. The Law shall be all my resource: The

LAW, and she spoke the word with emphasis, that to such people carries natural terror with it, and now struck a panic into them.

No wonder, fince those who will damn themselves to procure ease and plenty in this world, will tremble at every-thing that seems to threaten their methods of ob-

taining that eafe and plenty. -

' The LAW only shall be my refuge!-'

The infamous Mother whispered me, that it were better to make terms with this strange Lady, and let her go.

Sally, notwithstanding all her impudent bravery at other times, said, If Mr. Lovelace had told them what was not true of her being his wife—

And Polly Horton, That she must needs say, the Lady, if she were not my wife, had been very much

injured; that was all.

That is not now a matter to be disputed, cried I:

You and I know, Madam-

We do,—faid she; and I thank God, I am not thine—Once more, I thank God for it—I have no

doubt of the further baseness that thou hadst intended me, by this vile and low trick: But I have my Senses.

Lovelace: And from my heart I despise thee, thou very poor Lovelace!—How canst thou stand in my

presence !- Thou, that-

Madam, Madam. These are insults not to

be borne—And was approaching her.

She withdrew to the door, and fet her back against it, holding the pointed knife to her heaving bosom; while the women held me, beseeching me not to provoke the violent Lady—For their bouse sake, and be curs'd to them, they besought me—and all three hung upon me—While the truly-heroic Lady braved me, at that distance:

'Approach me, Lovelace, with refentment, if thou wilt. I dare die. It is in defence of my Honour.

· God will be merciful to my poor Soul! I expect no

mercy from thee! I have gained this distance, and two steps nearer me, and thou shalt see what I dare do!—

Leave me, women, to myself, and to my angel!—
They retired at a distance—O my beloved creature, how you terrify me!—Holding out my arms, and kneeling on one knee—Not a step, not a step further, except to receive the death myself at that injured hand that threatens its own.—I am a villain! the blackest of villains!—Say you will sheath your knife in the injurer's, not the injured's, heart; and then will I indeed approach you, but not else.

The Mother twanged her damned nose; and Sally and

Let.30. CLARISSA HARLOWE.

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and Polly pulled out their handkerchiefs, and turned from us. They never in their lives, they told me afterwards, beheld fuch a scene-

Innocence fo triumphant: Villainy fo debased, they

must mean!

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Unawares to myself, I had moved onward to my Angel- And dost thou, dost thou, still disclaiming, fill advancing—Dost thou, dost thou, still insidiously move towards me' [And her hand was extended]? 'I ' dare—I dare—Not rashly neither—My heart from principle abhors the act, which thou makest necessary! God, in thy mercy! [lifting up her eyes, and hands]

God, in thy mercy!-

I threw myself to the further end of the room. ejaculation, a filent ejaculation, employing her thoughts that moment; Polly fays the whites of her lovely eyes were only visible: And, in the instant that she extended her hand, affuredly to strike the fatal blow [How the very recital terrifies me! ] she cast her eye towards me, and faw me at the utmost distance the room would allow. and heard my broken voice-My voice was utterly broken; nor knew I what I faid, or whether to the purpose or not-And her charming cheeks, that were all in a glow before, turned pale, as if terrified at her own purpose; and lifting up her eyes- Thank God!-Thank God! faid the Angel-Delivered for the prefent; for the present delivered—from myself!—Keep, Sir, keep that diftance' [looking down towards me, who was prostrate on the floor, my heart pierced, as with an hundred daggers!] 'That distance has saved a life; to ' what referved, the Almighty only knows!-'

To be happy, Madam; and to make happy!—And O let me but hope for your favour for To-morrow-I will put off my journey till then-And may God-

Swear not, Sir!-With an awful and piercing aspect -You have too-too often fworn!-God's eye is upon us!—His more immediate eye; and looked wildly — But the women looked up to the ceiling, as if afraid of God's eye, and trembled. And well they might; and VOL. V.

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I too, who fo very lately had each of us the devil in our hearts.

If not To-morrow, Madam, fay but next Thursday,

your Uncle's Birth-day; fay but next Thursday!

This I fay, of This you may affure yourfelf, I never, never will be yours .- And let me hope, that I may be entitled to the performance of your promise,

to be permitted to leave this innocent house, as one called it (but long have my ears been accustomed to fuch invertions of words) as foon as the day breaks.

Did my perdition depend upon it, that you cannot, Madam, but upon terms. And I hope you will not ter-

rify me-Still dreading the accurred knife.

Nothing less than an attempt upon my Honour shall make me desperate. I have no view, but to defend my Honour: With such a view only I entered into treaty with your infamous agent below. The refolution you have feen, I truft, God will give me again, upon the same occasion. But for a less, I wish not for it.—Only take notice, women, that I am no wife of this man: Basely as he has used me, I am not his wife. He has no authority over me. If he go away by-and-by, and you act by his authority to detain me, look to it.

Then, taking one of the lights, the turned from us; and away she went, unmolested .- Not a foul was able to

moleft her.

Mabell faw her, tremblingly, and in a hurry, take the key of her chamber-door out of her pocket, and unlock it; and, as foon as she entered, heard her double lock, bar, and bolt it.

By her taking out her key, when the came out of her chamber to us, she no doubt suspected my design: Which was, to have carried her in my arms thither, if The made such force necessary, after I had intimidated her; and to have been her companion for that night.

She was to have had feveral bedchamber-women to affist to undress her upon occasion: But, from the moment she entered the Dining-room with so much intrepidity,

larg law to the law to

This, This, Belford, was the hand I made of a contrivance from which I expected so much!—And now am I ten times worse off than before.

Thou never sawest people in thy life look so like sools upon one another, as the Mother, her Partners, and I, did for a few minutes. And at last, the two devilish Nymphs broke out into insulting ridicule upon me; while the old wretch was concerned for her house, the reputation of her house. I cursed them all together; and, retiring to my chamber, locked myself in.

And now it is time to fet out: All I have gained, detection, difgrace, fresh guilt by repeated perjuries, and to be despised by her I doat upon; and, what is still

worse to a proud heart, by myself.

Success, success in projects, is every-thing. What an admirable contriver did I think myself till now! Even for this scheme among the rest! But how pitifully soolish does it now appear to me!—Scratch out, erase, never to be read, every part of my preceding Letters, where I have boastingly mentioned it. And never presume to railly me upon the cursed subject: For I cannot bear it.

But for the Lady, by my Soul I love her, I admire her, more than ever! I must have her. I will have her still—With honour, or without, as I have often vowed. My cursed fright at her accidental bloody nose, so lately, put her upon improving upon me thus. Had she threatened ME, I should soon have been master of one arm, and in both! But for so sincere a Virtue to threaten berself, and not offer to intimidate any other, and with so much presence of mind, as to distinguish, in the very passionate intention, the necessity of the act in desence of her Honour, and so fairly to disavow lesser occasions; shewed such a deliberation, such a choice, such a principle; and then keeping me so watchfully at a distance, that I could not seize her hand, so soon as she could have given the satal blow; how impossible

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not to be subdued by so true and so discreet a magna-

nimity!

But she is not gone. She shall not go. I will press her with Letters for the Thursday. She shall yet be mine, legally mine. For, as to Cohabitation, there is now no such thing to be thought of.

The Captain shall give her away, as proxy for her Uncle. My Lord will die. My fortune will help my will, and set me above every-thing and every-body.

But here is the curse—She despises me, Jack!—What man, as I have heretofore said, can bear to be despised—especially by his Wife?—O Lord! O Lord! What a hand, what a cursed hand, have I made of this plot!—And here ends

The History of the Lady and the Penknise!!!—The devil take the Penknise!—It goes against me to say,

God bless the Lady!

Near 5, Sat. Morn.

# LETTER XXXI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Superscribed, To Mrs. LOVELACE.

M. Hall, Sat. Night, June 24.

My dearest Life,

If you do not impute to Love, and to Terror raised by Love, the poor figure I made before you last night, you will not do me justice. I thought I would try to the very last moment, if, by complying with you in every-thing, I could prevail upon you to promise to be mine on Thursday next, since you resused me an earlier day. Could I have been so happy, you had not been hindered going to Hamstead, or where-ever else you pleased. But when I could not prevail upon you to give me this assurance, what room had I (my demerit so great) to suppose, that your going thither would not be to lose you for ever?

I will own to you, Madam, that yesterday afternoon
I picked up the paper dropt by Dorcas; who has confessed,

fessed, that she would have assisted you in getting away, if she had had an opportunity so to do; and undoubtedly dropped it by accident. And could I have prevailed upon you as to the Thursday next, I would have made no use of it; secure as I should then have been, in your word given, to be mine. But when I found you instexible, I was resolved to try, if, by resenting Dorcas's treachery, I could not make your pardon of me the condition of mine to ber: And if not, to make a handle of it to revoke my consent to your going away from Mrs. Sinclair's; since the consequence of that must have been so fatal to me.

So far, indeed, was my proceeding low and artful: And when I was challenged with it, as fuch, in so high and noble a manner, I could not avoid taking shame to

myself upon it.

But you must permit me, Madam, to hope, that you will not punish me too heavily for so poor a contriveance, since no dishonour was meant you; and since, in the moment of its execution, you had as great an instance of my incapacity to defend a wrong, a low measure, and, at the same time, of your power over me, as mortal man could give—In a word, since you must have seen, that I was absolutely under the control both of Conscience and of Love.

I will not offer to defend myself, for wishing you to remain where you are, till either you give me your word to meet me at the Altar on Thursday; or till I have the honour of attending you, preparative to the Solemnity which will make that day the happiest of my life.

I am but too sensible, that this kind of treatment may appear to you with the face of an arbitrary and illegal imposition: But as the consequences, not only to ourselves, but to both our families, may be fatal, if you cannot be moved in my favour; let me, beseech you to forgive this act of compulsion, on the score of the necessity you your dear self have laid me under to be guilty of it; and to permit the Solemnity of next Thursday to include an act of oblivion of all past offences.

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The orders I have given to the people of the house are: 'That you shall be obeyed in every particular that is confiftent with my expectations of finding you there on my return to town on Wednesday next: ' That Mrs. Sinclair, and her Nieces, having incurred · your just displeasure, shall not, without your orders, come into your presence: That neither shall Dorcas, till she has fully cleared her conduct to your fatiffaction, be permitted to attend you: But Mabell, in her place; of whom you feemed fome time ago to express some liking. Will. I have left behind me to attend your commands. If he be either negligent or impertinent, your difmission shall be a dismission of him from my fervice for ever. But, as to Letters which may be fent you, or any which you may have to fend, I must humbly intreat, that none such pass from or to you, for the few days that I shall be ab-' fent.' But I do affure you, Madam, that the Seals of both forts shall be facred: And the Letters, if such be fent, shall be given into your own hands the moment the Ceremony is performed, or before, if you require it.

Mean time I will enquire, and fend you word, how Miss Howe does; and to what, if I can be informed,

her long filence is owing.

Dr. Perkins I found here, attending my Lord, when I arrived with Dr. S. He acquaints me, that your Father, Mother, Uncles, and the still less worthy persons of your family, are well; and intend to be all at your Uncle Harlowe's next week; I presume, with intent to keep his anniversary. This can make no alteration, but a happy one, as to persons, on Thursday; because Mr. Tomlinson assured me, that, if any-thing sell out to hinder your Uncle's coming up in person (which, however, he did not then expect) he would be satisfied if his friend the Captain were proxy for him. I shall send a man and horse to-morrow to the Captain, to be at greater certainty.

I fend this by a special messenger, who will wait your pleasure in relation to the impatiently-wished-for Thursday: Which I humbly hope will be signified by a line,

My Lord, tho' hardly sensible, and unmindful of every-thing but of our felicity, desires his most affectionate compliments to you. He has in readiness to present you a very valuable set of Jewels; which he hopes will be acceptable, whether he lives to see you adorn them or not.

Lady Sarah and Lady Betty have also their tokens of respect ready to court your acceptance: But may Heaven incline you to give the opportunity of receiving their personal compliments, and those of my Cousins

Montague, before the next week be out!

His Lordship is exceeding ill. Dr. S. has no hopes of him. The only consolation I can have for the death of a relation who loves me so well, if he do die, must arise from the additional power it will put into my hands of shewing how much I am,

My dearest Life, Your ever-affectionate and faithful Lovelace.

### LETTER XXXII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Superscribed, To Mrs. LOVELACE.

M. Hall, Sunday Night, June 25.

My dearest Love,

I Cannot find words to express how much I am mortified at the return of my messenger without a line

from you.

Thursday is so near, that I will send messenger after messenger every Four hours, till I have a savourable answer; the one to meet the other, till its eve arrives, to know if I may venture to appear in your presence with the hope of having my wishes answered on that day.

Your Love, Madam, I neither expect, nor ask for; nor will, till my future behaviour gives you cause to think I deserve it. All I at present presume to wish,

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is, To have it in my power to do you all the justice I can now do you: And to your generolity will I leave it, to

reward me, as I shall merit, with your affection.

At present, revolving my poor Behaviour of Friday night before you, I think I should sooner chuse to go to my last Audit, unprepared for it as I am, than to appear in your presence, unless you give me some hope, that I shall be received as your elected husband, rather than (however deserved) as a detested criminal.

Let me therefore propose an expedient, in order to spare my own confusion; and to spare you the necesfity for that Soul-harrowing recrimination, which I cannot stand, and which must be disagreeable to yourself -To name the Church, and I will have every-thing in readiness; so that our next interview will be, in a manner, at the very Altar; and then you will have the kind Husband to forgive for the faults of the ingrateful Lover. If your refentment be still too high to write more, let it only be in your own dear hand, these words, St. Martin's Church, Thursday-or these, St. Giles's Church, Thursday; nor will I insist upon any inscription or subscription, or so much as the initials of your name. This shall be all the favour I will expect, till the dear hand itself is given to mine, in presence of that Being whom I invoke as a witness of the inviolable faith and honour of Your adoring

LOVELACE.

## LETTER XXXIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE. Superscribed, To Mrs. LOVELACE.

M. Hall, Monday, June 26.

NCE more, my dearest Love, do I conjure you to fend me the Four requested words. There is no time to be loft, And I would not have next Thursday go over, without being intitled to call you mine, for the world; and that as well for your fake as my own, Hitherto all that has passed is between you and me only; but, after Thursday, if my wishes are unanswered, the whole will be before the world.

My Lord is extremely ill, and endures not to have me out of his fight for one half-hour. But this shall not have the least weight with me if you be pleased to hold out the olive-branch to me in the Four requested words.

I have the following intelligence from Captain Tom-

linfon.

'All your family are at your Uncle Harlowe's. Your 'Uncle finds he cannot go up; and names Captain

Tomlinson for his Proxy. He proposes to keep all your family with him, till the Captain assures him,

that the Ceremony is over.

Already he has begun, with hope of fuccess, to

try to reconcile your Mother to you.

'My Lord M. but just now has told me, how happy he should think himself to have an opportunity, before he dies, to salute you as his Niece. I have put him in hopes, that he shall see you; and have told him, that I will go to town on Wednesday, in order to prevail upon you to accompany me down on Thursday or Friday. I have ordered a Set to be in readiness to carry me up; and, were not my Lord so very ill, my Cousin Montague tells me, she would

'offer ber attendance on you. If you please, there'fore, we can set out for this place the moment the
'Solemnity is performed.'
Do not, dearest creature, dissipate all these promising

Do not, dearest creature, dissipate all these promising appearances, and, by refusing to save your own and your family's reputation in the eye of the world, use yourself worse than the ingratefullest wretch on earth has used you. For, if we are married, all the Disgrace you imagine you have suffered while a single Lady, will be my own; and only known to ourselves.

Once more then, confider well the fituation we are both in; and remember, my dearest life, that Thursday will be soon here; and that you have no time to lose.

In a Letter fent by the messenger whom I dispatch with this, I have desired, that my friend, Mr. Belford,

who is your very great admirer, and who knows all the fecrets of my heart, will wait upon you, to know what I am to depend upon, as to the chosen day.

Surely, my dear, you never could, at any time,

fuffer half so much from cruel suspense, as I do.

If I have not an answer to this, either from your own goodness, or thro' Mr. Belford's intercession, it will be too late for me to set out: And Captain Tomlinson will be disappointed, who goes to town on pur-

pose to attend your pleasure.

One motive for the gentle restraint I have presumed to lay you under, is to prevent the mischies that might ensue (as probably to the more innocent, as to the less) were you to write to any-body while your passions were so much raised and inflamed against me. Having apprised you of my direction to the women in town on this head, I wonder you should have endeavoured to send a Letter to Miss Howe, altho' in a Cover directed to that young Lady's (a) servant; as you must think it would be likely to fall into my hands.

The just sense of what I have deserved the contents should be, leaves me no room to doubt what they are. Nevertheless, I return it you inclosed, with the Seal,

as you will fee, unbroken.

Relieve, I befeech you, dearest Madam, by the Four requested words, or by Mr. Belford, the anxiety of

Your ever-affectionate and obliged

LOVELACE.

Remember, there will not, there cannot be time for further writing, and for my coming-up by Thurfday, your Uncle's Birth-day.

#### LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Monday, June 26.

THOU wilt see the situation I am in with Miss Harlowe by the inclosed copies of Three Letters;

(a) The Lady had made an attempt to send away a Letter.

to Two of which I am fo much scorned as not to have one word given me in answer; and of the Third (now fent by the messenger who brings thee this) I am afraid as little notice will be taken-And if so, her Day of

Grace is absolutely over.

One would imagine (fo long used to constraint too as the has been) that the might have been fatisfied with the Triumph she had over us all on Friday night: A Triumph that to this hour has funk my pride and my vanity fo much, that I almost hate the words, Plot, Contrivance, Scheme; and shall mistrust myself in future. for every one that rifes to my inventive head.

But feeft thou not, that I am under a necessity to continue her at Sinclair's, and to prohibit all her cor-

respondences?

Now, Belford, as I really, in my present mood, think of nothing less than marrying her, if she let not Thursday slip; I would have thee attend her, in purfuance of the intimation I have given her in my Letter of this date; and vow for me, swear for me, bind thy foul to her for my Honour, and use what arguments thy friendly heart can fuggest, in order to procure me an answer from her; which, as thou wilt see, fhe may give in Four words only. And then I purpose to leave Lord M. (dangerously ill as he is) and meet her at her appointed Church, in order to solemnize: If the will fign but Cl. H. to thy writing the Four words, that shall do; for I would not come up to be made a fool of in the face of all my family and friends.

If the should let the day go off; —I shall be desperate. I am entangled in my own devices, and cannot

bear that she should detect me.

O that I had been honest !- What a devil are all my plots come to! What do they end in, but one grand plot upon myself, and a title to eternal infamy and difgrace! But, depending on thy friendly offices, I will fay no more of this.—Let her fend me but one line!—But one line!—To treat me as unworthy of her notice; yet be altogether in my power-I cannot -I will not bear that.

My Lord, as I faid, is extremely ill. The doctors give him over. He gives himself over. Those who would not have him die, are afraid he will die. But as to myself, I am doubtful: For these long and violent struggles between the Constitution and the Disease (tho' the latter has three physicians and an apothecary to help it forward, and all three, as to their prescriptions, of different opinions too) indicate a plaguy tough habit, and favour more of recovery than death: And the more fo, as he has no sharp or acute mental organs to whet out his bodily ones, and to raife his fever above

the symptomatic helpful one.

Thou wilt fee in the inclosed what pains I am at to dispatch messengers; who are constantly on the road to meet each other, and one of them to link in the chain with a fourth, whose station is in London, and five miles onward, or till met. But, in truth, I have fome other matters for them to perform at the fame time, with my Lord's Banker and his Lawyer; which will enable me, if his Lordship is so good as to die this bout, to be an over-match for some of my other relations. I don't mean Charlotte and Patty; for they are noble girls; but others, who have been fcratching and clawing under-ground like fo many moles in my absence; and whose workings I have discovered fince I have been down, by the little heaps of dirt they have thrown up.

A speedy account of thy commission, dear Jack!

The Letter travels all night.

# LETTER XXXV.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Esq;

London, June 27. Tuesday.

70U must excuse me, Lovelace, from engaging in the office you would have me undertake, till I can be better affured you really intend honourably at last by this much-injured Lady.

I believe you know your friend Belford too well, to

think

that

think he would be easy with you or with any man alive, who should seek to make him promise for him what he never intended to perform. And let me tell thee, that I have not much considence in the Honour of a man, who by imitation of kands (I will only call it) has shewn so little regard to the Honour of his own relations.

Only that thou hast such jesuitical qualifyings, or I should think thee at last touched with remorse, and brought within view of being ashamed of thy cursed inventions by the ill success of thy last: Which I

heartily congratulate thee upon.

O the divine Lady !- But I will not aggravate!

Nevertheless, when thou writest, that, in thy prefent mood, thou thinkest of marrying, and yet canst so
easily change thy mood: When I know thy heart is
against the State:—That the Four words thou courtest
from the Lady are as much to thy purpose, as if she
wrote forty; since it will shew she can forgive the
highest injury that can be offered to woman: And
when I recollect how easily thou canst find excuses to
postpone; thou must be more explicit a good deal, as
to thy real intentions, and future honour, than thou
art; for I cannot trust to a temporary remorse; which
is brought on by Disappointment too, and not by Principle; and the like of which thou hast so often got
over.

If thou canst convince me time enough for the Day, that thou meanest to do honourably by her, in ber own sense of the word; or, if not time enough, wilt fix some other day (which thou oughtest to leave to her option, and not bind her down for the Thursday; and the rather, as thy pretence for so doing is sounded on an absolute siction); I will then most chearfully undertake thy cause; by person, if she will admit me to her presence; if she will not, by pen. But, in this case, thou must allow me to be guarantee for thy saith. And, if so, as much as I value thee, and respect thy skill in all the qualifications of a gentleman, thou mayest depend upon it,

the

that I will act up to the character of a guarantee, with more honour than the Princes of our day usually do-

to their shame be it spoken.

Mean time, let me tell thee, that my heart bleeds for the wrongs this angelic Lady has received: And if thou dost not marry her, if the will bave thee; and, when married, make her the best and tenderest of Husbands; I would rather be a dog, a monkey, a bear, a viper, or a toad, than thee.

Command me with honour, and thou shalt find none

readier to oblige thee, than

will not appraise?

Thy sincere Friend, JOHN BELFORD. thou writed, that, in thy pre-

# LETTER XXXVI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efg;

M. Hall, June 27. Tuefday Night, near 12.

TOURS reached me this moment, by an extraordinary push in the messengers.

What a man of honour, thou, of a fudden !-

And fo, in the imaginary shape of a guarantee,

thon threatenest me!

Had I not been in earnest as to the Lady, I should not have offered to employ thee in the affair. But, let me fay, that badft thou undertaken the talk, and I had afterwards thought fit to change my mind, I should have contented mylelf to tell thee, that That was my mind when thou engagedft for me, and to have given the the reasons for the change, and then left thee to thy own direction : For never knew I what fear of man was nor fear of woman neither, till I became acquainted with Miss Clarissa Harlowe inay, what is most furprising, till I came to have her in my y cause; by per for, it the wi power.

And fo thou wilt not wait upon the Charmer of my heart, but upon terms and conditions !- Let it alone, and be curs'd; I care not.—But so much Credit did I give to the value thou expresseds for ber, that Pthought

the office would have been as acceptable to thee, as ferviceable to me; for what was it, but to endeavour to persuade her to consent to the reparation of her own honour? For what have I done but disgraced myself, and been a thief to my own joys?—And if there be an union of hearts, and an intention to solemnize, what is there wanting but the foolish Ceremony?—And that I still offer. But if she will keep back her hand; if she will make me hold out mine in vain—How can I help it?

I write her one more Letter, and if, after she has received that, she keep sullen silence, she must thank

herself for what is to follow.

But, after all, my heart is wholly hers. I love her beyond expression; and cannot help it. I hope therefore she will receive this last tender, as I wish. I hope she intends not, like a true woman, to plague, and vex, and teaze me, now she has found her power. If she will take me to mercy now these remorses are upon me (tho' I scorn to condition with thee for my sincerity) all her trials, as I have heretofore declared, shall be over; and she shall be as happy as I can make her: For, ruminating upon all that has passed between us, from the first hour of our acquaintance till the present, I must pronounce, That she is Virtue itself, and, once more I say, has no Equal.

As to what you hint, of leaving to her choice another day, do you confider, that it will be impossible, that my contrivances and stratagems should be much longer concealed?—This makes me press that Day, tho so hear; and the more, as I have made so much ado about her Uncle's Anniversary. If she send me the Four words, I will spare no satigue to be in time, if not for the Canonical hour at Church, for some other hour of the day in her own apartment, or any other; for money will do every-thing: And that I have never

spared in this affair.

To shew thee, that I am not at enmity with thee, I inclose the copies of two Letters—One to her: It is

the fourth, and must be the last on the subject—The other to Captain Tomlinson; calculated, as thou wilt see, for him to shew her.

And now, Jack, interfere in this case or not, thou

knowest the mind of

R. LOVELACE.

# LETTER XXXVII.

Mr. Lovelace, To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Superscribed, To Mrs. LOVELACE.

M. Hall, Wedn. Morn. One o'Clock, June 28.

answer to three Letters I have written! The time is now so short, that this must be the last Letter that can reach you on this side of the important hour that might make us legally one.

My friend Mr. Belford is apprehensive, that he cannot wait upon you in time, by reason of some urgent

affairs of his own.

I the less regret the disappointment, because I have procured a more acceptable person, as I hope, to attend you; Captain Tomlinson I mean: To whom I had applied for this purpose, before I had Mr. Belford's answer.

I was the more folicitous to obtain this favour from him, because of the office he is to take upon him, as I humbly presume to hope, to-morrow. That office obliged him to be in town as this day: And I acquainted him with my unhappy situation with you; and desired, that he would shew me, on this occasion, that I had as much of his favour and friendship, as your Uncle had; since the whole treaty must be broken off, if he could not prevail upon you in my behalf.

He will dispatch the messenger directly; whom I propose to meet in person at Slough; either to proceed onward to London with a joyful heart, or to return back to M. Hall, with a broken one.

# Let. 38. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 177

I ought not (but cannot help it) to anticipate the pleafure Mr. Tomlinson proposes to himself, in acquainting you with the likelihood there is of your Mother's seconding your Uncle's views. For, it seems, he has privately communicated to her his laudable intentions: And ber resolution depends, as well as bis, upon what to-morrow will produce.

Disappoint not then, I beseech you, for an hundred persons sakes, as well as for mine, that Uncle, and that Mother, whose displeasure I have heard you so often

deplore.

You may think it impossible for me to reach London by the Canonical Hour. If it should, the Ceremony may be performed in your own apartment, at any time in the day, or at night: So that Captain Tomlinson may have it to aver to your Uncle, that it was performed on his Anniversary.

Tell but the Captain, that you forbid me not to attend you: And that shall be sufficient for bringing to you, on

the wings of Love,

Your ever-grateful and affectionate

LOVELACE.

I

#### LETTER XXXVIII.

To Mr. PATRICK M'DONALD, at his Lodgings, at Mr. Brown's, Perukemaker, in St. Martin's-lane, Westminster.

M. Hall, Wedn. Morning, two o'clock.

Dear M'DONALD,

THE Bearer of this has a Letter to carry to the Lady (a). I have been at the trouble of writing a copy of it; which I inclose, that you may not mis-

take your cue.

You will judge of my reasons for ante-dating the inclosed sealed one (b), directed to you by the name of Tomlinson; which you are to shew the Lady, as in considence. You will open it of course.

(a) See the preceding Letter.

Vol. V.

(b) See the next Letter.

N

I doubt not your dexterity and management, dear M'Donald; nor your zeal; especially as the hope of Cohabitation must now be given up. Impossible to be carried is that scheme. I might break her heart, but not incline her will—Am in earnest therefore to marry her, if she let not the day slip.

Improve upon the hint of her Mother. That must touch her. But John Harlowe, remember, has privately engaged that Lady—Privately, I say; else (not to mention the reason for her Uncle Harlowe's former expedient) you know, she might find means to get a Letter away to the one or the other, to know the truth; or to Miss Howe, to engage ber to enquire into it: And if she should, the word privately will account for the Uncle's and Mother's denying it.

However, fail not, as from me, to charge our Mother and her Nymphs to redouble their vigilance both as to her Person and Letters. All's upon a Crisis now. But

the must not be treated ill neither.

Thursday over, I shall know what to resolve upon.

If necessary, you must assume Authority. The devil's in't, if such a girl as this shall awe a man of your years and experience. You are not in Love with her as I am. Fly out, if she doubt your Honour. Spirits naturally soft may be beat out of their play and borne down (tho' ever so much raised) by higher anger. All women are cowards at bottom: Only violent where they may. I have often stormed a girl out of her mistrusts, and made her yield (before she knew where she was) to the point indignantly mistrusted; and that to make up with me, tho' I was the aggressor.

If this matter succeed as I'd have it (or if not, and do not fail by your fault) I will take you off the necessity of pursuing your cursed Smuggling; which otherwise may

one day end fatally for you.

We are none of us perfect, McDonald. This fweet Lady makes me serious sometimes in spite of my heart. But as private vices are less blameable than public; and as I think Smuggling (as it is called) a National Evil; I

have no doubt to pronounce you a much worse man than myfelf, and as fuch shall take pleasure in reforming you.

I fend you inclosed Ten Guineas, as a small earnest of further favours. Hitherto you have been a very

clever fellow.

As to cloaths for Thursday, Monmouth-street will afford a ready supply. Cloaths quite new would make your condition suspected. But you may defer that care, till you fee if the can be prevailed upon. Your Ridingdress will do for the first visit. Nor let your Boots be over clean. I have always told you the confequence of attending to the minutiæ, where Art (or Imposture, as the ill-mannered would call it) is defigned-Your Linen rumpled and foily, when you wait upon her-Eafy terms these-Just come to town-Remember (as formerly) to loll, to throw out your Legs, to stroke and grasp down your Ruffles, as if of fignificance enough to be careless. What tho' the presence of a fine Lady would require a different behaviour, are you not of years to difpense with Politeness? You can have no design upon her, you know. You are a father yourfelf of daughters as old as she. Evermore is parade and obsequiousness suspectable: It must shew either a foolish head. or a knavish heart. Assume airs of consequence therefore; and you will be treated as a man of consequence. I have often more than half ruined myself by my complaifance; and, being afraid of controul, have brought controul upon myself.

I think I have no more to fay at present. I intend to be at Slough, or on the way to it, as by mine to the Lady. Adieu, honest McDonald.

R. L.

to grieffs mong young of sale twenter a cent amale

his own in hand as you have, would be gled to be at a

certainty similal as to the Day.

# LETTER XXXIX.

To Captain ANTONY TOMLINSON.

[Inclosed in the preceding; To be shewn to the Lady as in confidence.]

M. Hall, Tuesday Morn. June 27.

Dear Capt. Tomlinson,

A N unhappy misunderstanding having arisen between the dearest Lady in the world and me (the particulars of which she perhaps may give you, but I will not, because I might be thought partial to myself); and she refusing to answer my most pressing and respectful Letters; I am at a most perplexing uncertainty whether she will meet us or not next Thursday, to solemnize.

My Lord is so extremely ill, that if I thought she would not oblige me, I would defer going up to town for two or three days. He cares not to have me out of his sight: Yet is impatient to salute my Beloved as his Niece before he dies. This I have promised to give him an opportunity to do; intending, if the dear creature will make me happy, to set out with her for this place directly from Church.

With regret I speak it of the Charmer of my Soul; that Irreconcileableness is her family fault—The less excuseable indeed in ber, as she herself suffers by it in so

high a degree from her own relations.

Now, Sir, as you intended to be in town some time before Thursday, if it be not too great an inconvenience to you, I could be glad you would go up as soon as possible, for my sake: And this I the more boldly request, as I presume that a man who has so many great affairs of his own in hand as you have, would be glad to be at a certainty himself as to the Day.

You, Sir, can so pathetically and justly set before her the unhappy consequences that will follow if the Day be postponed, as well with regard to her Uncle's disap-

pointment,

pointment, as to the part you have affured me her Mother is willing to take in the wished-for Reconciliation, that I have great hopes she will suffer herself to be prevailed upon. And a man and horse shall be in waiting to take your dispatches, and bring them to me.

But if you cannot prevail in my favour, you will be pleased to satisfy your friend Mr. John Harlowe, that it is not my fault that he is not obliged. I am, dear Sir,

Your extremely obliged be of and some and faithful Servant,

R. LOVELACE.

# leafonable favour and kind intentions LETTER XL.

TO ROBERT LOVELACE, Efq;

Wedn. June 28. near 12 o'clock.

Honoured Sir.

T Received yours, as your fervant defired me to acquaint you, by ten this morning. Horse and man were in a foam.

I instantly equipped myself, as if come off from a journey, and posted away to the Lady, intending to plead great affairs that I came not before, in order to favour your ante-date; and likewise to be in a burry, to have a pretence to burry ber Ladyship, and to take no denial for her giving a fatisfactory return to your meffenger: But, upon my entering Mrs. Sinclair's house, I found all in the greatest consternation.

You must not, Sir, be surprised. It is a trouble to me to be the relater of the bad news: But so it is-The Lady is gone off. She was miffed but half an hour before I came.

Her waiting-maid is run away, or hitherto is not to be found: So that they conclude it was by her connivance. Data 200010

They had fent, before I came, to my honoured mafters Mr. Belton, Mr. Mowbray, and Mr. Belford. Mr. Tourville is out of town.

High words are passing between Madam Sinclair, and - N 3 Madam Madam Horton, and Madam Martin; as also with Dorcas. And your servant William threatens to hang

or drown himself.

They have fent to know if they can hear of Mabell the waiting-maid at her Mother's, who it feems lives in Chick-lane, West-Smithfield; and to an Uncle of her's also, who keeps an Alehouse at Cowcross, hard-by, and with whom she lived last.

Your messenger, having just changed his horse, is come back: So I will not detain him longer than to add, that I am, with great concern for this missfortune, and thanks for your seasonable favour and kind intentions towards me [I am sure this was not my fault]

Honoured Sir, Your most obliged bumble Servant,

PATRICK M'DONALD.

#### LETTER XLI.

Mr. MOWBRAY, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Esq;

Dear Lovelace, Wednesday, 12 o' clock.

Have plaguy news to acquaint thee with. Miss Harlowe is gon off!—Quite gon, by my Soul!—I have not time for particulars, your servant being going off. But iff I had, we are not yet come to the bottom of the matter. The Ladies here are all blubbering like devils, accusing one another most confoundedly: Whilst Belton and I damn them all together in thy name.

If thou shouldst hear that thy fellow Will, is taken dead out of some horse-pond, and Dorcas cutt down from her bed's teaster from dangling in her own garters, be not surprized. Here's the devill to pay. No-body serene but Jack Belford, who is taking minnutes of examminations, accusations, and confessions, with the signifficant air of a Middlesex Justice; and intends to write at large all particulars, I suppose,

I heartily condole with thee: So does Belton. But it may turn out for the best: For she is gone away with thy marks, I understand. A foolish little devil!

Where

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Where will she mend herself? For nobody will look upon her. And they tell me, that thou wouldst certainly have married her had she staid. But I know thee better.

Dear Bobby, adieu. If Lord M. will die now, to comfort thee for this loss, what a feafonable exit would he make! Let's have a Letter from thee. Pr'ythee do. Thou canst write devill like to Belford, who shews us nothing at all.

wad bluck has . Thine beartily,

errottont stat bild og the Simil-

and the key pot in the locketho

RD. MOWBRAY.

felf.

#### LETTER XLII.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Efq.

Thursday, June 29.

THOU hast heard from McDonald and Mowbray the news. Bad or good, I know not which thou'lt deem it. I only wish I could have given thee joy upon the same account, before the unhappy Lady was seduced from Hamstead: For then of what an ingrateful villainy hadst thou been spared the perpetration, which now thou hast to answer for!

I came to town purely to serve thee with her, expecting that thy next would satisfy me that I might endeavour it without dishonour: And at first when I found her gone, I half pitied thee; for now wilt thou be inevitably blown up: And in what an execrable light wilt thou appear to all the world!—Poor Lovelace! Caught in thy own snares! Thy punishment is but beginning!

But to my Narrative; for I suppose thou expectest all particulars from me, since Mowbray has informed thee that I have been collecting them.

N 4

<sup>&#</sup>x27;The noble Exertion of Spirit she had made on Friday night, had, it seems, greatly disordered her; insomuch that she was not visible till Saturday even-

ing; when Mabell faw her; and she seemed to be very ill: But on Sunday morning, having dressed her-

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felf, as if defigning to go to church, she ordered

Mabell to get her a coach to the door.

The wench told her, She was to obey her in everything but the calling of a coach or chair, or in relation to Letters.

She fent for Will. and gave him the same com-

mand.

'He pleaded his mafter's orders to the contrary, and defired to be excused.

Upon this, down she went herself, and would have gone out without observation: But finding the Street-

door double-locked, and the key not in the lock, she

flept into the street-parlour, and would have thrown up the Sash to call out to the people passing by, as

they doubted not: But that, fince her last attempt of

the same nature, had been fastened down.

Hereupon she resolutely stept into Mrs. Sinclair's parlour in the back-house; where were the old devil

and her two partners; and demanded the key of the

freet-door, or to have it opened for her,

'They were all surprised; but desired to be excused,

and pleaded your orders.

'She afferted, that you had no authority over her; and never should have any: That their present re-

fusal was their own act and deed: She saw the intent of their back-house, and the reason of putting her

there; She pleaded her condition and fortune; and

faid, They had no way to avoid utter ruin, but by

opening their doors to her, or by murdering her, and burying her in their garden or cellar, too deep for de-

tection: That already what had been done to her was

punishable by death: And bid them at their peril de-

· tain her.

What a noble, what a right Spirit has this charming creature, in cases that will justify an Exertion of Spirit!

'They answered, That Mr. Lovelace could prove his Marriage, and would indemnify them. And they all would have vindicated their behaviour on Friday inight,

\* night, and the reputation of their house: But refusing to hear them on that topic, she flung from them, threatening. and I bin vilot amonomino

She then went up half a dozen stairs in her way to her own apartment: But, as if she had bethought herfelf, down she stept again, and proceeded towards the Street-parlour; faying, as she passed by the infamous Dorcas, I'll make myself protectors, tho' the windows fuffer: But that wench, of her own head, on the Lady's going out of that parlour to Mrs. Sinclair's, had locked the door, and taken out the key: So that finding herfelf disappointed, she burst into tears, and went menacing and fobbing up stairs again. 'She made no other attempt till the effectual one. Your Letters and Messages, they supposed, coming

' fo fast upon one another (tho' she would not answer one of them) gave ber some amusement, and an af-' furance to them, that she would at last forgive you;

' and that then all would end as you wished.

'The women, in pursuance of your orders, offered not to obtrude themselves upon her; and Dorcas also ' kept out of her fight all the rest of Sunday; also on ' Monday and Tuelday. But by the Lady's condefcension (even to familiarity) to Mabell, they ima-' gined, that she must be working in her mind all that time to get away: They therefore redoubled their cautions to the wench: Who told them so faithfully ' all that passed between her Lady and her, that they ' had no doubt of her fidelity to her wicked truft.

"Tis probable she might have been contriving something all this time; but faw no room for perfecting any scheme: The contrivance by which she effected her escape seems to me not to have been fallen upon still the very day; fince it depended partly upon the weather, as it proved. But it is evident the hoped ' fomething from Mabell's simplicity, or gratitude, or compassion, by cultivating all the time her civility to her count : Not for so

Polly waited on her early on Wednesday morning;

\* and met with a better reception than she had reason to expect. She complained however with warmth of her consinement. Polly said, There would be an happy end to it (if it were a consinement) next day, she presumed. She absolutely declared to the contrary, in the way Polly meant it; and said, That Mr. Lovelace on his return [Which looked as if she intended to wait for it] should have reason to repent the orders he had given, as they all should their observance of them: Let him send twenty Letters, she would not answer one, be the consequence what it would; nor give him hope of the least savour, while she was in that house. She had given Mrs. Sinclair and them-

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ought to make them detain a free person: But having made an open attempt to go, and been detained by them, she was the calmer, she told Polly; Let them

felves fair warning, the faid: No orders of another

· look to the consequence.

But yet she spoke this with temper; and Polly gave it as her opinion (with apprehension for their own fasery) that, having so good a handle to punish them all, she would not go away if she might. And what, inferred Polly, is the indemnity of a man who has committed the vilest of Rapes on a person of condition; and must himself, if prosecuted for it, either sly,

or be hanged?

Sinclair [So I will still call her] upon this representation of Polly, foresaw, she said, the ruin of her poor house in the issue of this strange business; and the infamous Sally and Dorcas hore their parts in the apprehension: And this put them upon thinking it adviseable for the suture, that the Street-door should generally in the day-time be only lest upon a bolt-latch, as they called it, which any-body might open on the inside; and that the key should be kept in the door; that their numerous comers and goers, as they called their guests, should be able to give evidence, that she might have gone out if she would: Not forgetting, however, to renew their orders to Will. to Dorcas, to Mabell,

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Mabell, and the rest, to redouble their vigilance on this occasion, to prevent her escape:-None of them

doubting, at the fame time, that her Love of a man

fo confiderable in their eyes, and the prospect of what

was to happen as the had reason to believe on Thurfday, her Uncle's Birth-day, would (tho' perhaps not

till the last bour, for her Pride-sake, was their word)

engage her to change her temper.

'They believe, that the discovered the key to be left in the door; for the was down more than once to walk in the little garden, and feemed to cast her eye

each time to the Street-door.

About Eight yesterday morning, an hour after Polly had left her, she told Mabell, She was fure she should onot live long; and having a good many fuits of apparel, which after her death would be of no use to anybody she valued, she would give her a brown lustring gown, which, with fome alterations, to make it more fuitable to her degree, would a great while ferve herfor a Sunday wear; for that the (Mabell) was the only person in that house of whom she could think without

terror or antipathy. The manage was own and another

' Mabell expressing her gratitude upon the occasion, the Lady faid, She had nothing to employ herfelf about; and if the could get a workwoman directly, fhe would look over her things then, and give her

what she intended for her.

'Her mistress's mantua-maker, the maid replied, lived but a little way off; and she doubted not that the could procure ber, or one of her journeywomen,

to alter the gown out of hand.

'I will give you also, said she, a quilted coat, which ' will require but little alteration, if any; for you are much about my stature: But the gown I will give directions about, because the sleeves and the robings and facings must be altered for your wear, being, I believe, above your station: And try, faid she, if you can get the workwoman, and we'll advise about it. If he cannot come now, let her come in the afternoon;

6 but

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but I had rather now, because it will amuse me to give

fi you a lift M- : ageala and movere of modesso a

fo it had done all the morning]: Slip on the hood and short cloak I have seen you wear, and come to me

f when you are ready to go out, because you shall bring

me in formething that I want.

Mabell equipped herself accordingly, and received her commands to buy her some trifles, and then left her; but, in her way out, stept into the back parlour,

where Dorcas was with Mrs. Sinclair, telling her where he was going, and on what account, bidding Dorcas

look out till the came back. So faithful was the wench to the trust reposed in her, and so little had the

Lady's generofity wrought upon her.

Mrs. Sinclair commended her; Dorcas envied her, and took her cue: And Mabell foon returned with the

mantua-maker's journeywoman (She was refolved, fine faid, she would not come without her); and then

Dorcas went off guard.

The Lady looked out the gown and petticoat, and before the workwoman caused Mabell to try it on; and, that it might sit the better, made the willing wench pull off her upper petticoat, and put on that she gave her. Then she bid them go into Mr. Lovelace's apartment, and contrive about it before the pierglass there, and stay till she came to them, to give them her opinion.

Mabell would have taken her own cloaths, and hood, and short cloak with her: But her Lady said, No matter; you may put them on again here, when we have considered about the alterations: There's no

occasion to litter the other room.

and

They went; and instantly, as it is supposed, she slipt on Mabell's gown and petticoat over her own, which was white damask, and put on the wench's hood, short cloak, and ordinary apron, and down she went.

Hearing somebody tripping along the passage, both Will. and Dorcas whipt to the inner-hall door, and saw

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her; but, taking her for Mabell, Are you going far,

Mabell, cried Will.? 15d balling anomalist

Without turning her face, or answering, she held out her hand, pointing to the stairs; which they construed as a caution for them to look out in her absence; and supposing she would not be long gone, as she had not in form repeated her caution to them, up went Will, tarrying at the stairs-head in expectation of the supposed Mabell's return.

'Mabell and the workwoman waited a good while, amufing themselves not disagreeably, the one with contriving in the way of her business, the other delighting herself with her fine gown and coat: But at last, wondering the Lady did not come in to them, Mabell tiptoed it to her door, and tapping, and not being an-

' fwered, ftept into the chamber.

'Will at that instant, from his station at the stairshead, seeing Mabell in her Lady's cloaths; for he had
been told of the present [Gifts to servants fly from
fervant to servant in a minute] was very much surprised, having, as he thought, just seen her go out in
ber own; and stepping up, met her at the door.
How the devil can this be, said he? Just now you
went out in your own dress! How came you here in
This? And how could you pass me unseen? But nevertheless, kissing her, said, He would now brag he
had kissed his Lady, or one in her cloaths.

'I am glad, Mr. William, cried Mabell, to fee you here fo diligently. But know you where my Lady is?

'In my Master's apartment, answered Will. Is she 'not? Was she not talking with you this moment?

No, that's Mrs. Dolins's journeywoman.

'They both stood aghast, as they said; Will. again recollecting he had seen Mabell, as he thought, go out in her own cloaths. And while they were debating and wondering, up comes Dorcas with your fourth Letter, just then brought for her Lady; and seeing Mabell dressed out (whom she had likewise beheld a little before, as she supposed, in her common cloaths)

fhe joined in the wonder; till Mabell, re-entering the Lady's apartment, missed her own cloaths; and then fuspecting what had happened, and letting the others into the ground of her fuspicion, they all agreed, that ' she had certainly escaped. And then followed such an uproar of mutual accusation, and You should have done this, and You should have done that, as alarmed the whole house; every apartment in both houses giv-' ing up its devil, to the number of fourteen or fifteen, ' including the Mother and her Partners.

' Will, told them bis Story; and then ran out, as on the like occasion formerly, to make enquiry whether the Lady was feen by any of the coachmen, chairmen, or porters, plying in that neighbourhood: While · Dorcas cleared herfelf immediately, and that at the poor " Mabell's expence, who made a figure as guilty as aukward, having on the fuspected price of her treachery; which Dorcas, out of envy, was ready to tear from her back.

' Hereupon all the pack opened at the poor wench, while the Mother, foaming at the mouth, bellowed out her orders for feizing the fuspected offender; who ' could neither be heard in her own defence, nor, bad

' she been heard, would have been believed.

' That fuch a perfidious wretch should ever disgrace ber house, was the Mother's cry! Good people might be corrupted; but it was a fine thing if fuch a house as bers could not be faithfully ferved by curfed creatures who were hired knowing the business they were to be employed in, and who had no pretence to prin-' ciple!-Damn her, the wretch proceeded!-She had ono patience with her! Call the cook, and call the fcullion!

They were at hand.

' See that guilty pyeball devil, was her word (her Lady's gown upon her back)—But I'll punish her for a warning to all betrayers of their trust. Put on the great gridiron this moment (an oath or a curfe at every word): Make up a roaring fire-The cleaver bring

me this instant -1'll cut her into quarters with my own hands; and carbonade and broil the traitress for a feast to all the dogs and cats in the neighbourhood; ard eat the first slice of the toad myself, without falt or pepper.

The poor Mabell, frightened out of her wits, expected every moment to be torn in pieces, having half a score open-clawed paws upon her all at once. She promised to confess all. But that All, when she had obtained a hearing, was nothing; for nothing had she

to confess.

'Sally hereupon, with a curse of mercy, ordered her to retire; undertaking that she and Polly would examine her themselves, that they might be able to write 'all particulars to bis Honour; and then, if the could 'not clear herself, or, if guilty, give some account of the Lady (who had been so wicked as to give them all 'this trouble) fo as they might get her again, then the cleaver and gridiron might go to work with all her

'The wench, glad of this reprieve, went up stairs; 'and while Sally was laying out the Law, and prating 'away in her usual dictatorial manner, whipt on another 'gown, and fliding down stairs, escaped to her relations. 'And this flight, which was certainly more owing to terror than guilt, was, in the true Old Bailey construction, ' made a confirmation of the latter.'

These are the particulars of Miss Harlowe's flight. Thou'lt hardly think me too minute.-How I long to triumph over thy impatience and fury on the occasion!

Let me befeech thee, my dear Lovelace, in thy next Letter, to rave most gloriously !- I shall be grievously disappointed, if thou dost not.

Where, Lovelace, can the poor Lady be gone? And

who can describe the distress she must be in?

By thy former Letters, it may be supposed, that she can have very little Money: Nor, by the suddenness of her flight, more Cloaths than those she has on.

thou knowest who once said (a), "Her Parents will not "receive her: Her Uncles will not entertain her: Her "Norton is in their direction, and cannot: Miss Howe "dare not: She has not one friend or intimate in town; "entirely a stranger to it." And, let me add, has been despoiled of her Honour by the man for whom she made all these sacrifices; and who stood bound to her by a thousand oaths and vows, to be her Husband, her Protector, and Friend!

How strong must be her resentment of the barbarous treatment she has received! How worthy of hersels, that it has made her bate the man she once loved! And, rather than marry him, chuse to expose her disgrace to the whole world; to forego the Reconciliation with her friends which her heart was so set upon; and to hazard a thousand evils to which her Youth and her Sex may too probably expose an indigent and friendless Beauty.

Rememberest thou not that home push upon thee, in one of the papers written in her delirium; of which

however it favours not?-

I will affure thee, that I have very often fince most seriously reflected upon it: And as thy intended Second Outrage convinces me, that it made no impression upon thee then, and perhaps thou hast never thought of it since, I will transcribe the sentence.

"If, as Religion teaches us, God will judge us, in a great measure, by our benevolent or evil actions to one another—O wretch, bethink thee, in time bethink thee, how great must be thy condemnation (b)!"

And is this amiable Doctrine the Sum of Religion? Upon my faith I believe it is. For, to indulge a ferious thought, fince we are not Atheists, except in *Practice*, Does God, the Being of Beings, want any-thing of us for Himself? And does he not enjoin us Works of Mercy to one another, as the means to obtain His mercy? A sublime principle, and worthy of the Supreme Supperintendent and Father of all things!—But, if

(a) See Vol. III. p. 268.

<sup>(</sup>b) See p. 58. of this Volume.

we are to be judged by this noble principle, what, indeed, must be thy condemnation on the score of this Lady only! And what mine, and what all our Confraternity's, on the score of other women; tho' we are none of us half fo bad as thou art, as well for want of inclination, I hope, as of opportunity!

I must add, that, as well for thy own fake, as for the Lady's, I wish ye were yet to be married to each other. It is the only medium that can be hit upon, to falve the Honour of both. All that's past may yet be concealed from the world, and from her relations; and thou mayst make amends for all her fufferings, if thou refolvest to

be a tender and kind Husband to her.

And if this really be thy intention, I will accept, with pleasure, of a commission from thee, that shall tend to promote fo good an end, whenever she can be found; that is to fay, if she will admit to her presence a man who professes friendship to thee. Nor can I give a greater demonstration, that I am

Thy fincere Friend,

J. BELFORD.

P. S. Mabell's cloaths were thrown into the passage this morning: No-body knows by whom.

#### Hook to have a pentient of her own make-LETTER XLIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Friday, June 30. T AM ruined, undone, blown-up, destroyed, and worse I than annihilated, that's certain! -But was not the news fhocking enough, doft thou think, without thy throwing into the too weighty scale reproaches, which thou couldst have had no opportunity to make, but for my own voluntary communications: At a time too, when, as it falls out, I have another very fenfible difappointment to ftruggle with?

I imagine, if there be fuch a thing as future punishment, it must be none of the smallest mortifications, Vol. V.

that a new devil shall be punished by a worse old one. And, Take that! And, Take that! to have the old satyrery to the screaming sufferer, laying on with a cat-o'-nine-tails, with a star of burning brass at the end of each: And, For what! For what!—Why, if the truth might be fairly told, for not being so bad a devil as myfelf.

Thou art, furely, casuist good enough to know (what I have insisted upon (a) heretofore) that the sin of seducing a credulous and easy girl, is as great as that of bringing to your lure an incredulous and watchful one.

However ungenerous an appearance what I am going to say may have from my pen, let me tell thee, That if such a woman as Miss Harlowe chose to enter into the Matrimonial State [I am resolved to disappoint thee in thy meditated triumph over my rage and despair!] and, according to the old Patriarchal system, to go on contributing to get Sons and Daughters, with no other view, than to bring them up piously, and to be good and useful members of the commonwealth, what a devil had she to do, to let her fancy run a gadding after a Rake? One whom she knew to be a Rake?

O but truly, the hoped to have the merit of reclaiming him. She had formed pretty notions how charmingly it would look to have a penitent of her own makeing dangling at her fide to church, thro' an applauding neighbourhood: And, as their family increased, marching with her thither, at the head of their boys and girls, processionally as it were, boasting of the fruits of their bonest desires, as my good Lord Bishop has it in his Licence. And then, what a comely fight, all kneeling down together in one pew, according to eldership, as we have feen in effigie, a whole family upon some old monument, where the honest chevalier in armour is prefented kneeling, with uplift hands, and half a dozen jolter-headed crop-eared boys behind him, ranged gradatim or step-fashion according to age and size, all in the fame posture-Facing his pious dame, with a ruff about

her neck, and as many whey-faced girls all kneeling behind ber: An Altar between them, and an opened book upon it: Over their heads semilunary rays darting from gilded clouds, surrounding an atchievement-motto, In Coelo Salus—or Quies—perhaps, if they have happened to live the usual married life of brawl and contradiction.

It is certainly as much my misfortune to have fallen in with Miss Clarissa Harlowe, were I to have valued my reputation or ease, as it is that of Miss Harlowe to have been acquainted with me. And, after all, what have I done more than prosecute the maxims, by which thou and I, and every Rake, are governed, and which, before I knew this Lady, we have pursued from pretty girl to pretty girl, as fast as we had set one down, taking another up;—just as the fellows do with their slying-coaches and slying-horses at a Country-sair—With a Who rides next! Who rides next!

But here, in the present case, to carry on the volant metaphor (for I must either be merry, or mad) is a pretty little Miss just come out of her hanging-sleeve coat, brought to buy a pretty little Fairing; for the world, Jack, is but a great Fair, thou knowest; and, to give thee serious resection for serious, all its toys but tinselled hobby-horses, gilt gingerbread, squeaking trumpets,

painted drums, and fo forth.

Now behold this pretty little Miss skimming from booth to booth, in a very pretty manner. One pretty little fellow called Wyerly perhaps; another jiggeting rascal called Biron, a third simpering variet of the name of Symmes, and a more hideous villain than any of the rest, with a long bag under his arm, and parchment Settlements tagged to his heels, yeleped Solmes; pursue her from Raree-show to Raree-show, shouldering upon one another at every turning, stopping when she stops, and set a spinning again when she moves. And thus dangled after, but still in the eye of her watchful guardians, traverses the pretty little Miss thro' the whole Fair, equally delighted and delighting: Till at last, taken

with the invitation of the laced-bat orator, and feeing feveral pretty little bib wearers stuck together in the slying-coaches, cutting safely the yielding air, in the Onego-up the Other-go-down picture-of-the-world vehicle, and all with as little fear as wit, is tempted to ride next.

In then suppose she slily pops, when none of ber friends are near ber: And if, after two or three ups and downs, her pretty head turns giddy, and she throws herself out of the coach when at its elevation, and so dashes out her pretty little brains, who can help it?—And would you hang the poor fellow, whose professed trade it was to set the pretty little creatures a slying?

'Tis true, this pretty little Miss, being a very pretty little Miss, being a very much-admired little Miss, being a very good little Miss, who always minded her book, and had passed thro' her 'samplar-doctrine with high applause; had even stitched out in gaudy propriety of colours, an Abraham offering up Isaac, a Samson and the Philistines, and Flowers, and Knots, and Trees, and the Sun, and the Moon, and the Seven Stars, all hung up in frames with glasses before them, for the admiration of her future grandchildren: Who likewise was intitled to a very pretty little estate: Who was descended from a pretty little family upwards of one hundred years gentility; which lived in a very pretty little manner, respected a very little on their own accounts, a great deal on hers:—

For fuch a pretty little Miss as this to come to so great a missfortune, must be a very sad thing: But, tell me, would not the losing of any ordinary child, of any other less considerable family, of less shining or amiable qualities, have been as great and as heavy a loss to that family, as the losing this pretty little Miss could be to hers?

To descend to a very low instance, and that only as to personality; hast thou any doubt, that thy strong-muscled bony face was as much admired by thy Mother, as if it had been the face of a Lovelace, or any other handsome sellow? And had thy picture been drawn, would she

have forgiven the painter, had he not expressed so exactly thy lineaments, as that every one should have discerned the likeness? The bandsome likeness is all that is wished for. Ugliness made familiar to us, with the partiality natural to fond parents, will be Beauty all the world over.—Do thou apply.

But, alas, Jack, all this is but a copy of my countenance, drawn to evade thy malice!—Tho' it answer thy unfriendly purpose to own it, I cannot forbear to own it, that I am stung to the very soul with this unhappy—Accident, must I call it?—Have I nobody, whose throat, either for carelessness or treachery, I ought

to cut, in order to pacify my vengeance?

When I reflect upon my last iniquitous intention, the first outrage so nobly resented, as well as, so far as she was able, so nobly resisted, I cannot but conclude, that I was under the power of sascination from these accursed Circes; who, pretending to know their own Sex, would have it, that there is in every woman a yielding, or a weak-resisting moment to be met with: And that yet, and yet, and yet, I had not tried enough:—But that, if neither Love nor Terror should enable me to hit that lucky moment, when, by help of their cursed arts, she was once overcome, she would be for ever overcome:—Appealing to all my experience, to all my knowlege of the Sex, for a justification of their affertion.

My appealed-to experience, I own, was but too favourable to their argument: For dost thou think, I could have held my purpose against such an angel as this, had I ever before met with one so much in earnest to defend her honour against the unwearied artifices and perseverance of the man she loved? Why then were there not more examples of a virtue so immoveable? Or, why was this singular one to fall to my lot? Except indeed to double my guilt; and at the same time to convince all that should hear her Story, that there are angels as well

as devils in the flesh?

So much for confession; and for the fake of hu-O 3 mouring mouring my conscience; with a view likewise to disarm thy malice by acknowlegement: Since no one shall fav worse of me, than I will of myself on this occasion.

One thing I will nevertheless add, to shew the sincerity of my contrition—'Tis this, that if thou canst by any means find her out within these three days, or any time before the has discovered the Stories relating to Captain Tomlinson and her Uncle to be what they are; and if thou canst prevail upon her to consent; I will actually, in thy presence and his (he to represent her

Uncle) marry her.

I am still in hopes it may be fo—She cannot be long concealed-I have already fet all engines at work to find her out; and if I do, what indifferent persons sand no one of her friends, as thou observest, will look upon her] will care to embroil themselves with a man of my figure, fortune, and refolution?—Shew her this part then, or any other part, of this Letter, at thy own discretion, if thou canst find her: For, after all, methinks I would be glad, that this affair, which is bad enough in itself, should go off without worse personal consequences to any-body elfe; and yet it runs in my mind, I know not why, that fooner or later, it will draw a few drops of blood after it; except she and I can make it up between ourselves. And this may be another reason why she should not carry her resentment too far-Not that such an affair would give me much concern neither, were I to chuse my man, or men; for I heartily hate all her family but herself; and ever shall.

LET me add, that the Lady's plot to escape appears to me no extraordinary one. There was much more luck than probability that it should do: Since, to make it fucceed, it was necessary, that Dorcas and Will, and Sinclair and her Nymphs, should be all deceived, or off their guard. It belongs to me, when I fee them, to give them my hearty thanks that they were; and that their felfish care to provide for their own future fecurity, should induce them to leave their outward door upon their bolt-latch, and be curs'd to them.

But

Mabell deserves a pitch-suit and a bonsire, rather than the Lustring; and as her cloaths are returned, let the Lady's be put to her others, to be sent to her, when it can be told whither—But not till I give the word neither; for we must get the dear Fugitive back again, if

posible.

I suppose that my stupid villain, who knew not such a goddess-shaped Lady with a mien so noble, from the aukward and bent-shouldered Mabell, has been at Hamstead to see after her. And yet I hardly think she would go thither. He ought to go thro' every street where bills for lodgings are up, to enquire after a new-comer. The houses of such as deal in womens matters, and tea, cossee, and such-like, are those to be enquired at for her. If some tidings be not quickly heard of her, I would not have either Dorcas, Will. or Mabell, appear in my sight, whatever their superiors think sit to do.

This, tho' written in character, is a very long Letter, considering it is not a narrative one, or a journal of proceedings, like most of my former; for such will unavoidably and naturally, as I may say, run into length. But I have so used myself to write a great deal of late, that I know not how to help it. Yet I must add to its length, in order to explain myself on a hint I gave at the beginning of it; which was, that I have another disappointment, besides this of Miss Harlowe's escape, to

bemoan.

And what dost think it is? Why, the old Peer, pox of his tough constitution (for that malady would have helped him on) has made shift by fire and brimstone, and the devil knows what, to force the Gout to quit the Counterscarp of his Stomach, just as it had collected all its strength, in order to storm the Citadel of his Heart. In short they have, by the mere force of stink-pots, hand-granades, and pop-guns, driven the slow-working pioneer quite out of the trunk into the extremities; and there it lies nibbling and gnawing upon his great toe; when I had hoped a fair end both of the distemper and the distempered.

But I, who could write to thee of Laudanum, and the Wet Cloth formerly, yet let 8000 l. a year slip thro' my fingers, when I had entered upon it more than in imagination [for I had begun to ask the Stewards questions, and to hear them talk of Fines and Renewals, and such

fort of stuff | deserve to be mortified.

Thou canst not imagine, how differently the Servants, and even my Cousins, look upon me since yesterday to what they did before. Neither the one nor the other bow or courtesy half so low.—Nor am I a quarter so often bis Honour, and your Honour, as I was within these sew hours, with the former: And as to the latter.—It is Cousin Bobby again, with the usual familiarity, instead of Sir, and Sir, and, If You please, Mr. Lovelace. And now they have the insolence to congratulate me on the recovery of the best of Uncles; while I am forced to seem as much delighted as they, when, would it do me good, I could sit down and cry my eyes out.

I had bespoken my mourning in imagination, after the example of a certain foreign minister, who, before the death or even last illness of Charles II. as honest White Kennet tells us, had half exhausted Blackwell-hall of its Sables—An indication, as the historian would infinuate, that the monarch was to be poisoned, and the embassador in the secret—And yet, fool that I was, I could not take the hint—What a devil does a man read history for, if he cannot profit by the examples he finds in it?

But thus, Jack, is an observation of the old Peer's verified, That one misfortune seldom comes alone: And so concludes Thy doubly-mortified

LOVELACE.

## LETTER XLIV.

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Miss Howe.

Wednesday Night, June 28.

O my dearest Miss Howe!

ONCE more have I escaped—But, alas! I, my best self, have not escaped!—Oh! your poor Clarissa

Let.44. CLARISSA HARLOWE.

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Clarissa Harlowe! You also will hate me, I fear!-Yet

you won't, when you know All!

But no more of my Self! My lost Self. You that can rise in a morning, to be blest, and to bless; and go to rest delighted with your own resections, and in your unbroken, unstarting slumbers, conversing with saints and angels, the former only more pure than yourself, as they have shaken off the incumbrance of body; You shall be my subject, as you have long, long, been my only pleasure. And let me, at awful distance, revere my beloved Anna Howe, and in ber resect upon what her Clarissa Harlowe once was!

**10.** 10.

FORGIVE, O forgive my rambling. My peace is destroyed. My intellects are touched. And what slighty nonsense must you read, if now you will vouch-

fafe to correspond with me, as formerly!

O my best, my dearest, my only friend! What a tale have I to unfold!—But still upon Self, this vile, this hated Self!—I will shake it off, if possible; and why should I not, since I think, except one wretch, I hate nothing so much? Self, then, be banished from Self one moment (for I doubt it will for no longer) to enquire after a dearer object, my beloved Anna Howe!—Whose mind, all robed in spotless white, charms and irradiates—But what would I say?—

\* \*

And how, my dearest friend, after this rhapsody, which, on re-perusal, I would not let go, but to shew you what a distracted mind dictates to my trembling pen; How do you? You have been very ill, it seems. That you are recovered, my dear, let me hear. That your Mother is well, pray let me hear, and hear quickly. This comfort surely is owing to me; for if life is no worse than chequer-work, I must now have a little white to come, having seen nothing but black, all unchequered dismal black, for a great, great while.

fufferers

AND what is all this wild incoherence for? It is only to beg to know how you have been, and how you now do, by a line directed for Mrs. Rachel Clark, at Mr. Smith's, a Glove-shop, in King-street, Covent-garden: which (altho' my abode is a fecret to every-body elfe) will reach the hands of-Your unbappy-but that's not enough word and and area who somether

Had us Y : Your miserable moon so to make the

wind you need sold sold CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## let mis, strawful distances nevere inte LETTER XLV.

Mrs. Howe, To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE. (Superscribed, as directed in the preceding.)

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, Friday, June 30. TOU will wonder to receive a Letter from me. I am forry for the great diffress you feem to be in. Such a hopeful young Lady as you were !- But fee what comes of disobedience to parents!

For my part; altho' I pity you, yet I much more pity your poor Father and Mother. Such education as they gave you! fuch improvements as you made! and fuch delight as they took in you !- And all come to this !-

But pray, Mis, don't make my Nancy guilty of your fault; which is that of disobedience. I have charged her over and over not to correspond with one who has made fuch a giddy step. It is not to her reputation, I am fure. You knew that I fo charged her; yet you go on corresponding together, to my very great vexation; for the has been very perverse upon it, more than once. Evil communication, Mis-You know the rest.

Here, people cannot be unhappy by themselves, but they must involve their friends and acquaintance, whose discretion has kept them clear of their errors, into near as much unhappiness as if they had run into the like of their own heads! Thus my poor daughter is always in tears and grief. And the has postponed her own felicity truly, because you are unhappy!

If people, who feek their own ruin, could be the only **fufferers**  fufferers by their headstrong doings, it were fomething: But, O Miss, Miss, what have you to answer for, who have made as many grieved hearts, as have known you? The whole Sex is indeed wounded by you: For, who but Miss Clariffa Harlowe was proposed by every Father

and Mother for a pattern for their Daughters?

I write a long Letter, where I proposed to say but a few words; and those to forbid you writing to my Nancy: And this as well because of the false step you have made, as because it will grieve her poor heart, and do you no good. If you love her, therefore, write not to her. Your fad Letter came into my hands, Nancy being abroad, and I shall not shew it her: For there would be no comfort for her, if the faw it, nor for me whose delight she is-As you once was to your parents-

But you feem to be fenfible enough of your errors now, -So are all giddy girls, when it is too late: And what a creft-fallen figure then does their felf-willed obstinacy and headstrongues compel them to make?

I may fay too much: Only as I think it proper to bear that testimony against your rashness which it behoves every careful parent to bear: And none more than

Your compassionating well-wisher,

ANNABELLA HOWE.

I fend this by a special messenger, who has business only fo far as Barnet, because you shall have no need to write again; knowing how you love writing: And knowing likewise, that misfortune makes people plaintive.

#### LETTER XLVI.

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Mrs. Howe.

Saturday, July 1.

DERMIT me, Madam, to trouble you with a few lines, were it only to thank you for your reproofs; which have nevertheless drawn fresh streams of blood from a bleeding heart.

My

My Story is a difmal Story. It has circumstances in it, that would engage pity, and possibly a judgment not altogether unfavourable, were those circumstances known. But it is my business, and shall be all my business, to repent of my failings, and not endeavour to extenuate them.

Nor will I feek to diffress your worthy mind. If I cannot suffer alone, I will make as few parties as I can in my fufferings. And, indeed, I took up my pen with this resolution when I wrote the Letter which has fallen into your hands. It was only to know, and that for a very particular reason, as well as for affection unbounded, if my dear Miss Howe, from whom I had not heard of a long time, were ill; as I had been told the was; and if so, how she now does. But my injuries being recent, and my diffresses having been exceeding great, Self would croud into my Letter. When diffressed, the human mind is apt to turn itself to every one in whom it imagined or wished an interest, for pity and consolation. -Or, to express myself better and more concisely, in your own words, Misfortune makes people plaintive: And to whom, if not to a friend, can the afflicted nt to bear : And none more nislamo

Miss Howe being abroad when my Letter came, I flatter myself that she is recovered. But it would be some satisfaction to me to be informed if she bas been ill. Another line from your hand would be too great a favour: But, if you will be pleased to direct any servant to answer yes, or no, to that question, I will not be far-

ther troublesome.

Nevertheless, I must declare, that my Miss Howe's friendship was all the comfort I had or expected to have in this world; and a line from her would have been a cordial to my fainting heart. Judge then, dearest Madam, how reluctantly I must obey your prohibition—But yet, I will endeavour to obey it; altho' I should have hoped, as well from the tenor of all that has passed between Miss Howe and me, as from ber established virtue, that she could not be tainted by Evil communication.

cation, had one or two Letters been permitted. This, however, I ask not for, since I think I have nothing to do, but to beg of God (who, I hope, has not yet withdrawn his grace from me, altho' he is pleased to let loose his justice upon my faults) to give me a truly broken spirit, if it be not already broken enough, and then to take to his mercy. The unbappy

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Two favours, good Madam, I have to beg of you.—
The first;—that you will not let any of my relations know, that you have heard from me. The other,—that no living creature be apprised where I am to be heard of, or directed to. This is a point that concerns me, more than I can express.—In short, my preservation from further evils may depend upon it.

# LETTER XLVII.

Mis CLARISSA HARLOWE, To HANNAH BURTON.

My good HANNAH, Thursday, June 29.

STRANGE things have happened to me, fince you were dismissed my service (so forely against my will) and your pert sellow-servant set over me. But that must be all forgotten now—

How do you, my Hannah? Are you recovered of your illness? If you are, Do you chuse to come and be

with me? Or can you conveniently?

I am a very unhappy creature, and, being among all strangers, should be glad to have you with me, of whose Fidelity and Love I have had so many acceptable instances.

Living or dying, I will endeavour to make it worth

your while, my Hannah.

If you are recovered, as I hope, and if you have a good place, it may be they would bear with your abfence, and fuffer somebody in your room for a month or so: And, by that time, I hope to be provided for, and you may then return to your place.

Don'r

Don't let any of my friends know of this my defire: whether you can come or not.

I am at Mr. Smith's, a Hofier's and Glove-shop, in

King-street, Covent-garden.

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You must direct to me by the name of Rachel Clark.

Do, my good Hannah, come if you can, to your poor young miftress, who always valued you, and always

will whether you come or not.

I fend this to your Mother at St. Alban's, not knowing where to direct to you. Return me a line, that I may know what to depend upon: And I shall see you have not forgotten the pretty hand you were taught, in happy days, by

Your true Friend,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

# LETTER XLVIII.

HANNAH BURTON. In Answer.

Honored Maddam, Monday, July 3. THAVE not forgot to write, and never will forget

any-thing you, my dear young Lady, was fo good as to larn me. I am very forrowfull for your misfortens, my dearest young Lady; so forrowfull, I do not know what to do. Gladd at harte would I be to be able to come to you. But indeed I have not been able to ftir out of my rome here at my Mother's, ever fince I was forfed to leave my plase with a Roomatise, which has made me euite and clene helples. I will pray for you night and day, my dearest, my kindest, my goodest young Lady, who have been so badly used; and I am very forry I cannot come to do you love and farvice; which will ever be in the harte of mee to do, if it was in my power: Who am

Your most dewtifull Sarvant to command,

And, by reat time, I nope to be provided for, and

HANNAH BURTON.

# LETTER XLIX.

Miss CL. HARLOWE, To Mrs. JUDITH NORTON.
My dear Mrs. Norton, Thursday, June 29.

Address myself to you after a very long silence (which, however, was not owing either to want of Love or Duty) principally to desire you to satisfy me in two or three points, which it behoves me to know.

My Father, and all the family, I am informed, are to be at my Uncle Harlowe's this day, as usual. Pray acquaint me, if they bave been there? And if they were chearful on the anniversary occasion? And also, if you have heard of any journey, or intended journey, of my Brother, in company with Capt. Singleton and Mr. Solmes.

Strange things have happened to me, my dear worthy and maternal friend—Very strange things!—Mr. Lovelace has proved a very barbarous and ingrateful man to me. But, God be praised, I have escaped from him. Being among absolute strangers (tho' I think worthy solks) I have written to Hannah Burton to come and be with me. If the good creature fall in your way, pray encourage her to come to me. I always intended to have her, she knows: But hoped to be in happier circumstances.

Say nothing to any of my friends that you have heard from me.

Pray—Do you think my Father would be prevailed upon, if I were to supplicate him by Letter, to take off the heavy curse he laid upon me at my going from Harlowe-Place? I can expect no other favour from him: But that being literally sulfilled as to my prospects in this life, I hope it will be thought to have operated far enough: And my heart is so weak!—It is very weak!—But for my Father's own sake—What should I say?—Indeed I hardly know how I ought to express myself on this sad subject!—But it will give ease to my mind to be released from it.

I am afraid my Poor, as I used to call the good creatures to whose necessities I was wont to administer by your faithful lands, have missed me of late. But now,

alas! I am poor myself. It is not the least aggravation of my fault, nor of my regrets, that with fuch inclinations as God had given me, I have put it out of my power to do the good I once pleased myself to think I was born to do. It is a fad thing, my dearest Mrs. Norton, to render useless to ourselves and the world, by our own rashness, the Talents which Providence has entrusted to us, for the service of both, and a sould so or

But these reflections are now too late; and perhaps I ought to have kept them to myself. Let me, however, hope, that you love me still. Pray let me hope that you do. And then, notwithstanding my misfortunes, which have made me feem ingrateful to the kind and truly-maternal pains you have taken with me from my cradle, I shall have the happiness to think that there is One worthy person, who hates not brond lamestand be

nee has proved a ve stantafor unfortunate ov a bevore and out

# mid mon begane seed CLARISSA HARLOWE.

I chink worthy Pray remember me to my foster-brother. I hope he continues dutiful and good to you.

Be pleased to direct for Rachel Clark, at Mr. Smith's in King-street, Covent-garden. But keep the direction an absolute secret.

### LETTER L. ..... mon

Say nothing to any of my friends that you have heard

Mrs. NORTON. In Answer.

mont palog you to som nous bish of Saturday, July 1.

TOUR Letter, my dearest young Lady, cuts me to the heart! Why will you not let me know all your diftreffes!-Yet you have faid enough!

My Son is very good to me. A few hours ago he was taken with a feverish disorder. But I hope it will go off happily, if his ardour for business will give him the recess from it which his good master is willing to allow him. He prefents his duty to you, and shed tears at hearing your fad Letter read.

You have been mif-informed as to your family's being at your Uncle Harlowe's. They did not intend to be

there.

there. Nor was the Day kept at all. Indeed, they have not stirred out, but to Church (and that but three times) ever fince the day you went away.-Unhappy day for them, and for all who know you!-To me, I am fure, most particularly so!—My heart now bleeds more and more for you.

I have not heard a fyllable of fuch a journey as you mention, of your Brother, Captain Singleton, and Mr. Solmes. There has been some talk indeed of your Brother's fetting out for his Northern Estates: But I

have not heard of it lately.

I am afraid no Letter will be received from you. It grieves me to tell you fo, my dearest young Lady. evil can have happened to you, which they do not expect to hear of; fo great is their antipathy to the wicked man,

and fo bad is his character.

I cannot but think hardly of their unforgivingness: But there is no judging for others by one's felf. Nevertheless I will add, that, if you had had as gentle spirits to deal with as your own, or, I will be bold to fay, as mine, these evils had never happened either to them, or to you. I knew your virtue, and your love of virtue, from your very cradle; and I doubted not but that, with God's grace, would always be your guard. But you could never be driven; nor was there occasion to drive you— So generous, fo noble, fo discreet—But how does my Love of your amiable qualities encrease my affliction; as these recollections must do yours!

You are escaped, my dearest Miss-Happily, I hope -That is to fay, with your Honour-Elfe, how great must be your distress!—Yet from your Letter I dread

the worft.

I am very feldom at Harlowe-Place. The house is not the house it used to be, since you went from it. Then they are so relentless! And, as I cannot say harsh things of the beloved child of my beart, as well as bosom, they do not take it ami/s that I stay away.

Your Hannah left her place ill some time ago; and, as she is still at her Mother's at St. Alban's, I am afraid VOL. V.

the continues ill. If so, as you are among strangers, and I cannot encourage you at present to come into these parts, I shall think it my duty to attend you (let it be taken as it will) as soon as my Tommy's indisposition

will permit; which I hope will be foon.

I have a little money by me. You say you are poor yourself:—How grievous are those words from one entitled and accustomed to affluence!—Will you be so good to command it, my beloved young Lady?—It is most of it your own bounty to me. And I should take a pride to restore it to its original owner.

Your Poor bless you, and pray for you continually. I have so managed your last benevolence, and they have been so healthy, and have had such constant employ, that it has held out; and will hold out, till the happier

times return which I continually pray for.

Let me beg of you, my dearest young Lady, to take to yourself all those aids, which good persons, like you, draw from Religion, in support of their calamities. Let your sufferings be what they will, I am sure you have been innocent in your intention. So do not despond. None are made to suffer above what they can, and therefore ought to bear.

We know not the methods of Providence, nor what wife ends it may have to ferve in its feemingly fevere

difpensations to its poor creatures.

Few persons have greater reason to say this than myfelf. And since we are apt in calamities to draw more comfort from Example than Precept, you will permit me to remind you of my own lot: For who has had a

greater share of afflictions than myself?

To say nothing of the loss of an excellent Mother, at a time of life when motherly care is most wanted; the death of a dear Father, who was an ornament to his cloth (and who had qualified me to be his scribe and amanuensis) just as he came within view of a preferment which would have made his family easy, threw me friendless into the wide world; threw me upon a very careless, and, which was much worse, a very unkind husband.

# Let. 50. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 211

Poor man!—But he was spared long enough, thank God, in a tedious illness, to repent of his neglected opportunities, and his light principles; which I have always thought of with pleasure, altho' I was left the more destitute for his chargeable illness, and ready to be brought

to bed, when he died, of my Tommy.

But this very circumstance, which I thought the unhappiest that I could have been left in (so short-sighted is human prudence!) became the happy means of recommending me to your Mother, who, in regard to my character, and in compassion to my very destitute circumstances, permitted me, as I made a conscience of not parting with my poor boy, to nurse both you and him, born within a few days of each other. And I have never since wanted any of the humble blessings which God has made me contented with.

Nor have I known what a very great grief was, from the day of my poor husband's death, till the day that your parents told me how much they were determined that you should have Mr. Solmes; when I was apprised not only of your aversion to him, but how unworthy he was of you: For then I began to dread the confequences of forcing fo generous a spirit; and, till then, I never feared Mr. Lovelace, attracting as was his person, and specious his manners and address. For I was sure you would never have him, if he gave you not good reason to be convinced of his Reformation; nor till your friends were as well fatisfied in it as yourfelf. But that unhappy mifunderstanding between your Brother and Mr. Lovelace, and their joining so violently to force you upon Mr. Solmes, did all that mischief, which has cost you and them so dear, and poor me all my peace! O what has not this ingrateful, this doubly-guilty man to

Nevertheless, you know not what God has in store for you yet!—But if you are to be punished all your days here, for example-sake, in a case of such importance, for your one salse step, be pleased to consider, That this Life is but a State of Probation; and if you have your Puri-

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fication in it, you will be the more happy. Nor doubt I, that you will have the higher Reward bereafter for submitting to the will of Providence bere with patience

and refignation.

You see, my dearest Miss Clary, that I make no scruple to call the step you took a false one. In you it was less excuseable than it would have been in any other young Lady; not only because of your superior talents, but because of the opposition between your character and bis: So that if you had been provoked to quit your Father's house, it needed not to have been with him. Nor needed I, indeed, but as an instance of my impartial Love, to have written this to you (a).

After this, it will have an unkind, and perhaps at this time, an unseasonable appearance, to express my concern, that you have not before favoured me with a line. Yet, if you can account to yourself for your silence, I dare say I ought to be satisfied; for I am sure you love me: As I both love and honour you, and ever will, and

the more for your misfortunes.

One confolation, methinks, I have, even when I am forrowing for your calamities; and that is, that I know not any young person so qualified to shine the brighter for the trials she may be exercised with: And yet it is a consolation that ends in adding to my regrets for your afflictions, because you are blessed with a mind so well able to bear Prosperity, and to make every-body round you the better for it.—Woe unto him!—O this wretched, wretched man!—But I will forbear till I know more.

Ruminating on every-thing your melancholy Letter fuggests, and apprehending, from the gentleness of your mind, the amiableness of your person, and your youth, the further missfortunes and inconveniencies to which you may possibly be subjected, I cannot conclude without asking for your leave to attend you, and that in a very

(a) Mrs. Norton having only the family representation and invectives to form her judgment upon, knew not that Clarista had determined against going off with Mr. Lovelace; nor how solicitous she had been to procure for herself any other protection than his, when she apprehended, that if she staid, she had no way to avoid being married to Mr. Solmes.

earnest manner-And I beg of you not to deny me, on any confideration relating to myfelf, or even to the indifposition of my other beloved child; if I can be either of use or comfort to you. Were it, my dearest young Lady, but for two or three days, permit me to attend you, altho' my Son's illness should encrease, and compel me to come down again at the end of those two or three days,-I repeat my request likewise, that you will command from me the little fum remaining in my hands, of your bounty to your Poor, as well as that dispensed to

Your ever-affectionate and faithful Servant, viluoinaria et everquen biood. . Judith Norton.

#### A TOTAL LETTER LI.

Miss CL. HARLOWE, To Lady BETTY LAWRANCE.

and every inflance, to the

Madam, Thursday, June 29.

Y Hope you'll excuse the freedom of this address. from one who has not the honour to be personally known to you, altho' you must have heard much of Clarissa Harlowe. It is only to beg the favour of a line from your Ladyship's hand (by the next post, if convenient) in answer to the following questions.

1. Whether you wrote a Letter, dated, as I have a memorandum, Wedn. June 7. congratulating your Nephew Lovelace on his supposed Nuptials, as reported to you by Mr. Spurrier, your Ladyship's Steward, as from one Captain Tomlinfon: -And in it reproaching Mr. Lovelace, as guilty of flight, &c. in not having acquainted your Ladyship and

the family with his Marriage?

2. Whether your Ladyship wrote to Miss Montague to meet you at Reading, in order to attend you to your Coufin Leefon's in Albemarle-street; on your being obliged to be in town on your old Chanceryaffair, I remember are the words? And whether you bespoke your Nephew's attendance there on Sunday night the 11th?

3. Whether your Ladyship and Miss Montague did come went to Hamstead, on Monday, in a hired coach and four, your own being repairing; and took from thence to town the young creature whom you visited there?

Your Ladyship will probably guess, that these questions are not asked for reasons savourable to your Nephew Lovelace. But be the answer what it will, it can do bim no hurt, nor me any good; only that I think I owe it to my former hopes (however deceived in them) and even to Charity, that a person, of whom I was once willing to think better, should not prove so egregiously abandoned, as to be wanting, in every instance, to that veracity which is an indispensable in the character of a gentleman.

Be pleased, Madam, to direct to me (keeping the direction a secret for the present) to be left at the Belle-Savage on Ludgate-hill, till called for. I am.

villagored of Your Ladyship's most bumble Servant,

- 10 to down breed even to CLARISSA HARLOWE.

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## ow your Land T E Rogen, if work

Lady BETTY LAWRANCE, To Miss CL. HARLOWE.

Dear Madam, Saturday, July 1.

Find, that all is not as it should be between you and my Nephew Lovelace. It will very much afflict me, and all his friends, if he has been guilty of any defigned baseness to a Lady of your character and merit.

We have been long in expectation of an opportunity to congratulate you and ourselves upon an event most earnestly wished for by us all; since all our hopes of bim are built upon the power you have over him: For if ever man adored a woman, he is that man, and you, Madam, are that woman.

Miss Montague, in her last-Letter to me, in answer to one of mine, enquiring if she knew, from him, whether he could call you his, or was likely soon to have that honour, has these words: 'I know not what to make of

Let.52. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 215

· my Cousin Lovelace, as to the point your Ladyship is

fo earnest about. He sometimes says, He is actually married to Miss Cl. Harlowe: At other times, that it

is her own fault if he be not:—He speaks of her not

only with Love, but with Reverence: Yet owns, that

there is a misunderstanding between them; but con-

fesses, that she is wholly faultless. An angel, and not

a woman, he fays she is: And that no man living can

be worthy of her.

This is what my Niece Montague writes.

God grant, my dearest young Lady, that he may not have so heinously offended you, that you cannot forgive him! If you are not already married, and resuse to be his, I shall lose all hopes that he ever will marry, or be the man I wish him to be. So will Lord M. So will Lady Sarah Sadleir.

I will now answer your questions: But indeed I hardly know what to write, for fear of widening still more the unhappy difference between you. But yet such a young Lady must command every-thing from me. This then

is my answer.

I wrote not any Letter to him on or about the 7th of Tune.

Neither I nor my Steward know fuch a man as Capt.
Tomlinfon.

I wrote not to my Niece to meet me at Reading, nor to accompany me to my Cousin Leeson's in town.

My Chancery-affair, tho', like most Chancery-affairs, it be of long standing, is nevertheless now in so good a way, that it cannot give me occasion to go to town.

Nor have I been in town these six months: Nor at

Hamstead for several years.

Neither shall I have any temptation to go to town, except to pay my congratulatory compliments to Mrs. Lovelace. On which occasion I should go with the greatest pleasure; and should hope for the favour of your accompanying me to Glenham-Hall, for a month at least.

P 4

Be what will the reason of your enquiry, let me entreat you, 'my dear young Lady, for Lord M's fake; for my fake; for this giddy man's fake, foul as well as body; and for all our family's fakes; not to fuffer this answer to widen differences so far as to make you refuse him, if he already has not the honour of calling you his; as I am apprehensive he has not, by your figning by your family-name.

And here let me offer to you my mediation to compose the difference between you, be it what it will. Your cause, my dear young Lady, cannot be put into the hands of any-body living more devoted to your

fervice, than into those of

Your fincere Admirer, and bumble Servant, ELIZ. LAWRANCE.

### LETTER LIII. WORLDWIN

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Mrs. Hodges.

Mrs. Hodges, Enfield, June 29.

AM under a kind of necessity to write to you, having no one among my relations to whom I dare write, or hope a line from if I did. It is but to answer a question. It is this :

Whether you know fuch a Man as Capt. Tomlinfon? And, if you do, whether he be very intimate

with my Uncle Harlowe?

I will describe his person, lest, possibly, he should go by another name among you; altho' I know not why he should.

He is a thin, tallish man, a little pock-fretten; of a fallowish complexion. Fifty years of age, or more.

Of a good aspect when he looks up. He seems to be a ferious man, and one who knows the world. He

ftoops a little in the shoulders. Is of Berkshire, His Wife of Oxfordshire; and has several Children. He

removed lately into your parts from Northampton-

" fhire."

I must desire you, Mrs. Hodges, that you will not let Let.54. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 217

let my Uncle, nor any of my relations, know that I

write to you.

You used to say, that you would be glad to have it in your power to serve me. That, indeed, was in my prosperity. But I dare say, you will not refuse me in a particular that will oblige me, without hurting

yourself.

I understand, that my Father, Mother, and Sister, and, I presume, my Brother, and my Uncle Antony, are to be at my Uncle Harlowe's this day. God preserve them all, and may they rejoice in many happy Birth-days! You will write six words to me concerning their healths.

Direct, for a particular reason, To Mrs. Dorothy Salcomb, To be left, till call'd for, at the Four Swans

Inn, Bishopsgate-street.

You know my hand-writing well enough, were not the contents of the Letter fufficient to excuse my name, or any other subscription, than that of

Your Friend.

# LETTER LIV.

Mrs. Hodges. In Answer.

Maddam, Sat. July 1.

Return you an anser, as you wish me to doe. Master is acquented with no sitch man. I am shure no sitch ever came to our house. And master sturs very little out. He has no harte to stur out. For why? Your obstincy makes um not care to see one another. Master's Birth-day never was kept soe before: For not a sole heere; and nothing but sikeing and sorrowin from Master to think how it yused to bee.

I axed master, if soe bee he knoed sitch a man as one Captain Tomlinson? But sayed not whirfor I axed.

He sed, No, not he.

Shure this is no trix nor forgary bruing against master by won Tomlinson—Won knoes not what cumpany you may have bin forsed to keep, sen you went away, you knoe, Maddam. Exscuse me, Maddam; but Lundon is a pestilent plase; and that Squire Luveless is a devil (for all he is sitch a like gentleman to look to) as I hev herd every boddy say; and think as how you

have found by thiss.

I truste, Maddam, you wulde not let master cum to harme, if you knoed it, by any boddy whoe may pretend to be acquented with him: But for fere, I querid with myself iff I shulde not tell him. Butt I was will-in to show you, that I wulde plessure you in advarsity, if advarsity bee youre lott, as well as prosprity; for I am none of those as woulde doe otherwis. Soe no more from

Your bumble Sarvant, to wish you well,
SARAH HODGES,

## LETTER LV.

Miss CL. HARLOWE, To Lady BETTY LAWRANCE.

Madam, Monday, July 3.

I Cannot excuse myself from giving your Ladyship this one trouble more; to thank you, as I most

heartily do, for your kind Letter.

I must own to you, Madam, that the honour of being related to Ladies as eminent for their virtue as for their descent, was at first no small inducement with me, to lend an ear to Mr. Lovelace's address. And the rather, as I was determined, had it come to effect, to do every-thing in my power to deserve your savour-

able opinion.

I had another motive, which I knew would of itself give me merit with your whole family; a presumptuous one (a punishably presumptuous one, as it has proved) in the hope that I might be an humble means in the hand of Providence to reclaim a man, who had, as I thought, good sense enough at bottom to be reclaimed; or at least gratitude enough to acknowlede the intended obligation, whether the generous hope were to succeed or not.

But

But I have been most egregiously mistaken in Mr. Lovelace; the only man, I persuade myself, pretending to be a gentleman, in whom I could have been so much mistaken: For while I was endeavouring to save a drowning wretch, I have been, not accidentally, but premeditatedly, and of set purpose, drawn in after him. And he has had the glory to add to the List of those he has ruined, a name, that, I will be bold to say, would not have disparaged his own. And this, Madam, by means that would shock humanity to be made acquainted with.

My whole end is served by your Ladyship's answer to the questions I took the liberty to put to you in writing. Nor have I a wish to make the unhappy man more odious to you, than is necessary to excuse myself for absolutely declining your offered mediation.

When your Ladyship shall be informed of the fol-

lowing particulars;

That after he had compulfatorily, as I may fay, tricked me into the act of going off with him, he could carry me to one of the vilest houses, as it proved, in London:

That he could be guilty of a wicked attempt, in refentment of which, I found means to escape from him

to Hamstead :

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That, after he had found me out there (I know not how) he could procure two women, dreffed out richly, to personate your Ladyship and Miss Montague; who, under pretence of engaging me to make a visit in town to your Cousin Leeson (promising to return with me that evening to Hamstead) betrayed me back again to the vile house: Where, again made a prisoner, I was first robbed of my Senses; and then of my Honour.—Why should I seek to conceal that disgrace from others, which I cannot hide from myself?

When your Ladyship shall know, That, in the shocking progress to this ruin, wilful falshoods, repeated forgeries (particularly of one Letter from your Ladyship, another from Miss Montague, and a third

from

from Lord M.) and numberless perjuries, were not

the least of his crimes:

You will judge, That I can have no principles that will make me worthy of an alliance with Ladies of yours and your noble Sifter's character, if I could not from my foul declare, that such an alliance can never

now take place.

I will not offer to clear myself entirely of blame: But, as to bim, I have no fault to accuse myself of: My crime was, the corresponding with him at first, when prohibited so to do by those who had a right to my obedience; made still more inexcuseable, by giving him a clandestine meeting, which put me into the power of his arts. And for this, I am content to be punished: Thankful, that at last I have escaped from him; and have it in my power to reject so wicked a man for my husband: And glad, if I may be a Warning, since I cannot be an Example: Which once (very vain, and very conceited as I was) I proposed to myself to be.

All the ill I wish him is, That he may reform; and that I may be the last victim to his baseness. Perhaps this desirable wish may be obtained, when he shall see how his wickedness, his unmerited wickedness! to a poor creature, made friendless by his cruel arts, will

end.

I conclude with my humble thanks to your Ladyship, for your favourable opinion of me; and with the assurance, that I will be, while life is lent me,

Your Ladysbip's grateful and obliged Servant,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

### LETTER LVI.

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Mrs. NORTON.

Sunday Evening, July 2.

HOW kindly, my beloved Mrs. Norton, do you footh the anguish of a bleeding heart! Surely you are mine own Mother; and, by some unaccountable

able mistake, I must have been laid to a family, that, having newly found out, or at least suspected, the imposture, cast me from their hearts, with the indignation that such a discovery will warrant.

O that I had indeed been your own child, born to partake of your humble fortunes, an heirefs only to that content in which you are so happy! Then should I have had a truly gentle spirit to have guided my ductile heart, which force and ungenerous usage sit so ill upon; and nothing of what has happened would have been.

But let me take heed, that I enlarge not, by impatience, the breach already made in my duty by my rashness; since, had I not erred, my Mother, at least, could never have been thought hard-hearted and unforgiving. Am I not then answerable, not only for my own faults, but for the consequences of them; which tend to depreciate and bring disgrace upon a maternal character never before called in question?

It is kind however in you, to endeavour to extenuate the fault of one so greatly sensible of it: And could it be wiped off intirely, it would render me more worthy of the pains you have taken in my Education: For it must add to your grief, as it does to my confusion, that after such promising beginnings, I should have so behaved, as to be a disgrace instead of a credit to you and my other friends.

But that I may not make you think me more guilty than I am, give me leave briefly to affure you, that when my Story is known, I shall be intitled to more compassion than blame, even on the score of going away with Mr. Lovelace.

As to all that happened afterwards, let me only fay, that altho' I must call myself a lost creature as to this world, yet have I this consolation lest me, that I have not suffered either for want of circumspection, or thro' credulity or weakness. Not one moment was I off my guard, or unmindful of your early precepts. But (having been enabled to basse many base contrivances) I was at last ruined by arts the most inhuman. But

had I not been rejected by every friend, this low-hearted man had not dared, nor would have had opportunity, to treat me as he has treated me.

More I cannot, at this time, nor need I, fay: And this I defire you to keep to yourfelf, left referements should be taken up when I am gone, that may spread

the evil which I hope will end with me.

I have been mif-informed, you fay, as to my principal relations being at my Uncle Harlowe's. The Day, you fay, was not kept. Nor have my Brother and Mr. Solmes—Aftonishing!—What complicated wickedness has this wretched man to answer for !- Were I to tell you, you would hardly believe there could have been fuch a heart in man-

But one day you may know my whole Story!—At present I have neither inclination nor words-O my bursting heart !- Yet a happy, a wished relief !- Were

you prefent, my tears would supply the rest!

0 0 I RESUME my pen!

And so you fear no Letter will be received from me. But DON'T grieve to tell me fo! I expect every-thing bad-And fuch is my diffrefs, that had you not bid me hope for mercy from the Throne of Mercy, I should have been afraid that my Father's dreadful curse would

be completed with regard to both worlds.

For here, an additional misfortune!—In a fit of phrenfical heedlesness, I sent a Letter to my beloved Miss Howe, without recollecting her private address; and it is fallen into her angry Mother's hands: And fo that dear friend perhaps has anew incurred displeasure on my account. And here too, your worthy Son is ill; and my poor Hannah, you think, cannot come to me-O my dear Mrs. Norton, will you, can you, censure those whose resentments against me Heaven seems to approve of? and will you acquit ber whom that condemns?

Yet you bid me not despond. I will not, if I can help it. And, indeed, most seasonable consolation has your kind Letter afforded me.—Yet to God Almighty Let. 56. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 223
do I appeal, to avenge my wrongs, and vindicate my
inno—

But hushed be my stormy passions!—Have I not but this moment said, that your Letter gave me consolation?

—May those be forgiven, who hinder my Father from forgiving me!—And this, as to them, shall be the harsh-

est thing that shall drop from my pen.

But altho' your Son should recover, I charge you. my dear Mrs. Norton, that you do not think of coming to me. I don't know still, but your mediation with my Mother (altho' at present your interposition would be so little attended to) may be of use to procure me the revocation of that most dreadful part of my Father's Curse, which only remains to be fulfilled. The Voice of Nature must at last be heard in my favour, furely. It will only plead at first to my friends in the still, conscious plaintiveness of a young and unhardened beggar! But it will grow more clamorous when I have the courage to be fo, and shall demand, perhaps, the paternal protection from further ruin; and that forgiveness, which those will be little entitled to expect, for their own faults, who shall interpose to have it refused to me, for an accidental, not a premeditated error: And which, but for them, I had never fallen into.

But again impatiency, founded perhaps on felf-par-

tiality, that strange misleader! prevails.

Let me briefly fay, that it is necessary to my present and future hopes, that you keep well with my family. And moreover, should you come, I may be traced out by that means by the most abandoned of men. Say not then, that you think you ought to come up to me, let it be taken as it will:—For my sake, let me repeat (were my Foster-brother recovered, as I hope he is) you must not come. Nor can I want your advice, while I can write, and you can answer me. And write I will as often as I stand in need of your counsel.

Then the people I am now with feem to be both honest and humane: And there is in the same house a widow-lodger, of low fortunes, but of great merit—

Almost

Almost such another serious and good woman, as the dear one, to whom I am now writing; who has, as she says, given over all other thoughts of the world but such as shall affist her to leave it happily.—How suitable to my own views!—There seems to be a comfortable providence in this at least—So that at present there is nothing of exigence; nothing that can require, or even excuse, your coming, when so many better ends may be answered by your staying where you are. A time may come, when I shall want your last and best assistance: And then, my dear Mrs. Norton—And then, I will bespeak it, and embrace it with my whole heart—And then, will it not be denied me by any-body.

You are very obliging in your offer of money. But altho' I was forced to leave my cloaths behind me, yet I took feveral things of value with me, which will keep me from present want. You'll say, I have made a miferable hand of it—So indeed I have—and, to look

backwards, in a very little while too.

But what shall I do, if my Father cannot be prevailed upon to recal his malediction?—O my dear Mrs. Norton, what a weight must a Father's Curse have upon a heart so apprehensive as mine!—Did I think I should ever have a Father's Curse to deprecate? And yet, only that the temporary part of it is so terribly suffilled, or I should be as earnest for its recal, for my Father's sake, as for my own!

You must not be angry with me, that I wrote not to you before. You are very right, and very kind, to say, You are sure I love you. Indeed I do. And what a generosity [So like yourself!] is there in your praise, to attribute to me more than I merit, in order to raise an emulation in me to deserve your praises!—You tell me what you expect from me in the calamities I am called upon to bear. May I behave answerably!

I can a little account to myfelf for my filence to you, my kind, my dear maternal friend! How equally sweetly and politely do you express yourself on this occasion! I was very desirous, for your sake, as well as for my

own, that you should have it to say, that we did not correspond: Had they thought we did, every word you could have dropt in my savour, would have been rejected; and my Mother would have been forbid to see you, or to pay any regard to what you should say.

Then I had fometimes better and fometimes worse prospects before me. My worst would only have troubled you to know: My better made me frequently hope, that, by the next post, or the next, and so on for weeks, I should have the best news to impart to you, that then could happen; cold as the wretch had made my heart to that Best.—For how could I think to write to you, with a confession, that I was not married, yet sived in the house (nor could I help it) with such a man?—Who likewise had given it out to several, that we were actually married, altho' with restrictions that depended on the Reconciliation with my friends? And to disguise the truth, or be guilty of a falshood either direct or equivocal, that was what you had never taught me.

But I might have written to you for advice, in my precarious fituation, perhaps you will think. But, indeed, my dear Mrs. Norton, I was not loft for want of advice. And this will appear clear to you from what I have already hinted, were I to explain myself no further:

—For what need had the cruel Spoiler to have had recourse to unprecedented arts—I will speak out plainer still (but you must not at present report it) to stupesying potions, and to the most brutal and outrageous force;

had I been wanting in my duty?

A few words more upon this grievous subject-

When I reflect upon all that has happened to me, it is apparent, that this generally supposed thoughtless Seducer has acted by me upon a regular and preconcerted

plan of villainy.

In order to fet all his vile plots in motion, nothing was wanting, from the first, but to prevail upon me, either by force or fraud, to throw myself into his power:

And when this was effected, nothing less than the intervention of the Paternal Authority (which I had not de-Vol. V.

ferved to be exerted in my behalf ) could have faved me from the effect of his deep machinations. Opposition from any other quarter would but too probably have precipitated his barbarous and ingrateful violence: And had you your felf been with me, I have reason now to think, that some-how or other you would have suffered in endeavouring to fave me: For never was there, as now I fee, a plan of wickedness more steadily and uniformly pursued than bis has been, against an unhappy creature who merited better of bim: But the Almighty has thought fit, according to the general course of his Providence, to make the fault bring on its own punishment: But furely not in consequence of my Father's dreadful Imprecation, 'That I might be punished bere' O my mamma Norton, pray with me, if so, that bere it ftop!] by the very wretch in whom I had placed my wicked confidence!

I am forry, for your fake, to leave off fo heavily.

Yet the rest must be brief.

Let me desire you to be secret in what I have communicated to you; at least, till you have my consent to divulge it.

God preserve to you your more faultless child!

I will hope for His mercy, altho' I should not obtain that of any earthly person.

And I repeat my prohibition :- You must not think

of coming up to Your ever-dutiful

CL. HARLOWE.

The obliging person, who left yours for me this day, promised to call to-morrow, to see if I should have any-thing to return. I would not lose so good an opportunity.

# LETTER LVII

Mrs. NORTON, To Mis CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Monday Night, July 3.

O The barbarous villainy of this detestable man!

And is there a man in the world, who could offer violence to so sweet a creature!

And are you fure you are now out of his reach?

You command me to keep secret the particulars of the vile treatment you have met with; or else, upon an unexpected visit which Miss Harlowe savoured me with, soon after I had received your melancholy Letter, I should have been tempted to own I had heard from you, and to have communicated to her such parts of your two Letters as would have demonstrated your penitence, and your earnestness to obtain the revocation of your Father's Malediction, as well as his protection from outrages that may still be offered to you, But then your Sister would probably have expected a sight of the Letters, and even to have been permitted to take them with her to the family.

Yet they must one day be acquainted with the sad Story:—And it is impossible but they must pity you, and forgive you, when they know your early penitence, and your unprecedented sufferings; and that you have sallen by the brutal Force of a barbarous Ravisher, and

not by the vile Arts of a feducing Lover.

The wicked man gives it out at Lord M's, as Miss Harlowe tells me, that he is actually married to you:—Yet she believes it not; nor had I the heart to let her

know the truth.

DOY

She put it close to me, Whether I had not corresponded with you from the time of your going away? I could fafely tell her (as I did) that I had not: But I faid, that I was well informed, that you took extremely to heart your Father's Imprecation; and that, if she would excuse me, I would say, it would be a kind and Sisterly part, if she would use her interest to get you discharged from it.

Among other severe things, she told me, that my partial fondness for you made me very little consider the honour of the rest of the family: But, if I had not heard this from you, she supposed I was set on by Miss Howe.

She expressed herself with a good deal of bitterness against that young Lady: Who, it seems, every-where, and to every-body (for you must think, that your Story

is the subject of all conversations) rails against your family; treating them, as your Sister says, with contempt, and even with ridicule;

I am forry such angry freedoms are taken, for two reasons; first, Because such liberties never do any good. I have heard you own, that Miss Howe has a satirical vein; but I should hope, that a young Lady of her sense, and right cast of mind, must know, that the end of Satire is not to exasperate, but amend; and should never be personal. If it be, as my good Father used to say, it may make an impartial person suspect, that the Satirist has a natural spleen to gratify; which may be as great a fault in bim, as any of those which he pretends to censure and expose in others.

Perhaps a hint of this from you, will not be thrown

away.

My second reason is, That these freedoms, from so warm a friend to you as Miss Howe is known to be, are

most likely to be charged to your account.

My refentments are so strong against this vilest of men, that I dare not touch upon the shocking particulars which you mention, of his baseness. What defence, indeed, could there be against so determined a wretch, after you were in his power? I will only repeat my earnest supplication to you, that, black as appearances are, you will not despair. Your calamities are exceeding great, but then you have talents proportioned to your trials. This every-body allows.

Suppose the worst, and that your family will not be moved in your favour, your Cousin Morden will soon arrive, as Miss Harlowe told me. If he should even be got over to their side, he will however see justice done you; and then may you live an Exemplary Life, making hundreds happy, and teaching young Ladies to shun the snares in which you have been so dreadfully

entangled.

As to the man you have loft, Is an union with fuch a perjured heart as his with fuch an admirable one as yours, to be wished for? A base, low-bearted wretch, as

you justly call him, with all his pride of Ancestry; and more an enemy to himself with regard to his present and suture happiness, than to you, in the barbarous and ingrateful wrongs he has done you: I need not, I am sure, exhort you to despise such a man as this; since not to be able to do so, would be a resection upon a Sex to which you have always been an honour.

Your Moral Character is untainted: The very nature of your sufferings, as you well observe, demonstrates that. Chear up, therefore, your dear heart, and do not despair: For is it not God who governs the world, and permits some things, and directs others, as He pleases? And will he not reward temporary sufferings, innocently incurred, and piously supported, with eternal felicity?—And what, my dear, is this poor Needle's point of NOW

to a boundless ETERNITY?

My heart, however, labours under a double affliction: For my poor boy is very, very bad—A violent fever—Nor can it be brought to intermit—Pray for bim, my dearest Miss—for his Recovery, if God see sit.—I hope God will see sit.—If not (how can I bear to suppose That!)—pray for me, that He will give me that Patience and Resignation which I have been wishing to you. I am, my dearest young Lady,

Your ever-affectionate
JUDITH NORTON.

## LETTER LVIII.

Miss CL. HARLOWE, To Mrs. JUDITH NORTON.

Thursday, July 6.

I Ought not, especially at this time, to add to your afflictions—But yet I cannot help communicating to you (who now are my only soothing friend) a new trouble that has befallen me.

I had but one friend in the world, besides you; and she is utterly displeased with me(a): It is grievous, but for one moment, to lie under a beloved person's cen-

(a) See the next Letter.

fure; and this through imputations that affect one's honour and prudence. There are points so delicate, you know, my dear Mrs. Norton, that it is a degree of dishonour to have a vindication of one's self from them appear to be necessary. In the present case, my missortune is, that I know not how to account, but by guess (so subtle have been the workings of the dark spirit I have been unhappily entangled by) for some of the facts that I am called upon to explain.

Miss Howe, in short, supposes she has found a flaw in my character. I have just now received her severe Letter—But I shall answer it, perhaps, in better temper, if I first consider yours: For indeed my patience is almost at an end. And yet I ought to consider, That faithful are the wounds of a friend. But so many things at once!—O, my dear Mrs. Norton, how shall so young a Scholar in the School of Affliction be able to bear such

heavy and fuch various evils!

But to leave this subject for a while, and turn to your Letter.

I am very forry Miss Howe is so lively in her resentments on my account. I have always blamed her very freely for her liberties of this sort with my friends. I once had a good deal of influence over her kind heart, and she made all I said a Law to her. But people in Calamity have little weight in any-thing, or with any-body. Prosperity and Independence are charming things on this account, that they give force to the counsels of a friendly heart; while it is thought insolence in the miserable to advise, or so much as to remonstrate.

Yet is Miss Howe an invaluable person: And is it to be expected that she should preserve the same regard for my judgment that she had before I forseited all title to discretion? With what sace can I take upon me to reproach a want of prudence in ber? But if I can be so happy as to re-establish myself in her ever-valued opinion, I shall endeavour to enforce upon her your just ob-

fervations on this head.

You need not, you say, exhort me to despise such a

man as him, by whom I have fuffered—Indeed you need not: For I would chuse the cruellest death rather than to be his. And yet, my dear Mrs. Norton, I will own to you, that once I could have loved him—Ingrateful man!—had he permitted me to love him, I once could have loved him. Yet he never deserved my Love. And was not this a fault?—But now, if I can but keep out of his hands, and obtain a last Forgiveness, and that as well for the sake of my dear friends suture resections, as for my own present comfort, it is all I wish for.

Reconciliation with my friends I do not expect; nor pardon from them; at least, till in extremity, and as a

Viaticum.

O my beloved Mrs. Norton, you cannot imagine what I have fuffered!—But indeed my heart is broken!—I am fure I shall not live to take possession of that Independence, which you think would enable me to atone in some measure for my past conduct.

While this is my opinion, you may believe, I shall

not be easy, till I can obtain a last Forgiveness.

I wish to be left to take my own course, in endeavouring to procure this grace. Yet know I not, at pre-

fent, what that course shall be.

I will write. But to whom is my doubt. Calamity has not yet given me the affurance to address myself to my Father. My Uncles (well as they once loved me) are hard-hearted. They never had their masculine passions humanized by the tender name of Father. Of my Brother I have no hope. I have then but my Mother, and my Sister, to whom I can apply.—
And may I not, my dearest Mamma, be permitted to

' lift up my trembling eye, to your all-chearing, and 'your once more than indulgent, your fond eye, in

hopes of feafonable mercy to the poor fick heart that yet beats with life drawn from your own dearer heart?

-Especially when Pardon only, and not Restoration,

' is implored?'

Yet were I able to engage my Mother's pity, would it not be a means to make ber still more unhappy, than

I have already made her, by the opposition she would meet with, were she to try to give force to that pity?

To my Sister then, I think I will apply-Yet how hard-hearted has my Sifter been !- But I will not ask for protection; and yet I am in hourly dread, that I shall want protection. - All I will ask for at present (preparative to the last Forgiveness I will implore) shall be only to be freed from the heavy Curse, that seems to have operated as far as it can operate, as to this life. - And furely, it was passion, and not intention, that carried it so very far as to the other!

But why do I thus add to your distresses?—It is not. my dear Mrs. Norton, that I have so much feeling for my own calamity, that I have none for yours: Since yours is indeed an addition to my own, But you have one confolation (a very great one) which I have not:-That your afflictions, whether respecting your more or your less deferving child, rife not from any fault of your own.

But what can I do for you more than pray?—Affure yourfelf, that in every supplication I put up for myself, I will, with equal feryour, remember both You and your

Son. For I am, and ever will be,

Your truly sympathizing and dutiful CLARISSA HARLOWE,

#### LETTER LIX.

Mis Howe, To Mis CLARISSA HARLOWE. Superscribed, For Mrs. RACHEL CLARK, &c.

Wednesday, July 5. My dear CLARISSA, Have at last heard from you from a quarter I little expected.

From my Mother.

She had for some time seen me uneasy and grieving; and justly supposed it was about you. And this morning dropt a hint, which made me conjecture that she must have heard something of you more than I knew. And when she found that this added to my uneafiness, · she owned she had a Letter in her hands of yours, dated the 29th of June, directed for me,

You may guess, that this occasioned a little warmth,

that could not be wished for by either.

[It is furprising, my dear, mighty surprising! that, knowing the prohibition I lay under of corresponding with you, you could send a Letter for me to our own house: Since it must be fifty to one that it would fall

into my Mother's hands, as you find it did.]

In short, she resented that I should disobey her: I was as much concerned that she should open and withhold from me my Letters: And at last she was pleased to compromise the matter with me, by giving up the Letter, and permitting me to write to you once or twice; she to see the contents of what I wrote. For, besides the value she has for you, she could not but have a great curiosity to know the occasion of so sad a situation as your melancholy Letter shews you to be in.

[But I shall get her to be satisfied with hearing me read what I write; putting in between hooks, thus [].

what I intend not to read to her.]

Need I to remind you, Miss Clarissa Harlowe, of three Letters I wrote to you, to none of which I had any answer; except to the first, and that a few lines only, promising a Letter at large; tho' you were well enough, the day after you received my second, to go joyfully back again with him to the vile house?—But more of these by-and-by. I must hasten to take notice of your Letter of Wednesday last week; which you could contrive

should fall into my Mother's hands.

Let me tell you, that that Letter has almost broken my heart. Good God! what have you brought your-self to, Miss Clarissa Harlowe?—Could I have believed, that after you had escaped from the miscreant (with such mighty pains and earnestness escaped) and after such an attempt as he had made, you would have been prevailed upon not only to forgive him, but (without being married too) to return with him to that horrid house!—A house I had given you such an account of!—Surprising!—What an intoxicating thing is this Love?—I always feared, that You, even You, were not proof against its inconsistent effects,

You your best self have not escaped!-Indeed I see

not how you could expect to escape.

What a tale bave you to unfold!—You need not unfold it, my dear: I would have engaged to prognosticate all that has happened, had you but told me that you would once more have put yourself into his power, after you had taken such pains to get out of it.

Your peace is destroyed!—I wonder not at it: Since now you must reproach yourself for a credulity so ill-

etters: And at lat the was pic.besqu

Your intellect is touched!—I am fure my heart bleeds for you: But, excuse me, my dear, I doubt your intellect was touched before you lest Hamstead; or you would never have let him find you out there; or, when he did, suffer him to prevail upon you to return to the horrid brothel.

I tell you, I fent you three Letters: The first of which, dated the 7th and 8th of June (a) (for it was written at twice) came safe to your hands, as you sent me word by a few lines dated the 9th: Had it not, I should have doubted my own safety; since in it I gave you such an account of the abominable house, and threw such cautions in your way in relation to that Tomlinson, as the more surprised me that you could think of going back to it again, after you had escaped from it, and from Lovelace—O my dear!—But nothing now will I ever wonder at!

The fecond, dated June 10 (b), was given into your own hand at Hamstead, on Sunday the 11th, as you was lying upon a couch, in a strange way, according to my messenger's account of you, bloated, and slush-coloured; I don't know how.

The third was dated the 20th of June (c). Having not heard one word from you fince the promising billet of the 9th, I own I did not spare you in it. I ventured it by the usual conveyance, by that Wilson's, having no

<sup>(</sup>a) See Vol. IV. p. 200, & feq. (b) See Vol. IV. p. 399, & feq.

<sup>(</sup>c) See p. 127, 128. of this Volume.

other: So cannot be fure you received it. Indeed I rather think you might not; because in yours, which fell into my Mother's hands, you make no mention of it: And if you had had it, I believe it would have touched you too much to have been passed by unnoticed.

You have heard, that I have been ill, you say. I had a cold indeed; but it was so slight a one, that it confined me not an hour. But I doubt not, that strange things you have beard, and been told, to induce you to take the step you took. And, till you did take that step (the going back with this villain, I mean) I knew not a more pitiable case than yours: Since every body must have excused you before, who knew how you were used at home, and was acquainted with your prudence and vigilance. But, alas! my dear, we see that the wifest people are not to be depended upon, when Love, like an ignis sature, holds up its misseading lights before their eyes.

My Mother tells me, she sent you an answer, desiring you not to write to me, because it would grieve me. To be sure I am grieved; exceedingly grieved; and, disappointed too, you must permit me to say. For I had always thought, that there never was such a woman at

your years, in the world.

But I remember once an argument you held, on occasion of a censure passed in company upon an excellent preacher, who was not a very excellent liver: Preaching and prastissing, you said, required quite different talents (a): Which, when united in the same person, made the man a Saint; as wit and judgment going together constituted a Genius.

You made it out, I remember, very prettily i But you never made it out, excuse me, my dear, more convincingly, than by that part of your late conduct, which

I complain of.

My Love for you, and my Concern for your Honour, may possibly have made me a little of the severest: If you think so, place it to its proper account; To That Love, and to That Concern: Which will but do justice, to

Your afflitted and faithful

P. S. My Mother would not be fatisfied without reading my Letter herself; and that before I had fixed all my proposed hooks. She knows, by this means, and has excused, our former correspondence.

She indeed suspected it before: And so she very well might; knowing Me, and knowing my Love of

She has so much real concern for your misfortunes, that, thinking it will be a consolation to you, and that it will oblige me, she consents that you shall write to me the particulars at large of your sad Story: But it is on condition, that I shew her all that has passed between us, relating to yourself and the vilest of men. I have the more chearfully complied, as the communication cannot be to your disadvantage.

You may therefore write freely, and direct to our own

M y Mother promises to shew me the copy of her Letter to you, and your Reply to it; which latter she has but just told me of. She already apologizes for the severity of hers: And thinks the sight of your Reply will affect me too much. But having

her promise, I will not dispense with it.

I doubt hers is severe enough. So I sear you will think mine: But you have taught me never to spare the fault for the friend's sake; and that a great error ought rather to be more inexcuseable in the person we value, than in one we are indifferent to; because it is a reflection upon our choice of that person, and tends to a breach of the Love of Mind; and to expose us to the world for our partiality. To the Love of Mind, I repeat; since it is impossible but the errors of the dearest friend must weaken our inward opinion of that friend; and thereby lay a foundation for suture distance, and perhaps disgust.

God grant, that you may be able to clear your conduct after you had escaped from Hamstead; as all before before that time was noble, generous, and prudent: The man a devil, and you a faint!—Yet I hope you can; and therefore expect it from you.

I fend by a particular hand. He will call for your

answer at your own appointment.

I am afraid this horrid wretch will trace out by the Post-offices where you are, if not careful.

To have Money, and Will, and Head, to be a villain, is too much for the rest of the world, when they meet in one man.

### LETTER LX.

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Miss Howe.

Thursday, July 6.

FEW young persons have been able to give more convincing proofs than myself, how little true hap-

piness lies in the enjoyment of our own wishes.

To produce one instance only of the truth of this obfervation; What would I have given for weeks past, for the favour of a Letter from my dear Miss Howe, in whose friendship I placed all my remaining comfort? Little did I think, that the next Letter she would honour me with, should be in such a stile, as should make me look more than once at the Subscription, that I might be fure (the name not being written at length) that it was not figned by another A. H. For furely, thought I, this is my Sifter Arabella's style: Surely Miss Howe (blame me as the pleases in other points) could never repeat so sharply upon her friend, words written in the bitterness of spirit, and in the disorder of head; nor remind her, with afperity, and with mingled strokes of wit, of an argument held in the gaiety of an heart elated with prosperous fortunes (as mine then was) and very little apprehensive of the severe turn that argument would one day take against herself.

But what have I, sunk in my fortunes; my character forfeited; my honour lost [While I know it, I care not who knows it]; destitute of friends, and even

of hope; What have I to do to shew a spirit of repining and expostulation to a dear friend, because she is

not more kind than a Sifter?

I find, by the rifing bitterness which will mingle with the gall in my ink, that I am not yet subdued enough to my condition: And so, begging your pardon, that I should rather have formed my expectations of favour from the indulgence you used to shew me, than from what I now deserve to have shewn me, I will endeavour to give a particular Answer to your Letter; altho' it will take me up too much time to think of sending it by your messenger to-morrow: He can put off his journey, he says, till Saturday. I will endeavour to have the whole Narrative ready for you by Saturday.

But how to defend myself in every-thing that has happened, I cannot tell: Since in some part of the time, in which my conduct appears to have been censurable, I was not myself; and to this hour know not all the me-

thods taken to deceive and ruin me.

You tell me, that in your first Letter you gave me such an account of the vile house I was in, and such cautions about that Tomlinson, as make you wonder how I could think of going back.

Alas, my dear! I was tricked, most vilely tricked

back, as you shall hear in its place. Some to be shown and

Without knowing the house was so very vile a house from your intended information, I disliked the people too much, ever voluntarily to have returned to it. But had you really written such cautions about Tomlinson, and the house, as you seem to have purposed to do, they must, had they come in time, have been of infinite service to me. But not one word of either, whatever was your intention, did you mention to me, in that first of the three Letters you so warmly TELL ME you did send me. I will inclose it to convince you (a).

But your account of your messenger's delivering to me your second Letter, and the description he gives of (a) The Letter she incloses was Mr. Lovelace's forged one. See

Vol. IV. p. 318, & Jeg. sandob the room sale for any

me, as lying upon a Couch, in a strange way, bloated and flush-coloured, you don't know bow, absolutely puzzles and confounds me.

Lord have mercy upon the poor Clarissa Harlowe! What can this mean!—Who was the messenger you sent? Was be one of Lovelace's creatures too!—Could no-body come near me but that man's confederates, either setting out so, or made so? I know not what to make of any one syllable of this! Indeed I don't.

Let me see. You say, this was before I went from Hamstead! My intellects had not then been touched!

—Nor had I ever been surprised by wine [Strange if I had!]: How then could I be found in such a strange way, bloated, and sluss-coloured; you don't know bow!

—Yet what a vile, what a hateful figure has your messenger represented me to have made!

But indeed, I know nothing of ANY messenger from

you.

Believing myself secure at Hamstead, I staid longer there than I would have done, in hopes of the Letter promised me in your short one of the 9th, brought me by my own messenger, in which you undertake to send for and engage Mrs. Townsend in my favour (a).

I wondered I heard not from you: And was told you were fick; and, at another time, that your Mother and you had had words on my account, and that you had refused to admit Mr. Hickman's visits upon it: So that I supposed at one time, that you was not able to write; at another, that your Mother's prohibition had its due force with you. But now I have no doubt, that the wicked man must have intercepted your Letter; and I wish he found not means to corrupt your messenger to tell you so strange a Story.

It was on Sunday June 11. you fay, that the man gave it me. I was at Church twice that day with Mrs. Moore. Mr. Lovelace was at her house the while, where he boarded, and wanted to have lodged; but I would not permit that, tho' I could not help the other. In one of

(s) See Vol. IV. p. 313.

these spaces it must be that he had time to work upon the man. You'll eafily, my dear, find that out, by enquiring the time of his arrival at Mrs. Moore's, and other circumstances of the strange way he pretended to

fee me in, on a Couch, and the rest.

Had any-body feen me afterwards, when I was betrayed back to the vile house, struggling under the operation of wicked potions, and robbed indeed of my intellects (for this, as you shall hear, was my dreadful case) I might then, perhaps, have appeared bloated, and Ausb-coloured, and I know not bow myself. But were you to fee your poor Clariffa now (or even to have feen her at Hamstead before she suffered the vilest of all outrages) you would not think her bloated, or flush-coloured: Indeed you would not.

. In a word, it could not be me your messenger faw;

nor (if any-body) who it was can I divine.

I will now, as briefly as the subject will permit, enter into the darker part of my fad Story: And yet I must be fomewhat circumstantial, that you may not think me capable of reserve or palliation. The latter I am not conscious that I need. I should be utterly inexcuseable, were I guilty of the former to you. And yet, if you knew how my heart finks under the thoughts of a recollection fo painful, you would pity me.

As I shall not be able, perhaps, to conclude what I have to write in even two or three Letters, I will begin a new one with my Story; and fend the whole of it together, altho' written at different periods, as I am

able.

Rhefe

Allow me a little pause, my dear, at this place; and to fubscribe myself

Lovelace was at her house the while, where he courled, and wanted to have lodged's but I'm mild not permitting, the' I could not help the other. I in one of

Your ever-affectionate and obliged

.STOOL STAN AND WAS THE CLARISSA HARLOWE.

led by her woman, whom the

## feffed, while thix Iwn Radre Rinkg and Lawn: A pre-

MIS CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Mis HowE. moque and A & V [Referred, to in p. 43.]

called tigin vab rud Bodelt country-looking person

TE had found me out at Hamilead Strangely found me out a for I am still at a loss to know by teel, and graceful, and full of vivacity-Suclenson sadw

I was loth, in my billet of the oth (a) to tell you fo. for fear of giving you apprehensions for me; and befides, I hoped then to have a fhorter and happier iffue to account to you for, thro'your affiftance, than I met with.

She then gives a Narrative of all that passed at Hamftead between berfelf, Mr. Lovelace, Capt. Tomlin-Son and the women there, to the same effett with that fo amply given by Mr. Lovelace.

Mr. Lovelace, finding all he could fay, and all Capti Tomlinion could urge, ineffectual, to prevail upon me to forgive an outrage fo flagrantly premeditated; refted all his hopes on a vifit which was to be paid me by Lady Betty Lawrance and Mis Montague lody and of blood

In my uncertain fituation, my prospects all so dark, I knew not to whom I might be obliged to have recourse in the last resort: And as those Ladies had the best of characters, infomuch that I had reason to regret, that I had not from the first thrown myself upon their protection (when I had forfeited that of my own friends) I thought I would not four an interview with them, the I was too indifferent to their Kinfman to feek it, as I doubted not, that one end of their visit would be to recall you Niece, as well from Love, and ot am aliano

On Monday the 12th of June, thefe pretended Ladies came to Hamstead; and I was presented to them, and they to me, by their kinfman. . nwo you not as hourn of

They were richly dreffed, and fluck out with jewels; the pretended Lady Betty's were particularly very fine.

clares, that it was not a preme deg. q . VI .loV see (a) their

They came in a coach-and-four, hired, as was confessed, while their own was repairing in town: A pretence made, I now perceive, that I should not guess at the imposture by the want of the real Lady's Arms upon it. Lady Betty was attended by her woman, whom she called Morrison; a modest country-looking person.

I had heard, that Lady Betty was a fine woman, and that Miss Montague was a beautiful young Lady, genteel, and graceful, and full of vivacity—Such were these impostors; and having never seen either of them, I had not the least suspicion, that they were not the Ladies they personated; and being put a little out of countenance by the richness of their dresses, I could not help (sool that

I was!) to apologize for my own.

The pretended Lady Betty then told me, that her Nephew had acquainted them with the fituation of affairs between us. And altho fae could not but fay, that she was very glad that he had not put such a slight upon his Lordship and them, as report had given them cause to apprehend (the reasons for which report, however, she much approved of), yet it had been matter of great concern to her, and to her Niece Montague, and would to the whole family, to find so great a misunderstanding subsisting between us, as, if not made up, might distance all their hopes.

She could easily tell who was in fault, she said. And gave him a look both of anger and distain; asking him, How it was possible for him to give an offence of such a nature to so charming a Lady [so she called me] as

hould occasion a refentment for frong?

They

He pretended to be awed into frame and filence.

My dearest Niece, said she, and took my hand (I must call you Niece, as well from Love, as to humour your Uncle's laudable Expedient) permit me to be, not an advocate, but a imediatrix for him; and not for his sake, so much as for my own, my Charlotte's, and all our family's. The indignity he has offered to you, may be of too tender a nature to be enquired into. But as he declares, that it was not a premeditated offence; whether,

my dear [for I was going to rise upon it in my temper] it were or not; and as he declares his sorrow for it (and never did creature express a deeper sorrow for any offence than he); and as it is a reparable one; let Us, for this one time, forgive him; and thereby lay an obligation upon this man of errors—Let US, I say, my dear: For, Sir [turning to him] an offence against such a peer-less Lady as This, must be an offence against Me, against your Cousin, here, and against all the Virtuous of our Sex.

See, my dear, what a creature he had picked out! Could you have thought there was a woman in the world who could thus express herself, and yet be vile? But she had her principal instructions from him, and those written down too, as I have reason to think: For I have recollected since, that I once saw this Lady Betty (who often rose from her seat, and took a turn to the other end of the room with such emotion as if the joy of her heart would not let her sit still) take out a paper from her. Stays, and look into it, and put it there again. She might oftener, and I not observe it; for I little thought, that there could be such impostors in the world.

I could not forbear paying great attention to what she said. I found my tears ready to start; I drew out my handkerchief, and was silent. I had not been so indulgently treated a great while by a person of character and distinction [such I thought her] and durst not trust to

the accent of my voice.

The pretended Miss Montague joined in on this occasion; and drawing her chair close to me, took my other hand, and befought me to forgive her Cousin; and consent to rank myself as one of the principals of a family, that had long, very long, coveted the honour of my alliance.

I am ashamed to repeat to you, my dear, now I know what wretches they are, the tender, the obliging, and the

respectful things I said to them.

The wretch himself then came forward. He threw himself at my feet. How was I beset!—The women R 2 grasping

grasping one my right hand, the other my left: The pretended Miss Montague pressing to her lips more than once the hand she held: The wicked man on his knees, imploring my forgiveness; and setting before me my happy and my unhappy prospects, as I should forgive or not forgive him. All that he thought would affect me in his former pleas, and those of Capt. Tomlinson, he repeated. He vowed, he promised, he bespoke the pretended Ladies to answer for him; and they engaged their Honours in his behalf.

Indeed, my dear, I was distressed, perfectly distressed. I was forry that I had given way to this visit. For I knew not how, in tenderness to relations (as I thought them) so worthy, to treat so freely as he deserved, a man nearly allied to them: So that my arguments, and my resolutions, were deprived of their greatest force.

I pleaded, however, my application to you. I expected every hour, I told them, an Answer from you to a Letter I had written, which would decide my future deftiny.

They offered to apply to you themselves in person, in their own behalf, as they politely termed it. They besought me to write to you to hasten your Answer.

I said, I was sure, that you would write the moment that the event of an application to be made to a third person enabled you to write. But as to the success of their requests in behalf of their Kinsman, That depended not upon the expected Answer; for that, I begged their pardon, was out of the question. I wished him well. I wished him happy. But I was convinced, that I neither could make bim so, nor he me.

Then! how the wretch promifed—How he vowed!
—How he entreated!—And how the Women pleaded!
And they engaged themselves, and the Honour of their whole family, for his just, his kind, his tender behaviour to me.

In short, my dear, I was so hard set, that I was obliged to come to a more favourable compromise with

# Let. 61. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 245

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with them, than I had intended. I would wait for your Answer to my Letter, I said: And if that made doubtful or difficult the change of measures I had resolved upon, and the scheme of life I had formed, I would then consider of the matter; and, if they would permit me, say all before them, and take their advice upon it, in conjunction with yours, as if the one were my own Aunt, and the other were my own Cousin.

They shed tears upon this—Of joy they called them
—But since, I believe, to their credit, bad as they
are, that they were tears of temporary remorse; for
the pretended Miss Montague turned about, and, as

I remember, faid, There was no standing it.

But Mr. Lovelace was not so easily satisfied. He was fixed upon his villainous measures perhaps; and so might not be forry to have a pretence against me. He bit his lip—He had been but too much used, he said, to such indifference, such coldness, in the very midst of his happiest prospects.—I had on twenty occasions shewn him, to his infinite regret, that any savour I was to confer upon him was to be the result of—There he stopt—And not of my choice.

This had like to have fet all back again. I was exceedingly offended. But the pretended Ladies interposed. The elder severely took him to task. He ought, she told him, to be satisfied with what I had said. She desired no other condition. And what, Sir, said she, with an Air of Authority, would you commit errors, and expect to be rewarded for them?

They then engaged me in a more agreeable converfation—The pretended Lady declared, that she, Lord M. and Lady Sarah, would directly and personally interest themselves to bring about a general Reconciliation between the two families, and this either in open or private concert with my Uncle Harlowe, as should be thought sit. Animosities on one side had been carried a great way, she said; and too little care had been shewn on the other to mollisy or heal. My Fa-

R 3

ther should see that they could treat him as a Brother and a Friend; and my Brother and Sister should be convinced, that there was no room either for the Jealousy or Envy they had conceived from motives too unworthy to be avowed.

Could I help, my dear, being pleased with them?—
Permit me here to break off. The talk grows too

heavy, at present, for the heart of

Your CLARISSA HARLOWE.

#### LETTER LXII.

Mis CLARISSA HARLOWE; In Continuation.

I WAS very ill, and obliged to lay down my pen.
I thought I should have fainted. But am better

now-So will proceed, an appointliv and nogu be

The pretended Ladies, the morewe talked, the fonder feemed to be of me. And The Lady Betty had Mrs. Moore called up; and asked her, If she had accommodations for her Niece and Self, her Woman, and two Men-servants, for three or four days?

Mr. Lovelace answered for her, that she had

She would not ask her dear Niece Lovelace [Permit me, my dear, whispered she, this charming style before firangers!—I will keep your Uncle's secret] whether she should be welcome or not to be so hear her. But for the time she should stay in these parts, she would come up every night—What say you, Niece Charlotte?

The pretended Charlotte answered, she should like

to do fo, of all things. and or Bayes and a seriors

The Lady Betty called her an obliging girl. She liked the place, she said. Her Cousin Leeson would excuse her. The air, and my company, would do her good. She never chose to lie in the smoaky town, if she could help it. In short, my dear, said she to me, I will stay till you hear from Miss Howe; and till I have your consent to go with me to Glenham Hall. Not one moment will I be out of your company, when I can have it. Stedman my Solicitor, as the distance

Let.62. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 24;

from town is fo small, may attend me here for instructions. Niece Charlotte, one word with you, child.

They retired to the farther end of the room, and talked about their might-dreffes.

The Miss Charlotte said, Morrison might be dis-

patched for them.

True, faid the other—But I have some Letters in my private box, which I must have up. And you know, Charlotte, that I trust nobody with the keys of that.

Could not Morrison bring up that box?

No. She thought it fafelt where it was. She had heard of a robbery committed but two days ago at the foot of Hamstead-hill; and she should be ruined if she lost her box.

Well then, it was but going to town to undress, and she would leave her jewels behind her, and return; and should be easier a great deal on all accounts.

For my part, I wondered they came up with them. But that was to be taken as a respect paid to me. And then they hinted at another Visit of Ceremony which they had thought to make, had they not found me so inexpressibly engaging.

They talked loud enough for me to hear them; on purpose, no doubt, tho in affected whispers; and

concluded with high praises of me.

I was not fool enough to believe, or to be puffed up with their Encomiums; yet not suspecting them, I was not displeased at so favourable a beginning of acquaintance with Ladies (whether I were to be related to them or not) of whom I had always heard honourable mention. And yet at the time, I thought, highly as they exalted me, that in some respects (tho' I hardly knew in what) they fell short of what I expected them to be.

The grand deluder was at the farther end of the room, another way; probably to give me an opportunity to hear these preconcerted praises—looking into

R 4

a book, which, had there not been a preconcert, would not have taken his attention for one moment. It was

Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.

When the pretended Ladies joined me, he approached me with it in his hand-A fmart book, This. my dear !- This old divine affects, I fee, a mighty flowery stile upon a very solemn subject. But it puts me in mind of an ordinary Country Funeral, where the young women, in honour of a defunct companion. especially if the were a virgin, or passed for such, make a flower-bed of her coffin.

And then, laying down the book, turning upon his heels with one of his usual airs of gaiety, And are you determined, Ladies, to take up your Lodgings with my charming creature ? il bas ; flitt-basilmail to

Indeed they were. Never were there more cunning, more artful impostors, than these women. Practised creatures, to be fure: Yet genteel; and they must have been welleducated—Once, perhaps, as much the delight of their parents, as I was of mine: And who knows by what Arts ruined, body and mind !- O my dear! how pregmant is this reflection ! I decode bad vada doidw vood

But the man !- Never was there a man fo deep. Never so consummate a deceiver; except that detested Tomlinfon; whose years, and ferjousness, joined with a folidity of fense and judgment that feemed uncommon, gave him, one would have thought, advantages in villainy, the other had not time for. Hard, very hard, that I should fall into the knowlege of Two such wretches; when Two more such I hope are not to be met with in the world 1-Both to determined to carry on the most barbarous and perfidious projects against a poor young creature, who never did or wished harm

Take the following flight account of these womens and of this man's behaviour to each other before me.

Mr. Lovelace carried himself to his pretended Aunt with high respect, and paid a great deference to all she faid. faid. He permitted her to have all the advantage over him in the repartees and retorts that passed between them. I could, indeed, easily see, that it was permitted, and that he forbore that acumen, that quickness, which he never spared shewing to the pretended Miss Montague; and which a man of wit seldom knows how to spare shewing, when an opportunity offers to display his wit.

The pretended Miss Montague was still more reverent in her behaviour to her pretended Aunt. While the Aunt kept up the dignity of the character she had assumed, raillying both of them with the air of a person who depends upon the superiority which years and fortune give over younger persons, who might have a view to be obliged to her, either in her life, or at her

death.

The severity of her raillery, however, was turned upon Mr. Lovelace, on occasion of the character of the people who kept the lodgings, which, she said, I had thought myself so well warranted to leave privately.

This startled me. For having then no suspicion of the vile Tomlinson, I concluded (and your Letter of the 7th (a) savoured my conclusion) that if the house were notorious, either he, or Mr. Mennell, would have given me or him some hints of it—Nor, altho' I liked not the people, did I observe any-thing in them very culpable, till the Wednesday night before, that they offered not to come to my assistance, altho' within hearing of my distress (as I am sure they were) and having as much reason as I to be frighted at the fire, had it been real.

I looked with indignation upon Mr. Lovelace, at

He feemed abashed. I have not patience, but to recollect the specious looks of this vile deceiver. But how was it possible, that even that florid countenance of his should enable him to command a blush at his pleasure? For blush he did, more than once: And

(a) His forged Letter. See Vol. IV. p. 318, & feq.

the blush, on this occasion, was a deep dyed crimson, unstrained for, and natural, as I thought—But he is so much of the Actor, that he seems able to enter into any character; and his muscles and seatures appear entirely under obedience to his wicked will (a).

The pretended Lady went on, saying, She had taken upon herself to enquire after the people, on hearing that I had lest the house in disgust; and the she heard not any-thing much amis, yet she heard enough to make her wonder that he would carry his spouse, a person of so much delicacy, to a house, that, if it had not a bad same, had not a good one.

Lady Betty the better for this, I suppose it was de-

figned I should. I mentile read or a

He was furprised, he said, that her Ladyship should hear a bad character of the people. It was what he had never before heard that they deserved. It was leasy, indeed, to see, that they had not very great delicacy, tho they were not indelicate. The nature of their livelihood, letting lodgings, and taking people to board (and yet he had understood that they were nice in these particulars) led them to aim at being free and obliging: And it was difficult, he said, for persons of chearful dispositions, so to behave, as to avoid censure: Openness of heart and countenance in the Sex (more was the pity) too often subjected good people, whose fortunes did not set them above the world, to uncharitable censure.

He wished, however, that her Ladyship would tell what she had heard: Altho' now it signified but little,

<sup>(</sup>a) It is proper to observe, that there was a more natural reason than this that the Lady gives for Mr. Lovelace's blushing. It was a blush of indignation, as he owned afterwards to his Friend Belford, in conversation; for the presented Lady Berty had mistaken her cue, in condemning the house; and he had much ado to recover the blunder; being obliged to follow her lead, and vary from his first design; which was, to have the people of the house spoken well of, in order to induce her to return to it, were it but on pretence to direct her cloaths to be carried to Hamstead.

because he would never ask me to set foot within their doors again: And he begged she would not mince the matter.

Nay, no great matter, she said. But she had been informed, that there were more women-lodgers in the house than men: Yet that their visitors were more men than women. And this had been hinted to her perhaps by ill-willers, she could not answer for that) in such a way, as if somewhat surther were meant by it

than was spoken.

This, he faid, was the true innuendo-way of characterizing, used by detractors. Every-body and every-thing had a black and a white fide, of which wellwillers and ill-willers may make their advantage. He had observed, that the front house was well lett, and he believed, more to the one Sex than to the other; for he had feen, occasionally passing to and fro, several genteel modest-looking women; and who it was very probable, were not fo ill-beloved, but they might have visitors and relations of both Sexes: But they were none of them any-thing to us, or we to them: We were not once in any of their companies: But in the genteelest and most retired house of the two, which we had in a manner to ourselves, with the use of a parlour to the Street, to serve us for a Servants Hall, or to receive common Visitors, or our Traders only, whom we admitted not up-stairs,

He always loved to speak as he found. No man in the world had suffered more from calumny than he

himself had done.

Women, he owned, ought to be more scrupulous than men needed to be where they lodged. Nevertheless he wished, that fact, rather than surmise, were to be the foundation of their judgments, especially when they spoke of one another.

He meant no reflection upon her Ladyship's informants, or rather furmifants (as he might call them) be they who they would: Nor did he think himself obliged to defend characters impeached, or not not thought

thought well of, by women of virtue and honour. Neither were these people of importance enough to have

fo much faid about them.

The pretended Lady Betty said, All who knew her, would clear her of censoriousness: That it gave her some opinion, she must needs say, of the people, that he had continued there so long with me; that I had rather negative than positive reasons of dislike to them; and that so shrewd a man as she heard Capt. Tomlin-

fon was, had not objected to them.

Nephew has not parted with these lodgings, you and I (for, as my dear Miss Harlowe dislikes the people, I would not ask ber for her company) will take a dish of tea with my Nephew there, before we go out of town, and then we shall see what fort of people they are. I have heard, that Mrs. Sinclair is a mighty forbidding creature.

With all my heart, Madam. In your Ladyship's company I shall make no scruple of going any-whither.

proud of her title, and of her dress too, I might have

gueffed that the was not used to either.

What fay you, Coufin Lovelace Lady Sarah, tho' a melancholy woman, is very inquisitive about all your affairs. I must acquaint her with every particular circumstance when I go down.

With all his heart. He would attend her whenever the pleased. She would see very handsome apartments,

and very civil people.

The duce is in them, faid The Miss Montague, if

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they appear other to us. dw ad of babaan na

They then fell into Family-talk; Family-happiness on my hoped-for accession into it. They mentioned Lord M's and Lady Sarah's great desire to see me. How many friends and admirers, with up-lift hands, I should have! [O my dear, what a triumph must these creatures, and be, have over the poor devoted all the time!]—What a happy man he would be—They would not.

not, The Lady Betty said, give themselves the Mortification but to suppose, that I should not be one of Them!

Prefents were hinted at. She resolved that I should go with her to Glenham-Hall. She would not be resused, altho' she were to stay a week beyond her time for me.

she longed for the expected Letter from you. In must write to hasten it, and to let Miss Howe know how every thing stood fince I wrote last. That might dispose me absolutely in their favour and in her Nephew's; and then she hoped there would be no occasion for me to think of entering upon any new measures.

heard not from you by morning, to dispatch a man and horse to you, with the particulars of all, that you might (if you thought proper) at least, put off Mrs. Townsend's coming up to another day.—But I was miserably prevented.

She made me promise, that I would write to you upon this subject, whether I heard from you, or not. One of her servants should ride post with my Letter, and wait for Miss Howe's Answer.

She then launched out in deserved praises of you, my dear. How fond should she be of the honour of your acquaintance!

The pretended Miss Montague joined in with her, as well for herself as for her Sister.

Abominably well-instructed were they both!

O my dear! What risques may poor giddy girls run, when they throw themselves out of the protection of their natural friends, and into the wide world?

They then talked again of Reconciliation and Intimacy with every one of my friends; with my Mother particularly; and gave the dear good Lady the praises that every one gives her, who has the happiness to know her.

Ah, my dear Mis Howe! I had almost forgot my

refentments against the pretended Nephew !- So many agreeable things faid, made me think, that, if you should advise it, and if I could bring my mind to for. give the wretch for an outrage fo premeditatedly vile, and could forbear despissing him for that and his other ingrateful and wicked ways, I might not be unhappy Yet, thought I at in an alliance with fuch a family. the time, with what intermixtures does every-thing come to me, that has the appearance of good!-However, as my lucid hopes made me fee fewer faults in the behaviour of these pretended Ladies, than recollection and abhorrence have helped me fince to fee, I began to reproach myfelf, that I had not at first thrown myself into their protection.

But amidit all these delightful prospects, I must not, faid The Lady Betty, forget that I am to go to to you, with the particulars of all, that mees

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She then ordered her coach to be got to the door-We will all go to town together, faid she, and return together. Morrison shall stay here, and see every-thing as I am ofed to have it, in relation to my apartment, and my bed; for I am very particular in fome respects. My Coufin Leefon's fervants can do all I want to be done with regard to my night-dreffes, and the like. And it will be a little airing for you, my dear, and a good opportunity for Mr. Lovelace to order what you want of your apparel to be fent from your former lodgings to Mrs. Leefon's; and we can bring it up as well for her fell as for bee Siftersoner of flow as

I had no intention to comply. But as I did not imagine that the would infift upon my going to town with them, I made no answer to that part of her speech.

I must here lay down my tired pen!

Recollection! Heart-affecting Recollection! How it pains met bal Loop me dan ever bea y visited and that every one gives her, who has the happineds

e all appropriate of that, and above

#### LETTER LXIII.

Mils CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Mils Howe.

In the midst of these agreeablenesses, the coach came to the door. The pretended Lady Betty besought me to give them my company to their Cousin Leeson's. I desired to be excused: Yet suspected nothing. She would not be denied. How happy would a visit so condescending make her Cousin Leeson !—Her Cousin Leeson was not unworthy of my acquaintance: And would take it for the greatest savour in the world.

I objected my dress. But the objection was not admitted. She bespoke a Supper of Mrs. Moore to be ready at nine.

Mr. Lovelace, vile hypocrite, and wicked deceiver! feeing, as he faid, my dislike to go, defired her Ladyship not to insist upon it.

Fondness for my company was pleaded. She begged me to oblige her: Made a motion to help me to my fan herself: And, in short, was so very urgent, that my feet complied against my speech, and my mind: And, being, in a manner, led to the coach by her, and made to step in first, she followed me; and her pretended Niece, and the Wretch, followed her: And away it drove.

Nothing but the height of affectionate complaifance passed all the way: Over and over, What a joy would this unexpected visit give her Cousin Lesson! What a pleasure must it be to such a mind as mine, to be able to give so much joy to every-body I came near!

The cruel, the savage seducer (as I have since recollected) was in rapture all the way; but yet such a fort of rapture, as he took visible pains to check.

Hateful villain! How I abhor him!—What mischief must be then in his plotting heart!—What a devoted victim must I be in all their eyes!

Though not pleased, I was nevertheless just then thoughtless of danger; they endeavouring thus to lift

THE HISTORY OF . Vol. 5. 256 me up above all apprehension of that, and above myfelf too.

But think, my dear, what a dreadful turn all had upon me, when, through feveral ftreets and ways I knew nothing of, the coach flackening its pace, came within fight of the dreadful house of the dreadfullest woman in the world; as fhe proved to me.

Lord be good unto me! cry'd the poor fool, looking out of the coach-Mr. Lovelace !- Madam! turning to the pretended Lady Betty-Madam! turning to the Niece, my hands and eyes lifted up-Lord be good unto me l'adectit for the greates avour in the '! om onu

om

What! What! What, my dear! was before I

He pulled the string-What need to have come this way? faid he.—But fince we are, I will but ask a que-

ftion-My dearest life, why this apprehension?

The coachman stopped: His fervant, who, with one of hers was behind, alighted-Ask, said he, if I have any Letters? who knows, my dearest creature, turning to me, but we may already have one from the Captain ?- We will not go out of the Coach !- Fear nothing-Why fo apprehensive?-Oh! these fine spirits!—cry'd the execrable infulter.

Dreadfully did my heart then misgive me: I was ready to faint. Why this terror, my life? You shall not ftir out of the coach-But one question, now the

fellow has drove us this way: find and and paidove

Your Lady will faint, cried the execrable Lady Betty, turning to him. - My dearest Niece! (Niece I will call you, taking my hand) we must alight, if you are so ill .- Let us alight-Only for a glass of water and larthorn Indeed we must alight and down out of T

No, no, no-I am well-Quite well-Won't the man drive on ?- I am well-quite well-Indeed I am. -Man, drive on, putting my head out of the coach-Man, drive on !- tho' my voice was too low to be heard. victim must I be in all their

The coach stopped at the door. How I trembled! Dorcas came to the door, on its stopping.

My

My dearest creature, said the vile man, gasping, as it were for breath, you shall not alight-Any Letters for Thele people mult have behaved flocki's acrone and

There are two, Sir. And here is a gentleman, Mr. Belton, Sir, waits for your Honour, and has done fo

ediately came the old creature to ruod ins evods

I'll just speak to him, Open the door-You sha'n't step out, my dear A Letter perhaps from the Captain already !- You sha'n't step out, my dear. to and of soil

I fighed, as if my heart would burft.

But we must step out, Nephew: Your Lady will faint. Maid, a glass of hartshorn and water!-My dear, you must step out .- You will faint, child-We must cut your Laces.—II believe my complexion was all manner of colours by turns ]-Indeed, you must step out, my dear.

He knew, he faid, I should be well, the moment the coach drove from the door. I should not alight. By

his Soul, I should not. brown on every im tres

Lord, Lord, Nephew, Lord, Lord, Coufin, both women in a breath, What ado you make about nothing! You persuade your Lady to be afraid of alighting!-See you not, that the is just fainting? To their said drive

Indeed, Madam, faid the vile feducer, my dearest Love must not be moved in this point against her will.

I beg it may not be infifted upon. an sham what whe I

Fiddle-faddle, foolish man-What a pother is here! I guess how it is: You are assamed to let us see, what fort of people you carried your Lady among-But do you go out, and speak to your friend, and take your this avertion to re-enter a house, for a few ministrantal

He stept out; but shut the coach-door after him, to

oblige me.

weeks, unlefs thefe women could be fo The coach may go on, Madam, faid I.

The coach shall go on, my dear Life, said he-Buthe gave not, nor intended to give, orders that it should.

Let the coach go on! faid I-Mr. Lovelace may come

after us.

e

!

Indeed, my dear, you are ill!-Indeed you must alight—Alight but for one quarter of an hour—Alight Jud hand ; holding out I & Oblige me . Vs . 1 o.Y. but to give orders yourself about your things. !Whom can you be assaid of, in my company, and my Niece's? These people must have behaved shockingly to you! Please the Lord, I'll enquire into it!—I'll see what fort of people they are!

Immediately came the old creature to the door. A thousand pardons, dear Madam, stepping to the coach-fide, if we have any-way offended you—Be pleased, La-

dies [to the other two] to alight.

Well, my dear, whispered the Lady Betty, I now find, that an hideous description of a person we never saw, is an advantage to them. I thought the woman was a monster—But, really, she seems tolerable.

I was afraid I should have fallen into fits: But still refused to go out—Man!—Man! man! cried I, gaspingly, my head out of the coach and in, by turns, half a

dozen times running, drive on !- Let us go!

My heart missave me beyond the power of my own accounting for it; for still I did not suspect these women. But the antipathy I had taken to the vile house, and to find myself so near it, when I expected no such matter, with the sight of the old creature, all together, made me behave like a distracted person.

The hartshorn and water was brought. The pretended Lady Betty made me drink it. Heaven knows if there

were any-thing elfe in it!

Besides, said she, whisperingly, I must see what fort of creatures the Nieces are. Want of delicacy cannot be hid from me. You could not surely, my dear, have this aversion to re-enter a house, for a few minutes, in our company, in which you lodged and boarded several weeks, unless these women could be so presumptuously vile, as my Nephew ought not to know.

Out flept the pretended Lady; the fervant, at her

command, having opened the door.

Dearest Madam, said the other to me, let me follow you (for I was next the door). Fear nothing: I will not stir from your presence.

Your hand; holding out hers. Oblige me this once.

I will bless your footsteps, said the old creature, if once more you honour my house with your presence.

A croud by this time was gathered about us; but I

was too much affected to mind that.

Again the pretended Miss Montague urged me; standing up as ready to go out if I would give her room. Lord, my dear, said she, who can bear this croud?—What will people think?

The pretended Lady again pressed me, with both her hands held out. Only, my dear, to give orders about

your things.

And thus pressed, and gazed at (for then I looked about me) the women so richly dressed, people whispering; in an evil moment, out stepped I, trembling, forced to lean with both my hands (frighted too much for ceremony) on the pretended Lady Betty's arm—O that I had dropped down dead upon the guilty threshold!

We shall stay but a few minutes, my dear!—but a few minutes! said the same specious jilt—out of breath with her joy, as I have since thought, that they had thus

triumphed over the unhappy victim!

Come, Mrs. Sinclair, I think your name is, shew us the way—following her, and leading me. I am very thirsty. You have frighted me, my dear, with your strange fears. I must have Tea made, if it can be done in a moment. We have further to go, Mrs. Sinclair, and must return to Hamstead this night.

It shall be ready in a moment, cried the wretch. We

have water boiling.

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Hasten, then.—Come, my dear, to me, as she led me through the passage to the fatal inner house—Lean upon me—How you tremble!—how you salter in your steps!—Dearest Niece Lovelace (the old wretch being in hearing) why these hurries upon your spirits?—We'll begone in a minute.

And thus she led the poor Sacrifice into the old

wretch's too-well-known parlour.

Never was any-body so gentle, so meek, so lowvoiced, as the odious woman; drawling out, in a puling S 2 accent, all the obliging things she could say: Awed, I then thought, by the conscious dignity of a woman of quality; glittering with jewels.

The called-for Tea was ready presently.

There was no Mr. Belton, I believe: For the wretch went not to any-body, unless it were while we were parlying in the coach. No fuch person, however, appeared at the Tea-table.

I was made to drink two dishes, with milk, complaifantly urged by the pretended Ladies helping me each to one. I was ftupid to their hands; and, when I took the Tea, almost choaked with vapours; and could hardly fwallow.

I thought, transiently thought, that the Tea, the last diff particularly, had an odd tafte. They, on my palating it, observed, that the milk was London milk; far short in goodness of what they were accustomed to from their own dairies.

I have no doubt, that my two dishes, and perhaps my hartshorn, were prepared for me; in which case it was more proper for their purpose, that they should help me, than that I should help myself. Ill before, I found myfelf ftill more and more disordered in my head; a heavy sorpid pain encreasing fast upon me. But I imputed it to my terror.

Nevertheless, at the pretended Ladies motion, I went up-stairs, attended by Dorcas; who affected to weep for joy, that once more the faw my bleffed face, that was the vile creature's word; and immediately I fet about taking out some of my cloaths, ordering what should be put up,

and what fent after me.

While I was thus employed, up came the pretended Lady Betty, in a hurrying way - My dear, you won't be long before you are ready. My Nephew is very bufy in writing Answers to his Letters: So, I'll just whip away, and change my drefs, and call upon you in an inftant.

O Madam!—I am ready! I am now ready!—You must not leave me here: And down 1 sunk, affrighted, of was may body to gentle, to meeting of a conting

This inftant, this inftant, I will return—Before you can be ready—Before you can have packed up your things—We would not be late—The robbers we have heard of may be out—Don't let us be late.

And away she hurried before I could say another word. Her pretended Niece went with her, without taking no-

tice to me of her going.

I had no suspicion yet, that these women were not indeed the Ladies they personated; and I blamed myself for my weak fears.—It cannot be, thought I, that such Ladies will abet treachery against a poor creature they are so fond of. They must undoubtedly be the persons they appear to be—What folly to doubt it! The air, the dress, the dignity, of women of quality. How unworthy of them, and of my charity, concluded I, is this

ungenerous shadow of suspicion!

So, recovering my ftupefied spirits, as well as they could be recovered (for I was heavier and heavier; and wondered to Dorcas, what ailed me; rubbing my eyes, and taking some of her snuff, pinch after pinch, to very little purpose) I pursued my employment: But when that was over, all packed up that I designed to be packed up; and I had nothing to do but to think; and sound them tarry so long; I thought I should have gone distracted. I shut myself into the chamber that had been mine; I kneeled, I prayed; yet knew not what I prayed for: Then ran out again: It was almost dark night, I said: Where, where, was Mr. Lovelace?

He came to me, taking no notice at first of my consternation and wildness [What they had given me made me incoherent and wild]: All goes well, said he, my

dear !- A line from Captain Tomlinfon!

All indeed did go well for the villainous project of the

most cruel and most villainous of men!

I demanded his Aunt!—I demanded his Cousin!—The evening, I said, was closing!—My head was very, very bad, I remember, I said—And it grew worse and worse.—

Terror, however, as yet kept up my spirits; and I insisted upon his going himself to hasten them.

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He called his fervant. He raved at the Sex for their delay: 'Twas well that business of consequence seldom depended upon such parading, unpunctual triflers!

His fervant came.

He ordered him to fly to his Cousin Leeson's, and to let Lady Betty and his Cousin know how uneasy we both were at their delay: Adding, of his own accord, Desire them, if they don't come instantly, to send their coach, and we will go without them. Tell them I wonder

they'll ferve me fo!

I thought this was confiderately and fairly put. But now, indifferent as my head was, I had a little time to consider the man, and his behaviour. He terrified me with his looks, and with his violent emotions, as he gazed upon me. Evident joy-suppressed emotions, as I have fince recollected. His fentences short, and pronounced as if his breath were touched. Never faw I his abominable eyes look, as then they looked-Triumph in them!-Fierce and wild; and more difagreeable than the womens at the vile house appeared to me when I first faw them: And at times, such a leering, mischief-boding cast !- I would have given the world to have been an hundred miles from him. Yet his behaviour was decent-A decency, however, that I might have feen to be ftruggled for-For he fnatched my hand two or three times, with a vehemence in his grasp that hurt me; speaking words of tenderness through his shut teeth, as it feemed; and let it go, with a beggar-voiced humble accent, like the vile woman's just before; halfinward; yet his words and manner carrying the appearance of strong and almost convulsed passion!-O my dear! What mischiefs was he not then meditating!

I complained once or twice of thirst. My mouth feemed parched. At the time, I supposed, that it was my terror (gasping often as I did for breath) that parched up the roof of my mouth. I called for water: Some table-beer was brought me: Beer, I suppose, was a better vehicle (if I were not dosed enough before) for their potions. I told the maid, That she knew I seldom tasted malt-

malt-liquor: Yet, suspecting nothing of this nature, being extremely thirsty, I drank it, as what came next: And instantly, as it were, found myself much worse than before; as if inebriated, I should fancy: I know not how.

His fervant was gone twice as long as he needed: And just before his return, came one of the pretended

Lady Betty's, with a Letter for Mr. Lovelace.

He sent it up to me. I read it: And then it was that I thought myself a lost creature; it being to put off her going to Hamstead that night, on account of violent Fits which Miss Montague was pretended to be seized with; for then immediately came into my head his vile attempt upon me in this house; the revenge that my slight might too probably inspire him with on that occasion, and because of the difficulty I made to forgive him, and to be reconciled to him; his very looks wild and dreadful to me; and the women of the house such as I had more reason than ever, even from the pretended Lady Betty's hint, to be afraid of: All these crouding together in my apprehensive mind, I fell into a kind of phrensy.

I have not remembrance how I was, for the time it lasted: But I know, that in my first agitations, I pulled off my head-dress, and tore my ruffles in twenty tatters,

and ran to find him out.

When a little recovered, I insisted upon the hint he had given of their coach. But the messenger, he said, had told him, that it was sent to fetch a physician, lest his chariot should be put up, or not ready.

I then infifted upon going directly to Lady Betty's

lodgings.

Mrs. Leefon's was now a crouded house, he said: And as my earnestness could be owing to nothing but groundless apprehension [And O what vows, what protestations of his honour did he then make!] he hoped I would not add to their present concern. Charlotte, indeed, was used to Fits, he said, upon any great surprizes, whether of joy or grief; and they would hold her for a week together, if not got off in a sew hours.

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You are an observer of eyes, my dear, said the villain; perhaps in secret insult: Saw you not in Miss Montague's now-and-then, at Hamstead, something wildish? I was asraid for her then. Silence and quiet only do her good: Your Concern for ber, and her Love for you, will but augment the poor girl's disorder, if you should go.

All impatient with grief and apprehension, I still declared myself resolved not to stay in that house till morning. All I had in the world, my rings, my watch, my little money, for a coach; or, if one were not to be got, I would go on soot to Hamstead that night, tho I walked

with; for then immediately came into my flayen yet it

A coach was hereupon sent for, or pretended to be sent for. Any price, he said, he would give to oblige me, late as it was, and he would attend me with all his

foul But no coach was to be got. open so of bone, min

Let me cut short the rest. I grew worse and worse in my head; now stupid, now raving, now senseless. The vilest of vile women was brought to frighten me. Never was there so horrible a creature as she appeared to me at the time.

I faid I would be bis—Indeed I would be bis—to obtain his mercy. But no mercy found I! My strength, my intellects, failed me—And then such scenes followed—O my dear, such dreadful scenes!—Fits upon Fits (faintly indeed, and imperfectly remembered) procuring me no compassion—But death was with-held from me. That would have been too great a mercy!

Thus was I tricked and deluded back by blacker hearts of my own Sex, than I thought there were in the world; who appeared to me to be persons of honour: And, when in his power, thus barbarously was I treated by this villainous man!

I was so senseless, that I dare not averr, that the horrid creatures of the house were personally aiding and abetting: But some visionary remembrances I have of semale figures, slitting, as I may say, before my sight; the wretched woman's particularly. But as these confused ideas might be owing to the terror I had conceived of the worse than masculine violence she had been permitted to assume to me, for expressing my abhorrence of her house; and as what I suffered from his barbarity wants not that aggravation; I will say no more on a subject so shocking as this must ever be to my remembrance.

I never faw the personating wretches afterwards. He persisted to the last (dreadfully invoking Heaven as a witness to the truth of his affertion) that they were really and truly the Ladies they pretended to be; declaring, that they could not take leave of me, when they lest the town, because of the state of senselesness and phrensy I was in. For their intoxicating, or rather stupesying, potions, had almost deleterious effects upon my intellects, as I have hinted; insomuch that, for several days together, I was under a strange delirium; now moping, now dozing, now weeping, now raving, now scribbling, tearing what I scribbled, as saft as I wrote it: Most miserable when now-and-then a ray of reason brought consused to my remembrance what I had suffered.

## of precuring a lodging for myfelf; having diffiled the

Mis CLARISSA HARLOWE; In Continuation.

THE Lady next gives an account, a mond borel

Of her recovery from her delirium and fleepy dif-

Of her attempt to get away in his absence:

Of the conversations that followed, at his return, be-

of the guilty figure he made: 1 102 : 193190 yoursel

of her resolution not to have him : as al wallbrill sol

Of her feveral efforts to escape: fliand son fliv in ai

Of her treaty with Dorcas, to affift her in it:

Of Dorcas's dropping the promifery note, undoubt-

Of her triumph lover all the creatures of the house, affembled to terrify her; and perhaps to commit fresh outrages upon her:

Of his fetting out for M. Hall:

Of his repeated Letters to induce her to meet him at the Altar, on her Uncle's Anniversary:

Of her determined filence to them all:

Of her second Escape, effected, as she says, contrary to her own expectation: That attempt being at first but the intended prelude to a more promising one, which she had formed in her mind:

And of other particulars; which being to be found in Mr. Lovelace's Letters preceding, and that of his friend Belford, are omitted. She then proceeds:

The very hour that I found myself in a place of safety, I took pen to write to you. When I began, I defigned only to write fix or eight lines, to enquire after your health: For, having heard nothing from you, I feared indeed, that you bad been, and fill were, too ill to write. But no fooner did my pen begin to blot the paper, but my fad heart hurried it into length. The apprehensions I had lain under, that I should not be able to get away; the fatigue I had in effecting my escape; the difficulty of procuring a lodging for myself; having disliked the people of two houses, and those of a third disliking me; for you must think I made a frighted appearance— These, together with the recollection of what I had suffered from him, and my farther apprehensions of my infecurity, and my defolate circumstances, had so difordered me, that I remember I rambled strangely in that Letter. Of her attempt to get sway in his absence:

In short, I thought it, on re-perusal, a half-distracted one: But I then despaired (were I to begin again) of writing better: So I let it go: And can have no excuse for directing it as I did, if the cause of the incoherence in it will not furnish me with a very pitiable one.

The Letter I received from your Mother was a dreadful blow to me. But nevertheless, it had the good effect upon me (labouring, as I did just then, under a violent Fit of vapourish despondency, and almost yielding to it) which profuse bleeding and blifterings have in paralylesis fresh outrages upon her : Let.64. CLARISSA HARLOWE.

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tical or apoplectical strokes; reviving my attention, and restoring me to spirits to combat the evils I was surrounded by—Sluicing off, and diverting into a new channel (if I may be allowed another metaphor) the overcharging woes which threatened once more to overwhelm my intellects.

But yet I most fincerely lamented (and still lament) in your Mother's words, That I cannot be unbappy by my-felf: And was grieved, not only for the trouble I had given you before; but for the new one I had brought

upon you by my inattention.

She then gives the Substance of the Letters she wrote to Mrs. Norton, to Lady Betty Lawrance, and to Mrs. Hodges; as also of their Answers; whereby she detected all Mr. Lovelace's impostures. She proceeds as follows:

I cannot, however, forbear to wonder how the vile Tomlinson could come at the knowlege of several of the things he told me of, and which contributed to give me confidence in him (a).

I doubt not, that the Stories of Mrs. Fretchville, and her house, would be found as vile impostures as any of the rest, were I to enquire; and had I not enough, and

too much, already against the perjured man.

How have I been led on!—What will be the end of fuch a false and perjured creature! Heaven not less profaned and desied by him, than myself deceived and abused! This, however, against myself I must say, That is what I have suffered be the natural consequence of my first error, I never can forgive myself, although you are so partial in my favour, as to say, that I was not censurable for what passed before my first Escape.

And now, honoured Madam, and my dearest Miss Howe, who are to sit in judgment upon my case, permit

(a) The attentive reader need not be referred back for what the Lady nevertheless could not account for, as she knew not that Mr. Lovelace had come at Miss Howe's Letters; particularly that in Vol. III. p. 290, & seq. which he comments upon p. 397—400. of the same Volume.

me to lay down my pen, with one request, which, with the greatest earnestness, I make to you both: And that is, That you will neither of you open your lips in relation to the potions and the violences I have hinted at .-Not that I am solicitous, that my disgrace should be hidden from the world, or that it should not be generally known, that the man has proved a villain to me: For this, it feems, every-body but myfelf expected from his Character. But suppose, as his actions by me are really of a capital nature, it were infifted upon, that I should appear to profecute him and his accomplices in a Court of Justice, how do you think I could bear That?

But since my Character, before the capital enormity, was loft in the eye of the world; and That from the very hour I left my Father's house; and since all my own hopes of worldly happiness are entirely over; Let me flide quietly into my grave; and let it not be remembred, except by one friendly tear, and no more, dropt from your gentle eye, mine own dear Anna Howe, on the happy day that shall shut up all my forrows, that there was fuch a creature as

Saturday, July-8.

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

### LETTER LXV.

Miss Howe, To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Sunday, July 9.

AY heaven fignalize its vengeance, in the face of all the world, upon the most abandoned and profligate of men!-And in its own time, I doubt not but it will.—And we must look to a WORLD BEYOND THIS for the Reward of your Sufferings!-

Another shocking detection, my dear!-How have you been deluded !- Very watchful I have thought you; very fagacious: -But, alas! not watchful, not fagacious enough, for the horrid villain you have had to deal

The Letter you fent me inclosed as mine, of the 7th

of June, is a villainous forgery (a). The Hand, indeed. is aftonishingly like mine; and the Cover, I see, is actually my Cover: But yet the Letter is not so exactly imitated, but that (had you had any fuspicions about his vileness at the time) you, who so well know my hand,

might have detected it.

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In short, this vile forged Letter, tho' a long one, contains but a few extracts from mine. Mine was a very long one. He has omitted every-thing, I see, in it, that could have shewn you what a detestable house the house is; and given you suspicions of the vile Tomlinson.— You will fee this, and how he has turned Miss Lardner's information, and my advices to you [execrable villain!] to his own horrid ends, by the rough draught of the genuine Letter, which I shall inclose (b).

Apprehensive for both our fafeties from the villainy of fuch a daring and profligate contriver, I must call upon you, my dear, to refolve upon taking Legal vengeance of the infernal wretch. And this not only for our own fakes, but for the fakes of innocents who otherwise may

yet be deluded and outraged by him.

She then gives the particulars of the report made by the young fellow whom she sent to Hamstead with ber Letter; and who supposed be had delivered it into ber own band (e); and then proceeds:

I am aftonished, that the vile wretch, who could know nothing of the time my messenger (whose honesty I can vouch for) would come, could have a creature ready to personate you! Strange, that the man should happen to arrive just as you were gone to Church (as I find was the fact, on comparing what he fays with your hint that you were at Church twice that day) when he might have got to Mrs. Moore's two hours before!—But had you told me, my dear, that the villain had found you out, and was about you!—You should have done that—Yet I blame you upon a judgment founded on the Event only!

<sup>(</sup>a) See Vol. IV. p. 318, & feq.

<sup>(</sup>b) See Vol. IV. p. 200, & feg. (c) See Vol. IV. p. 399, & feg.

I never had any faith in the Stories that go current among country Girls, of Spectres, Familiars, and Demons: yet I fee not any other way to account for this wretch's fuccessful villainy, and for his means of working-up his specious delusions, but by supposing (if he be not the Devil himself) that he has a Familiar constantly at his elbow. Sometimes it feems to me, that this Familiar assumes the shape of that solemn villain Tomlinson: Sometimes that of the execrable Sinclair, as he calls her: Sometimes it is permitted to take that of Lady Betty Lawrance-But, when it would assume the angelic shape and mien of my beloved friend, see what a bloated figure it made! side 10000

'Tis my opinion, my dear, that you will be no longer fafe where you are, than while the V. is in the country. Words are poor!—or how could I execrate him! I have hardly any doubt, that he has fold himself for a time. O may the time be short !- Or may his infernal prompter no more keep covenant with him, than he does with others! ... office offw

I inclose not only the rough draught of my long Letter mentioned above; but the heads of that which the young fellow thought he delivered into your own hands at Hamstead. And when you have perused them, I will leave you to judge, how much reason I had to be surprised, that you wrote me not an Answer to either of those Letters; one of which you owned you had received (tho' it proved to be his forged one); the other delivered into your own hands, as I was affured; and both of them of fo much concern to your honour; and still how much more surprised I must be, when I received a Letter from Mrs. Townsend, dated June 15. from Hamstead, importing, "That Mr. Lovelace, who had been with you feveral days, had, on the Monday before, brought "Lady Betty and his Cousin, richly dressed, and in a

coach and four, to visit you: Who, with your own

consent, had carried you to town with them to your " former lodgings; where you still were: That the

<sup>&</sup>quot; Hamftead women believed you to be married; and " reflected

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reflected upon me as a fomenter of differences between Man and Wife: That he himself was at Hamftead the day before; viz. Wednesday the 14th; and
boasted of his happiness with you; inviting Mrs.
Moore, Mrs. Bevis, and Miss Rawlins, to go to
town, to visit his spouse; which they promised to
do: That he declared, that you were entirely reconciled to your former lodgings:—And that, finally,
the women at Hamstead told Mrs. Townsend, that
he had very handsomely discharged theirs."

I own to you, my dear, that I was so much surprised and disgusted at these appearances, against a conduct till then unexceptionable, that I was resolved to make myself as easy as I could, and wait till you should think sit to write to me. But I could rein-in my impatience but for a few days; and on the 20th of June I wrote a sharp Letter to you; which I find you did not receive.

What a fatality, my dear, has appeared in your cafe, from the very beginning till this hour! Had my Mother permitted——

But can I blame ber; when you have a Father and Mother living, who have so much to answer for?—So much!—as no Father and Mother, considering the Child they have driven, persecuted, exposed, renounced—ever had to answer for!—

But again I must execrate the abandoned villain—Yet, as I said before, all words are poor, and beneath the occasion.

But see we not, in the horrid perjuries and treachery of this man, what Rakes and Libertines will do, when they get a young creature into their power? It is probable, that he might have the intolerable prefumption to hope an easier conquest: But, when your unexampled vigilance and exalted virtue made Potions, and Rapes, and the utmost Violences, necessary to the attainment of his detestable end, we see that he never boggled at them. I have no doubt, that the same or equal wickedness would be oftener committed by men of his villainous cast, if the folly and credulity of the poor inconsiderates.

who throw themselves into their hands, did not give them

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With what comfort must those parents reslect upon these things, who have happily disposed of their Daughters in marriage to a virtuous man! And how happy the young women who find themselves safe in a worthy protection!—If such a person, as Miss Clarissa Harlowe could not escape, who can be secure?—Since, tho' every Rake is not a Lovelace, neither is every Woman a Clarissa. And his attempts were but proportioned to your resistance and vigilance.

My Mother has commanded me to let you know her thoughts upon the whole of your fad Story. I will do it in another Letter; and fend it to you with this, by a

special messenger, you ni-niar blues had been on orion

But, for the future, if you approve of it, I will fend my Letters by the usual hand (Collins's) to be left at the Saracen's Head on Snow-hill: Whither you may fend yours (as we both used to do, to Wilson's) except such as we shall think sit to transmit by the Post: Which I am afraid, after my next, must be directed to Mr. Hickman, as before: Since my Mother is for fixing a condition to our correspondence, which, I doubt, you will not comply with, tho' I wish you would. This condition I shall acquaint you with by-and-by.

Mean time, begging excuse for all the harsh things in my last, of which your sweet meekness and superior greatness of soul have now made me most heartily ashamed, I beseech you, my dearest creature, to believe me to be,

Your truly sympathizing,

ong zi al finwog nod and unalterable Friend,

awoH ANNA ht have the incolerable prefumption to

# ope an eafler concue : When your unexampled still not a T T T E A L LXVI and Rapes,

Mis Howe, To Mis CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Monday, July 10.

I NOW, my dearest friend, resume my pen, to obey my Mother, in giving you her opinion upon your unhappy Story. She still harps upon the old string, and will have it, that all your calamities are owing to your first fatal step; for she believes (what I cannot) that your relations had intended, after one general trial more, to comply with your aversion, if they had found it as rivetted a one, as, let me say, it was a folly to suppose it would not be found to be, after so many ridiculously repeated experiments.

As to your latter sufferings from that vilest of miscreants, she is unalterably of opinion, that if all be as you have related (which she doubts not) with regard to the Potions, and to the Violences you have sustained, you ought, by all means, to set on foot a prosecution against him, and against his devilish accomplices.

She asks, What Murderers, what Ravishers, would be brought to justice, if *Modesty* were to be a general plea, and allowable, against appearing in a Court to prosecute?

She says, that the good of Society requires, that such a Beast of Prey should be hunted out of it: And, if you do not prosecute him, she thinks you will be answerable for all the mischies he may do in the course of his suture villainous life.

Will it be thought, Nancy, faid she, that Miss Clarissa Harlowe can be in earnest, when she says, she is not solicitous to have her disgraces concealed from the world, if she be afraid or ashamed to appear in Court, to do justice to herself and her Sex against him? Will it not be rather surmised, that she may be apprehensive, that some Weakness, or lurking Love, will appear upon the Trial of the strange Cause? If, inferred she, such complicated villainy as this (where Perjury, Potions, Forgery, Subornation, are all combined to effect the ruin of an innocent creature, and to dishonour a family of eminence, and where those very crimes, as may be supposed, are proofs of her innocence) is to go off with impunity, what case will deserve to be brought into judgment; or what malesactor ought to be hanged?

Then she thinks, and so do I, that the vile creatures, his Accomplices, ought by all means to be brought to Vol. V.

condign punishment, as they must and will be, upon bringing him to his Trial: And this may be a means to blow up and root out a whole Nest of Vipers, and save

many innocent creatures.

She added, That, if Miss Clariffa Harlowe could be so indifferent about having this public justice done upon such a wretch, for her own sake, she ought to overcome her scruples out of regard to her Family, her Acquaintance, and her Sex, which are all highly injured and scandalized by his villainy to her.

Mother, she would forgive you upon no other terms: And, upon your compliance with these, she herself will

undertake to reconcile all your family to you.

These, my dear, are my Mother's fentiments upon

your fad Story.

I cannot say, but there are reason and justice in them: And it is my opinion, that it would be very right for the Law to oblige an injured woman to prosecute, and to make seduction on the man's part capital, where bis studied baseness, and no fault in ber will, appeared.

To this purpose, the custom in the Isle of Man is a

very good one-

If a single woman there prosecutes a single man for a Rape, the Ecclesiastical Judges impanel a Jury; and,

if this Jury find him guilty, he is returned guilty to the Temporal Courts: Where, if he be convicted, the

Deemster, or Judge, delivers to the woman a Rope, a

Sword, and a Ring; and she has it in her choice to have him hanged, beheaded, or to marry him.

One of the two former, I think, should always be

her option.

I long for the full particulars of your Story. You must have but too much time upon your hands, for a mind so active as yours, if tolerable health and spirits be afforded you.

The villainy of the worst of men, and the virtue of the most excellent of women, I expect will be exemplified in it, were it to be written in the same connected and particular manner, in which you used to write to me.

### Let.66. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 27

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Try for it, my dearest friend; and since you cannot give the Example without the Warning, give both, for the sakes of all those who shall hear of your unhappy fate; beginning from yours of June 5. your prospects then not disagreeable. I pity you for the task; tho I cannot willingly exempt you from it.

30 30

My Mother will have me add, That she must infift upon your prosecuting the Villain. She repeats, that she makes that a condition on which she permits our future correspondence. Let me therefore know your thoughts upon it. I asked her, If she would be willing, that I should appear to support you in Court, if you complied?—By all means, she said, if that would induce you to begin with him, and with the horrid women. I think, I could attend you, I am sure I could, were there but a probability of bringing the monster to his deserved end.

Once more your thoughts of it, supposing it were to

meet with the approbation of your relations?

But whatever be your determination on this head, it shall be my constant prayer, That God will give you patience to bear your heavy afflictions, as a person ought to do who has not brought them upon herself by a faulty will; that He will speak peace and comfort to your wounded mind; and give you many happy years. I am, and ever will be,

Your affectionate and faithful ANNA Howe.

The two preceding Letters were fent by a special meffenger: In the Cover were written the following lines.

Monday, July 10.

I Cannot, my dearest friend, suffer the inclosed to go unaccompanied by a few lines, to signify to you, that they are both less tender in some places, than I would have written, had they not been to pass my Mother's inspection. The principal reason, however, of my writing thus separately, is, To beg of you to permit me to send

To

you money and necessaries; which you must needs want: And that you will let me know, if either I, or any-body I can influence, can be of service to you. I am excessively apprehensive, that you are not enough out of the Villain's reach where you are. Yet London, I am perfuaded, is the place of all others, to be private in.

I could tear my hair for vexation, that I have it not in my power to afford you personal protection !- I am,

Tent and one . Mish V Tour ever-devoted V nogu

AWOH ANNA a condition on which the cernits our

Once more forgive me, my dearest creature, for my barbarous tauntings in mine of the 5th! Yet I can hardly forgive myself. I to be so cruel, yet to know you fo well!-Whence, whence, had I this ow wile impatiency of spirit !- will so A think, I could attend you, I am face broadd.

## or resident LET TERELXVII.

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Miss Howe.

Senoisales mor a noi Tuefday, July 11.

TORGIVE you, my dear! - Most cordially do I of orgive you -- Will you forgive me for some sharp things I wrote in return to yours of the 5th? You could not have loved me, as you do, nor had the concern you have always shewn for my Honour, if you had not been utterly displeased with me, on the appear-· ance which my conduct wore to you when you wrote · that Letter. I most heartily thank you, my best and only Love, for the opportunity you gave me of clearing it up; and for being generously ready to acquit me of intentional blame, the moment you had read my me-· choly Narrative.

As you are so earnest to have all the particulars of my fad Story before you, I will, if life and spirits be lent me, give you an ample account of all that has befallen me; from the time you mention. But this, it is very probable, you will not fee, till after the close of my last former And as I shall write with a view to that, I hope no other voucher will be wanted for the veracity of the Writer, be who will the Reader.

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I am far from thinking myself out of the reach of this man's further violence. But what can I do? Whither can I fly?-Perhaps my bad State of Health (which must grow worse, as recollection of the past evils, and reflections upon them, grow beavier and heavier upon me) may be my protection. Once, indeed, I thought of going abroad; and had I the prospect of many years before me, I would go. - But, my dear, the Blow is given .- Nor have you reason, now, circumstanced as I am, to be concerned that it is. What a heart must I have, if it be not broken !- And indeed, my dear friend, I do fo earnestly wish for the last closing scene, and with so much comfort find myself in a declining way, that I even fometimes ingratefully regret that naturally healthy conflitution, which used to double upon me all my enjoyments.

As to the earnestly recommended prosecution, I may possibly touch upon it more largely hereafter, if ever I shall have better spirits; for they are at present extremely funk and low. But, just now, I will only say, that I would fooner fuffer every evil (the repetition of the capital one excepted) than appear publicly in a Court to do myself justice (a). And I am heartily grieved, that your Mother prescribes such a measure as the condition of our future correspondence: For the continuance of your friendship, my dear, and the defire I had to correspond with you to my life's end, were all my remaining hopes and confolation. Nevertheless, as that friendship is in the power of the beart, not of the band

only, I hope I shall not forfeit that. A A A A A A

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O my dear! what would I give to obtain a revocation of my Father's malediction! A Reconciliation is not to be hoped for. You, who never loved my Father, may think my folicitude on this head a weakness: But the motive for it, funk as my spirits at times are, is not always weak.

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<sup>(</sup>a) Dr. Lewen, as will be feen hereafter, presses her to this public profecution, by arguments worthy of his character: Which the answers in a manner worthy of hers. of ban - five and bath

I APPROVE of the method you prescribe for the conyeyance of our Letters; and have already caused the Porter of the Inn to be engaged to bring to me yours, the moment that Collins arrives with them. And the servant of the house where I am, will be permitted to carry mine to Collins for you.

I have written a Letter to Miss Rawlins of Hamstead; the Answer to which, just now received, has helped me to the knowlege of the vile contrivance, by which this wicked man got your Letter of June the 10th. I will

give you the contents of both.

In mine to her, I briefly acquaint her with what had befallen me, thro' the vileness of the women who had been passed upon me, as the Aunt and Cousin of the wickedest of men; and own, that I never was married to him. I defire her to make particular enquiry, and to let me know, who it was at Mrs. Moore's, that on Sunday afternoon, June 11. while I was at Church, received a Letter from Miss Howe, pretending to be me, and lying on a Couch :- Which Letter, had it come to my hands, would have faved me from ruin. Lexcuse myself (on the score of the delirium, which the horrid usage I had received threw me into, and from a confinement as barbarous and illegal) that I had onot before applied to Mrs. Moore, for an account of what I was indebted to her: Which account I now defired. And, for fear of being traced by Mr. Love-Lace. I directed her to fuperfcribe her Answer, To ' Mrs. Mary Atkins; to be left till called for, at the Belle-Savage Inn, on Ludgate-Hill.'

In her Answer, she tells me, that the vile wretch prevailed upon Mrs. Bevis to personate me, [A sudden motion of his, it seems, on the appearance of your messenger] and persuaded her to lie along on a couch:
A handkerchief over her neck and face: pretending to

A handkerchief over her neck and face; pretending to be ill; the credulous woman drawn in by false notions of your ill offices to keep up a variance between a man

and his wife—and so taking the Letter from your meffenger as me. Miss 'Miss Rawlins takes pains to excuse Mrs. Bevis's intention. She expresses their astonishment and concern at what I communicate: But is glad, however, and to they are all that they know in time the vileness of

fo they are all, that they know in time the vileness of the base man; the two widows and herself having, at

' his earnest invitation, designed me a visit at Mrs. Sin-'clair's; supposing all to be happy between him and

' me; as he affured them was the case. Mr. Lovelace, 's she informs me, had handsomely satisfied Mrs. Moore.

'And Miss Rawlins concludes with wishing to be fa-

voured with the particulars of so extraordinary a Story,

' as these particulars may be of use, to let her see what

wicked creatures (women as well as men) there are in

' the world.'

I thank you, my dear, for the draughts of your two Letters which were intercepted by this horrid man. I fee the great advantage they were of to him, in the profecution of his villainous defigns against the poor wretch whom he has so long made the sport of his abhorred inventions.

Let me repeat, that I am quite fick of life; and of an earth, in which innocent and benevolent spirits are sure to be considered as aliens, and to be made sufferers, by the

genuine sons and daughters of that earth.

How unhappy, that those Letters only which could have acquainted me with his horrid views, and armed me against them, and against the vileness of the base women, should fall into his hands!—Unhappier still, in that my very escape to Hamstead gave him the opportunity of receiving them!

Nevertheless, I cannot but still wonder, how it was possible for that Tomlinson to know what passed between Mr. Hickman and my Uncle Harlowe (a): A circumstance, which gave that vile impostor most of his credit

with me.

How the wicked wretch himself could find me out at Hamstead, must also remain wholly a mystery to me. He may glory in his contrivances—He, who has more

(a) See the Note at the bottom of p. 271.

wickedness than wit, may glory in his contrivances!— But, after all, I shall, I humbly presume to hope, be happy, when he, poor wretch, will be—Alas!—who can say what!—

Adieu, my dearest friend!—May you be happy!—And then your Clarissa cannot be wholly miserable!

# LETTER LXVIII.

Miss Howe, To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Wedn. Night, July 12.

WRITE, my dearest creature, I cannot but write, to express my concern on your dejection. Let me beseech you, my charming excellence, let me beseech

you, not to give way to it.

Comfort yourself, on the contrary, in the triumphs of a virtue unsullied; a will wholly faultless. Who could have withstood the trials that you have surmounted?—Your Cousin Morden will soon come. He will see justice done you, I make no doubt, as well with regard to what concerns your person as your estate. And many happy days may you yet see; and much good may you still do, if you will not heighten unavoidable accidents into guilty despondency.

But why, my dear, this pining folicitude continued after a Reconciliation with relations as unworthy as implacable; whose wills are governed by an all-grasping Brother, who finds his account in keeping the breach open? On this over-solicitude, it is now plain to me, that the vilest of men built all his schemes. He saw that you thirsted after it, beyond all reason for hope. The view, the hope, I own, extremely desirable, had your family been Christians; or even had they been

Pagans who had bowels.

I shall send this short Letter [I am obliged to make it a short one] by young Rogers, as we call him; the sellow I sent to you to Hamstead; an innocent, tho pragmatical Rustic. Admit him, I pray you, into your presence, that he may report to me how you look, and how you are,

Mr.

Mr. Hickman should attend you; but I apprehend, that all his motions, and mine own too, are watched by the execrable wretch: As indeed his are by an agent of mine; for I own, that I am so apprehensive of his Plots and Revenge, now I know that he has intercepted my vehement Letters against him, that he is the subject of my dreams, as well as of my waking fears.

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My Mother, at my earnest importunity, has just given me leave to write, and to receive your Letters—But fastened this condition upon the concession, that yours must be under cover to Mr. Hickman [This with a view, I suppose, to give him consideration with me]; and upon this further condition, that she is to see all we write.—'When girls are set upon a point,' she told one, who told me again, 'it is better for a Mother, if possible, to make herself of their party, than to ope pose them; since there will be then hopes that she will still hold the reins in her own hands.'

Pray let me know what the people are with whom you lodge?—Shall I fend Mrs. Townfend to direct you to lodgings either more fafe or more convenient for you?

Be pleased to write to me by Rogers; who will wait

on you for your Answer, at your own time.

Milit Blanch to the

Adieu, my dearest creature. Comfort your felf, as you would in the like unhappy circumstances comfort

Your own Anna Howe.

### LETTER LXIX.

Mis CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Mis Howe.

Thursday, July 13.

I AM extremely concerned, my dear Miss Howe, for being primarily the occasion of the apprehensions you have of this wicked man's vindictive attempts.

What a wide-spreading error is mine!-

If I find, that he fets on foot any machination against you, or against Mr Hickman, I do affure you I will confent to profecute him, altho' I were fure I should not survive my first appearance at the Bar he should be arraigned at.

I own the justice of your Mother's arguments on that subject; but must say, that I think there are circumstances in my particular case, which will excuse me, altho' on a flighter occasion than that you are apprehensive of I should decline to appear against him. I have faid, that I may one day enter more particularly

into this argument.

Your messenger has now indeed seen me. I talked with him on the cheat put upon him at Hamftead: And am forry to have reason to say, that had not the poor young man been very fimple, and very felf-fufficient, he had not been fo grofly deluded. Mrs. Bevis has the fame plea to make for herself. A good-natured, thoughtless woman; not used to converse with so vile and so specious a deceiver as him who made his advantage of both these shallow creatures.

I think I cannot be more private, than where I am. I hope I am fafe. All the rifque I run, is in going out, and returning from morning-prayers; which I have two or three times ventured to do; once at Lincolns-Inn chapel, at Eleven; once at St. Dunstan's Fleetstreet, at Seven in the morning (a), in a chair both times; and twice at Six in the morning, at the neighbouring Church in Covent-garden. The wicked wretches I have escaped from, will not I hope come to Church to look for me; especially at so early prayers; and I have fixed upon the privatest pew in the latter Church to hide myfelf in; and perhaps I may lay out a little matter in an ordinary gown, by way of disguise; my face half hid by my mob.—I am very careless, my dear, of my appearance now. Neat and clean, takes up the whole of my attention.

The man's name at whose house I lodge, is Smith-A glove-maker, as well as feller. His wife is the shopkeeper. A dealer also in stockens, ribbands, snuff, and perfumes. A matron-like woman, plain-hearted, and prudent. The hufband an honest, industrious man. And they live in good understanding with each other:

<sup>· (</sup>a) The Seven o'clock Prayers at St. Dunkan's have been fince discontinued.

A proof with me, that their hearts are right; for where a married couple live together upon ill terms, it is a fign, I think, that each knows fomething amis of the other, either with regard to temper or morals, which if the world knew as well as themselves, it would perhaps as little like them, as such people like each other. Happy the Marriage, where neither man nor wise has any wilful or premeditated evil in their general conduct to reproach the other with!—For even persons who have bad hearts will have a veneration for those who have good ones.

Two neat rooms, with plain, but clean furniture, on the first floor, are mine; one they call the dining-room.

There is, up another pair of stairs, a very worthy widow-lodger, Mrs. Lovick by name; who, altho' of low fortunes, is much respected, as Mrs. Smith affures me, by people of condition of her acquaintance, for her piety, prudence, and understanding. With her I

propose to be well acquainted.

I thank you, my dear, for your kind, your feafonable advice and confolation. I hope I shall have more Grace given me, than to despond, in the religious sense of the word: Especially, as I can apply to myself the comfort you give me, that neither my will, nor my inconfiderateness, has contributed to my calamity. But, nevertheless, the Irreconcileableness of my Relations, whom I love with an unabated reverence; my apprehensions of fresh Violences [This wicked man, I doubt, will not yet let me reft]; my being destitute of Protection; my Youth, my Sex, my Unacquaintedness with the World, fubjecting me to infults; my Reflections on the Scandal I have given, added to the Sense of the Indignities I have received from a man, of whom I deserved not ill; all together will undoubtedly bring on the effect, that cannot be undefirable to me. - The flower, however, perhaps from my natural good constitution; and, as I prefume to imagine, from Principles which I hope will, in due time, and by due reflection, fet me above the fenfe of all worldly disappointments.

At prefent, my head is much difordered. I have not indeed enjoyed it with any degree of clearness, fince the

violence

violence done to that, and to my heart too, by the wicked Arts of the abandoned creatures I was cast among.

I must have more conslicts. At times I find myself not fubdued enough to my condition. I will welcome those conflicts as they come, as probationary ones-But yet my Father's malediction- the temporary part fo frangely and so literally completed !—I cannot, however think, when my mind is ftrongest-But what is the story of Isaac, and Jacob, and Esau, and of · Rebekah's cheating the latter of the Bleffing defigned for him (in favour of Jacob) given us for in the 27th · Chapter of Genesis? My Father used, I remember, to enforce the Doctrine deducible from it, on his · children, by many arguments. At least therefore, · He must believe there is great weight in the curse he · has announced; and shall I not be solicitous to get it revoked, that he may not hereafter be grieved, for · my fake, that he did not revoke it?

All I will at present add, are my thanks to your Mother for her Indulgence to us. Due Compliments to Mr. Hickman; and my Request, that you will believe me to be, to my last hour, and beyond it, if possible, my beloved friend, and my dearer Self (for what is now my

Self?) Your obliged and affectionate

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

#### LETTER LXX.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Friday, July 7.

I HAVE three of thy Letters at once before me to answer; in each of which thou complainest of my filence; and in one of them tellest me, that thou canst not live without I scribble to thee every day, or every other day at least.

Why, then, die, Jack, if thou wilt. What heart, thinkest thou, can I have to write, when I have lost the

only subject worth writing upon?

Help me again to my Angel, to my CLARISSA; and thou shalt have a Letter from me, or writing at least,

Let. 70. CLARISSA HARLOWE.

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least, part of a Letter, every hour. All that the Charmer of my heart shall say, that will I put down: Every motion, every air of her beloved person, every look, will I try to describe; and when she is silent, I will endeavour to tell thee her thoughts, either what they are, or what I would have them to be—So that, having ber, I shall never want a subject. Having lost her, my whole Soul is a blank: The whole Creation round me, the Elements above, beneath, and every-thing I behold (for nothing can I enjoy) is a blank without her!

O Return, Return, thou only Charmer of my Soul! Return to thy adoring Lovelace! What is the Light, what the Air, what the Town, what the Country, what's Any-thing, without thee? Light, Air, Joy, Harmony, in my notion, are but parts of thee; and could they be all expressed in one word, that word would be

CLARISSA.

O my beloved CLARISSA, Return thou then; once more Return to bless thy LOVELACE, who now, by the loss of thee, knows the value of the jewel he has slighted; and rises every morning but to curse the Sun, that shines upon every-body but him!

WELL but, Jack, 'tis a furprifing thing to me, that the dear Fugitive cannot be met with; cannot be heard of. She is fo poor a plotter (for plotting is not her talent) that I am confident, had I been at liberty, I should have found her out before now; altho' the different emissaries I have employed about town, round the adjacent villages, and in Miss Howe's vicinage, have hitherto failed of fuccess. But my Lord continues fo weak and low-spirited, that there is no getting from him. I would not disoblige a man whom I think in danger still: For would his Gout, now it has got him down, but give him, like a fair boxer, the rifing-blow, all would be over with him. And here [Pox of his fondness for me! it happens at a very bad time he makes me fit hours together entertaining him with my rogueries (a pretty amusement for a sick man!): And yet, whenever

he has the Gout, he prays night and morning with his Chaplain. But what must bis notions of Religion be. who, after he has nofed and mumbled over his Responses, can give a figh or groan of fatisfaction, as if he thought he had made up with Heaven; and return with a new appetite to my Stories?—Encouraging them, by shaking his fides with laughing at them, and calling me a fad fellow in fuch an accent, as shews he takes no small de-

light in his Kinfman.

The old Peer has been a finner in his day, and fuffers for it now: A fneaking finner, fliding, rather than rufbing, into vices, for fear of his reputation: Or, rather, for fear of detection, and positive proof; for these fort of fellows, Jack, have no real regard for reputation.-Paying for what he never had, and never daring to rife to the joy of an enterprize at first hand, which could bring him within view of a tilting, or of the honour of being confidered as the principal man in a Court of Iustice.

To fee fuch an old Trojan as this, just dropping into the grave, which I hoped ere this would have been dug. and filled up with him; crying out with pain, and grunting with weakness; yet in the same moment crack his leathern face into an horrible laugh, and call a young finner charming varlet, encoreing him, as formerly he used to do the Italian Eunuchs; what a preposterous,

what an unnatural adherence to old habits!

My two Coufins are generally prefent when I entertain, as the old Peer calls it. Those Stories must drag horribly, that have not more hearers and applauders, than relaters.

Applauders !

Ay, Belford, Applauders, repeat I; for altho' these girls pretend to blame me sometimes for the facts, they praise my manner, my invention, my intrepidity.—Besides, what other people call blame, that call I praise: I ever did; and fo I very early discharged shame, that coldwater damper to an enterprifing spirit.

These are smart girls; they have life and wit; and yesteryesterday, upon Charlotte's raving against me upon a related enterprize, I told her, that I had had it in debate several times, whether she were or were not too near of kin to me: And that it was once a moot point with me, whether I could not love her dearly for a month or so: And perhaps it was well for her, that another pretty little puss started up, and diverted me, just as I was entering upon the course.

They all three held up their hands and eyes at once. But I observed, that they the girls exclaimed against me, they were not so angry at this plain speaking, as I have found my Beloved upon hints so dark, that I have

wondered at her quick apprehension.

I told Charlotte, That, grave as she pretended to be in her smiling resentments on this declaration, I was sure I should not have been put to the expence of above two or three stratagems (for nobody admired a good invention more than she) could I but have disentangled her conscience from the embarrasses of consanguinity.

She pretended to be highly displeased: So did her Sister for her. I told her, that she seemed as much in earnest, as if she had thought me so; and dared the trial. Plain words, I said, in these cases, were more shocking to their Sex than gradatim actions. And I bid Patty not be displeased at my distinguishing her Sister; since I had a great respect for ber likewise.

An Italian Air, in my usual careless way, a half-struggled-for kiss from me, and a shrug of the shoulder by way of admiration, from each pretty Cousin, and Sad, sad fellow, from the old Peer, attended with a

fide-shaking laugh, made us all friends.

There, Jack!—Wilt thou, or wilt thou not, take this for a Letter? There's Quantity, I am fure.—How have I filled a sheet (not a short-hand one indeed) without a subject! My fellow shall take this; for he is going to town. And if thou canst think tolerably of such execrable stuff, I will soon send thee another.

#### LETTER LXXI.

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Efq;

Six Saturday Morning, July 8.

TAVE I nothing new, nothing diverting, in my whimfical way, thou askest, in one of thy three Letters before me, to entertain thee with?—And thou tellest me, that, when I have least to narrate, to speak in the Scotish phrase, I am most diverting. A pretty compliment, either to thyself, or to me. To both indeed !- A fign that thou hast as frothy a heart as I a head. But canst thou suppose, that this admirable woman-is not All, is not Every-thing with me? Yet I dread to think of her too; for detection of all my contrivances, I doubt, must come next.

The old Peer is also full of Miss Harlowe: And so are my Cousins. He hopes I will not be such a dog [There's a specimen of his peer-like dialect] as to think of doing dishonourably by a woman of so much merit, beauty, and fortune; and be fays of fo good a family. But I tell him, that this is a string he must not touch: That it is a very tender point: In short, is my fore place; and that I am afraid he would handle it too roughly, were I to put myfelf in the power of fo ungentle an

operator.

He shakes his crazy head. He thinks all is not as it should be between us; longs to have me present her to him as my wife; and often tells me what great things he will do, additional to his former propofals; and what prefents he will make on the birth of the first child. But I hope the whole of his Estate will be in my hands before fuch an event take place. No harm in boping, Jack! Lord M. fays, Were it not for bope, the heart would break.

EIGHT o'clock at Mid-Summer, and these lazy Varletesses (in full health) not come down yet to breakfast! -What a confounded Indecency in young Ladies, to let let a Rake know that they love their beds so dearly, and, at the same time, where to have them! But I'll punish them—They shall breakfast with their old Uncle, and yawn at one another, as if for a wager; while I drive my Phaeton to Colonel Ambrose's, who yesterday gave me invitation both to breakfast and dine, on account of two Yorkshire Nieces, celebrated toasts, who have been with him this fortnight past; and who, he says, want to see me. So, Jack, all women do not run away from me, thank Heaven!—I wish I could have leave of my heart, since the dear sugitive is so ingrateful, to drive her out of it with another Beauty. But who can supplant her? Who can be admitted to a place in it after Miss Clarissa Harlowe?

At my return, if I can find a subject, I will scrib-

ble on, to oblige thee.

My Phaeton's ready. My Cousins send me word they are just coming down: So in spite I'll be gone.

Saturday afternoon.

I DID stay to dine with the Colonel, and his Lady and Nieces: But I could not pass the afternoon with them, for the heart of me. There was enough in the persons and faces of the two young Ladies to set me upon comparisons. Particular features held my attention for a few moments: But those served but to whet my impatience to find the Charmer of my Soul; who, for Person, for Air, for Mind, had never any equal. My heart recoiled and fickened upon comparing minds and conversation. Pert wit, a too studied desire to please; each in high good humour with herself; an open-mouth affectation in both, to shew white teeth, as if the principal excellence; and to invite amorous familiarity, by the promise of a sweet breath; at the fame time reflecting tacitly upon breaths arrogantly implied to be less pure.

Once I could have borne them.

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They seemed to be disappointed that I was so soon able to leave them. Yet have I not at present so much vanity [My Clarissa has cured me of my vanity] as to Vol. V.

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attribute their disappointment so much to particular liking of me, as to their own felf-admiration. They looked upon me as a connoisseur in Beauty. They would have been proud of engaging my attention, as fuch : But so affected, so slimsy-witted, mere skindeep Beauties !- They had looked no further into themselves than what their glasses had enabled them to fee: And their glaffes were flattering-glaffes too; for I thought them passive-faced, and spiritless; with eyes, however, upon the hunt for conquests, and bespeaking the attention of others, in order to countenance their own.-I believe I could, with a little pains, have given them life and foul, and to every feature of their faces sparkling information-But my Clariffa !- O Belford, my Clariffa has made me eyeless and senseless to every other Beauty !- Do thou find her for me, as a subject worthy of my pen, or This shall be the last from

Thy LOVELACE.

### LETTER LXXII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, E/q;

Sunday Night, July 9.

TOW, Jack, have I a subject with a vengeance. I am in the very height of my tryal for all my fins to my beloved Fugitive. For here, yesterday, at about Five o'Clock, arrived Lady Sarah Sadleir and Lady Betty Lawrance, each in her Chariot-and-fix. Dowagers love Equipage; and these cannot travel ten miles without a Set, and half a dozen horsemen.

My time had hung heavy upon my hands; and fo I went to Church after dinner. Why may not handsome fellows, thought I, like to be looked at, as well as handome wenches? I fell in, when Service was over, with Major Warneton; and fo came not home till after Six; and was furprifed, at entering the Courtyard here, to find it littered with equipages and fervants. I was fure the owners of them came for no good to me.

Lady Sarah, I foon found, was raised to this visit by Lady Betty; who has health enough to allow her to look out of herself, and out of her own affairs, for business. Yet congratulation to Lord M. on his amendment [Spiteful devils on both accounts!] was the avowed errand. But coming in my absence, I was their principal subject: and they had opportunity to set each other's heart against me.

Simon Parsons hinted this to me, as I passed by the Steward's office; for it seems they talked loud; and he was making up some accounts with old Pritchard.

However, I hastened to pay my duty to them. Other people not performing theirs, is no excuse for the neglect of our own, you know.

### And now I enter upon my TRYAL.

WITH horrible grave faces was I received. The two antiques only bowed their tabby heads; making longer faces than ordinary; and all the old lines appearing strong in their surrowed foreheads and fallen cheeks; How do you, Cousin? and, How do you, Mr. Lovelace? looking all round at one another, as who should say, Do You speak first; and, Do You: For they seemed resolved to lose no time.

I had nothing for it, but an air as manly, as theirs was womanly. Your fervant, Madam, to Lady Betty; and, Your fervant, Madam—I am glad to fee you abroad, to Lady Sarah.

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I took my feat. Lord M. looked horribly glum; his fingers classet, and turning round and round, under and over, his but just disgouted thumbs; his sallow face, and goggling eyes, cast upon the floor, on the fire-place, on his two Sisters, on his two Kinswomen, by turns; but not once deigning to look upon me.

Then I began to think of the Laudanum and Wet Cloth, I told thee of long ago; and to call myself in question for a tenderness of heart that will never do me good.

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At last, Mr. Lovelace ;- Cousin Lovelace !- Hem! -Hem !- I am forry, very forry, hesitated Lady Sarah, that there is no hope of your ever taking up-

What's the matter now, Madam?

The matter now !- Why, Lady Betty has two Letters from Miss Harlowe, which have told us what's the matter-Are all women alike with you?

Yes; I could have answered; 'bating the difference

which Pride makes.

Then they all chorus'd upon me-Such a character as Miss Harlowe's! cried one—A Lady of so much generolity and good fense! another-How charmingly the writes! the two maiden monkies, looking at her fine hand-writing: Her perfections my crimes. you expect will be the end of these things? cried Lady Sarah—Damn'd, damn'd doings! vociferated the Peer, shaking his loofe-flesh'd wabbling chaps, which hung on his Shoulders like an old cow's dew-lap.

For my part, I hardly knew whether to fing or fay, what I had to reply to these all-at-once attacks upon me!-Fair and foftly, Ladies-One at a time, I befeech you. I am not to be hunted down without being heard, I hope. Pray let me see these Letters.

beg you will let me fee them.

There they are: - That's the first-Read it out, if

you can.

I opened a Letter from my Charmer, dated Thurfday, June 29. our Wedding-day, that was to be, and written to Lady Betty Lawrance. By the contents, to my great joy, I find the dear creature is alive and well, and in charming spirits. But the direction where to fend an answer was so scratched out, that I could not read it; which afflicted me much.

She puts three questions in it to Lady Betty.

1st, About a Letter of hers, dated June 7. congratulating me on my Nuptials, and which I was fo good as to fave Lady Betty the trouble of writing-A very civil thing of me, I think.

Again-" Whether the and one of her Nieces Mon-" tague

" tague were to go to town, on an old Chancery-Suit?" And, "Whether they actually did go to town ac-" cordingly, and to Hamstead afterwards?" and, "Whether they brought to town from thence the " young creature whom they visited;" was the sub-

ject of the second and third questions.

A little inquisitive dear rogue! and what did she expect to be the better for these questions?-But curiofity, damn'd curiofity, is the itch of the Sex-Yet when didft thou know it turned to their benefit?-For they feldom enquire, but when they fear - And the proverb, as my Lord has it, fays, It comes with a fear. That is, I suppose, what they fear generally happens, because there is generally occasion for the fear.

Curiofity indeed the awows to be her only motive for these interrogatories: For tho' she says, her Ladyship may suppose the questions are not asked for good to me, yet the answer can do me no harm, nor her good. only to give her to understand-whether I have told her a parcel of damn'd lyes; that's the plain English

of her enquiry.

Well, Madam, faid I, with as much philosophy as I could affume; and may I ask-Pray, what was your Ladyship's Answer?

There's a copy of it, toffing it to me, very difre-

spectfully.

This Answer was dated July 1. A very kind and complaifant one to the Lady, but very So-so to her poor Kinsman-That people can give up their own flesh and blood with so much ease !- She tells her " how proud all our family would be of an alliance " with fuch an excellence." She does me justice in faying how much I adore her, as an angel of a woman; and begs of her for I know not how many fakes, besides my Soul's sake, "that she will be so good as "to have me for an husband:" And answers—thou wilt guess how—to the Lady's questions.

Well, Madam; and, pray, may I be favoured Lacy

with the Lady's other Letter? I presume it is in reply to yours.

It is, said the Peer: But, Sir, let me ask you a few questions, before you read it—Give me the Letter,

Lady Betty.

There it is, my Lord.

Then on went the spectacles, and his head moved to the lines—A charming pretty hand!—I have often heard, that this Lady is a genus.

And fo, Jack, repeating my Lord's wife comments and questions will let thee into the contents of this mer-

ciles Letter.

"Monday, July 3." [reads my Lord]—Let me fee!—That was last Monday; no longer ago! "Monday, July the third—Madam—I cannot excuse myfels"—um, um, um, um, um [humming inarticulately, and skipping]—"I must own to you,
Madam, that the honour of being related"—

Off went the spectacles—Now, tell me, Sir-r, Has not this Lady lost all the friends she had in the world,

for your fake?

She has very implacable friends, my Lord: We all

know That.

But has she not lost them all for your sake?—Tell me That.

I believe fo, my Lord.

Well then !- I am glad thou art not fo graceless as

to deny That.

On went the spectacles again—" I must own to you, "Madam, that the honour of being related to Ladies as eminent for their virtue, as for their descent'—

Very pretty, truly! said my Lord, repeating "as eminent for their virtue as for their descent, was, at first, no small inducement with me to lend an ear to Mr. Lovelace's address."

There is dignity, born dignity, in this Lady, cried

my Lord.

Lady Sarab. She would have been a grace to our family.

Lady

Lady Betty. Indeed she would.

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Lovel. To a Royal Family, I will venture to fay.

Lord M. Then what a devil-

Lovel. Please to read on, my Lord. It cannot be ber Letter, if it does not make you admire her more and more as you read. Cousin Charlotte, Cousin Patty, pray attend—Read on, my Lord.

Miss Charlotte. Amazing fortitude!

Miss Patty only lifted up her dove's eyes.

Lord M. [reading] "And the rather, as I was de"termined, had it come to effect, to do every-thing
"in my power to deferve your favourable opinion."

Then again they chorus'd upon me!

A bleffed time of it, poor I!—I had nothing for it but impudence!

Lovel. Pray read on, my Lord-I told you how

you would all admire her-Or, shall I read?

Lord M. Damn'd affurance! [then reading] "I had "another motive, which I knew would of itself give "me merit with your whole family [They were all ear] "A presumptuous one; a punishably presumptuous

"one, as it has proved: in the hope that I might be an humble means in the hand of Providence, to re-

" claim a man who had, as I thought, good fense enough at bottom to be reclaimed; or at least gra-

"titude enough to acknowlege the intended obliga-

"tion, whether the generous hope were to succeed

" or not."-Excellent young creature !-

Excellent young creature! echoed the Ladies, with their handkerchiefs at their eyes, attended with nofemusic.

Lovel. By my foul, Miss Patty, you weep in the wrong place: You shall never go with me to a tragedy.

Lady Betty. Hardened wretch !-

His Lordship had pulled off his spectacles to wipe them. His eyes were misty; and he thought the fault in his spectacles.

I saw they were all cocked and primed—To be sure that is a very pretty sentence, said I—That is the excellency

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of this Lady, that in every line, as she writes on, she improves upon herself. Pray, my Lord, proceed—I know her style; the next sentence will still rise upon us.

Lord M. Damn'd fellow! [again faddling and reading] "But I have been most egregiously mistaken in Mr. Lovelace!"—[Then they all clamoured again.]

"The only man, I persuade myself-"

Lovel. Ladies may persuade themselves to any-thing: But how can she answer for what other men would or would not have done in the same circumstances?

I was forced to fay any-thing to stifle their outcries. Pox take ye all together, thought I; as if I had not

vexation enough in losing her!

Lord M. [reading] "The only man, I persuade myself, pretending to be a gentleman, in whom I

" could have been fo much mistaken."

They were all beginning again—Pray, my Lord, proceed!—Hear, hear—Pray, Ladies, hear!—Now, my Lord, be pleased to proceed. The Ladies are filent.

So they were; lost in admiration of me, hands and

eyes uplifted.

Lord M. I will, to thy confusion; for he had looked

over the next sentence.

What wretches, Belford, what spiteful wretches, are poor mortals!—So rejoiced to sting one another! to see each other stung!

Lord M. [reading] "For while I was endeavouring to fave a drowning wretch, I have been, not accidentally, but premeditatedly, and of fet purpose, drawn in after him."—What say you to this, Sir-r?

Lady S. Ay, Sir, what fay you to this?

Lovel. Say! Why I say it is a very pretty metaphor, if it would but hold.—But if you please, my Lord, read on. Let me hear what is further said, and I will speak to it all together.

Lord M. I will.—" And he has had the glory to add to the Lift of those he has ruined, a name that,

" I will

Let.72. CLARISSA HARLOWE.

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" I will be bold to fay, would not have disparaged his own."

They all looked at me, as expecting me to speak.

Lovel. Be pleased to proceed, my Lord: I will speak to this by-and-by—How came she to know, I kept a List?—I will speak to this by-and-by.

" Madam, by " And this, Madam, by means, that would shock humanity to be made ac-

" quainted with."

Then again, in a hurry, off went the spectacles.

This was a plaguy ftroke upon me. I thought myfelf an oak in impudence; but, by my troth, this had almost felled me.

Lord M. What fay you to this, SIR-R!-

Remember, Jack, to read all their Sirs in this dialogue with a double rr, Sir-r! denoting indignation rather than respect.

They all looked at me, as if to fee if I could blush.

Lovel. Eyes off, my Lord!—Eyes off, Ladies! [looking bashfully, I believe]—What say I to this, my Lord!—Why, I say, that this Lady has a strong manner of expressing herself!—That's all—There are many things that pass among Lovers, which a man cannot explain himself upon before grave people.

Lady Betty. Among Lovers, Sir-r! But, Mr. Lovelace, can you fay that this Lady behaved either like a a weak, or a credulous person?—Can you fay—

Lovel. I am ready to do the Lady all manner of justice.—But, pray now, Ladies, if I am to be thus interrogated, let me know the contents of the rest of the Letter, that I may be prepared for my desence, as you are all for my arraignment. For, to be required to answer piecemeal thus, without knowing what is to follow, is a cursed ensnaring way of proceeding.

They gave me the Letter: I read it thro' to myself:

—And by the repetition of what I said, thou wilt guess

at the remaining contents.

You shall find, Ladies, you shall find, my Lord, that I will not spare myself. Then holding the Letter

in my hand, and looking upon it, as a Lawyer upon his Brief;

Miss Harlowe says, "That when your Ladyship" [turning to Lady Betty] "shall know, that in the progress to her ruin, wilful falshoods, repeated forgeries, and numberless perjuries, were not the least of my crimes, you will judge that she can have no principles that will make her worthy of an alliance with Ladies of yours, and your noble Sister's cha-

" racter, if she could not, from her foul, declare, that fuch an alliance can never now take place."

Surely, Ladies, this is passion! This is not reason. If our family would not think themselves dishonoured by my marrying a person whom I had so treated; but, on the contrary, would rejoice that I did her this justice; and if she has come out pure gold from the assay; and has nothing to reproach herself with; why should it be an impeachment of her principles, to consent that such an alliance should take place?

She cannot think herfelf the worfe, justly the cannot,

for what was done against her will.

Their countenances menaced a general uproar-But I

proceeded.

Your Lordship read to us, That she had an bope, a presumptuous one; nay, a punishably presumptuous one, she calls it; "that she might be a means in the hands "of Providence, to reclaim me; and that this, she "knew, if effected, would give her a merit with you all." But from what would she reclaim me?—She had beard, you'll say (but she had only heard, at the time she entertained That Hope) that, to express myself in the womens dialect, I was a very wicked fellow:—Well, and what then?—Why, truly, the very moment she was convinced, by her own experience, that the charge against me was more than bearsay; and that, of consequence, I was a sit subject for her generous endeavours to work upon; she would needs give me up. Accordingly she shies out, and declares, that the Ceremony which would repair all, shall never take place!—

Can this be from any other motive than female refent-

This brought them all upon me, as I intended it should: It was as a tub to a whale; and after I had let them play with it awhile, I claimed their attention, and, knowing that they always loved to hear me prate, went on.

The Lady, it is plain, thought, that the reclaiming of a man from bad habits was a much easier task than,

in the nature of things, it can be.

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She writes, as your Lordship has read, "That in " endeavouring to fave a drowning wretch, she had " been, not accidentally, but premeditatedly, and of " fet purpose, drawn in after him." But how is this, Ladies?-You fee by her own words, that I am still far from being out of danger myself. Had she found me, in a quagmire suppose, and I had got out of it by her means, and left her to perish in it; that would have been a crime indeed,-But is not the fact quite otherwife? Has she not, if her allegory prove what she would have it prove, got out herfelf, and left me floundering still deeper and deeper in ?-What she should have done, had she been in earnest to save me, was, to join her hand with mine, that fo we might by our united strength help one another out.-I held out my hand to her, and belought her to give me hers :-But, no, truly! The was determined to get out herfelf as fast as she could, let me fink or swim: Refusing her affiftance (against her own principles) because she faw I wanted it .- You fee, Ladies, you fee, my Lord, how pretty tinkling words run away with ears inclined to be musical.

They were all ready to exclaim again: But I went on, proleptically, as a Rhetorician would fay, before

their voices could break out into words.

But my fair accuser says, That, "I have added to "the List of those I have ruined, a name, that would not have disparaged my own." It is true, I have been gay and enterprizing. It is in my constitution to be

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fo. I know not how I came by fuch a constitution: But I was never accustomed to check or controul; that you all know. When a man finds himself hurried by passion into a slight offence, which, however slight, will not be forgiven, he may be made desperate: As a thief, who only intends a robbery, is often by resistance, and for self-preservation, drawn in to commit a murder.

I was a strange, a horrid wretch with every one. But he must be a filly fellow who has not something to say for himself, when every cause has its black and its white side.—Westminster-hall, Jack, affords every day as consident defences as mine.

But what right, proceeded I, has this Lady to complain of me, when she as good as says—Here, Lovelace, you have acted the part of a villain by me—You would repair your fault: But I won't let you, that I may have the satisfaction of exposing you; and the pride of resuling you.

But, was that the case? Was that the case? Would I pretend to say, I would now marry the Lady, if she

would have me?

Lovel. You find the renounces Lady Betry's mediation-

Lord M. [interrupting me] Words are wind; but deeds are mind: What fignifies your cursed quibbling, Bob?—Say plainly, If she will have you, will you have her? Answer me, Yes or no; and lead us not a wild-goose chace after your meaning.

Lovel. She knows I would. But here, my Lord, if the thus goes on to expose herself and me, she will

make it a dishonour to us both to marry.

Charl. But how must she have been treated-

Lovel. [interrupting her] Why now, Cousin Charlotte, chucking her under the chin, would you have me tell you all that has passed between the Lady and me? Would You care, had you a bold and enterprizing Lover, that Proclamation should be made of every little piece of amorous roguery, that he offered to you?

Charlotte reddened. They all began to exclaim.

But I proceeded.

The Lady says, "She has been dishonoured" (devil take me, if I spare myself) "by means, that would shock humanity to be made acquainted with them." She is a very innocent Lady, and may not be a judge of the means she hints at. Over-niceness may be Under-niceness: Have you not such a proverb, my Lord?—tantamount to, One extreme produces another!—Such a Lady as This, may possibly think her case more extraordinary than it is. This I will take upon me to say, That if she has met with the only man in the world who would have treated her, as she says I have treated her, I have met in her with the only woman in the world who would have made such a rout about a case that is uncommon only from the circumstances that attend it.

This brought them all upon me; hands, eyes, voices, all lifted up at once. But my Lord M. who has in his bead (the last seat of retreating lewdness) as much wickedness as I have in my beart, was forced (upon the air I spoke this with, and Charlotte's and all the rest reddening) to make a mouth that was big enough to swallow up the other half of his face; crying out, to avoid laughing, Oh! Oh!—as if under

the power of a gouty twinge.

Hadft thou feen how the two tabbies and the young grimalkins looked at one another, at my Lord, and at me, by turns, thou too wouldst have been ready to split thy ugly face just in the middle. Thy mouth has already done half the work. And, after all, I found not seldom in this conversation, that my humorous undaunted way forced a smile into my service from the prim mouths of the young Ladies. They, perhaps, had they met with such another intrepid Fellow as myself, who had first gained upon their affections, would not have made such a rout as my Beloved has done, about such an affair as that we were affembled upon. Young Ladies, as I have observed

on an hundred occasions, fear not half so much for themselves, as their Mothers do for them. But here

· the Girls were forced to put on grave airs, and to feem angry, because the Antiques made the matter of such

high importance. Yet so lightly fat anger and fellowfeeling at their hearts, that they were forced to purse

in their mouths, to suppress the smiles I now-andthen laid out for: While the Elders having had Roses

then laid out for: While the Elders having had Roles
(that is to fay, Daughters) of their own, and knowing
how fond Men are of a Trifle, would have been very

· loth to have had them nipt in the bud, without faying,
· By your leave, Mrs. Rose-bush, to the mother of it.

The next article of my indictment was for Forgery; and for personating of Lady Betty and my Cousin Charlotte. Two shocking charges, thou'lt say: And so they were!—The Peer was outrageous upon the Forgery-charge. The Ladies vowed never to forgive the personating part. Not a peace-maker among them. So we all turned women, and scolded.

My Lord told me, That he believed in his confcience there was not a viler fellow upon God's Earth, than me.

— What fignifies mincing the matter, faid he?—And that it was not the first time I had forged his hand.

To this I answered, that I supposed, When the Statute of Scandalum Magnatum was framed, there were a good many in the Peerage, who knew they deserved hard names; and that that Law therefore was rather made to privilege their Qualities, than to whiten their Characters.

He called upon me to explain myself, with a Sir-r, so pronounced, as to shew, that one of the most ignominious words in our language was in his head.

People, I said, that were fenced in by their quality, and by their years, should not take freedoms, that a man of spirit could not put up with, unless he were able heartily to despise the insulter.

This fet him in a violent passion. He would send for Pritchard instantly. Let Pritchard be called. He would alter his Will; and all he could leave from me, he would.

Do, do, my Lord, said I: I always valued my own Pleasure above your Estate. But I'll let Pritchard know, that if he draws, he shall sign and seal.

Why, what would I do to Pritchard?-Shaking his

crazy head at me.

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Only, what he, or any man else, writes with his pen, to despoil me of what I think my right, he shall seal with his ears; that's all, my Lord.

Then the two Ladies interposed.

Lady Sarah told me, That I carried things a great way; and that neither Lord M. nor any of them, de-

ferved the treatment I gave them.

I said, I could not bear to be used ill by my Lord, for two reasons; first, Because I respected his Lordship above any man living; and next, Because it looked as if I were induced by selfish considerations to take that from Him, which nobody else would offer to me.

And what, returned he, shall be my inducement to

take what I do at your hands?—Hay, Sir?

Indeed, Cousin Lovelace, faid Lady Betty, with great gravity, we do not any of us, as Lady Sarah fays, deferve at your hands the treatment you give us: And let me tell you, that I don't think my character, and your Coufin Charlotte's, ought to be prostituted, in order to ruin an innocent Lady. She must have known early the good opinion we all have of her, and how much we wished her to be your wife. This good opinion of ours has been an inducement to her (You see she says so) to listen to your address. And this, with her friends folly, has helpt to throw her into your power. How you have requited her, is too apparent. It becomes the character we all bear, to disclaim your actions by her. And, let me tell you, that to have her abused by wicked people raised up to personate us, or any of us, makes a double call upon us to disclaim them.

Lovel. Why this is talking somewhat like. I would have you all disclaim my actions. I own I have done very vilely by this Lady. One step led to another. I am curst with an enterprizing spirit. I hate to be foiled.

Foiled!

Foiled! interrupted Lady Sarah. What a shame to talk at this rate!—Did the Lady set up a contention with you? All nobly sincere, and plain-hearted, have I heard Miss Clarissa Harlowe is: Above Art, above Disguise; neither the Coquet, nor the Prude!—Poor Lady! She deserved a better sate from the man for whom she took the step which she so freely blames!

This above half affected me—Had this dispute been fo handled by every one, I had been ashamed to look up.

I began to be bashful.

Charlotte asked, If I did not still seem inclinable to do the Lady justice, if she would accept of me? It would be, she dared to say, the greatest selicity the family could know (She would answer for one) that this fine Lady were of it.

They all declared to the same effect; and Lady Sarah

put the matter home to me.

But my Lord Marplet would have it, that I could not

be ferious for fix minutes together.

I told his Lordship, that he was mistaken; light as he thought I made of this subject, I never knew any that went so near my heart.

Miss Patty said, She was glad to hear that: Indeed she was glad to hear that: And her soft eyes glistened

with pleasure.

Lord M. called her Sweet Soul, and was ready to cry. Not from humanity neither, Jack. This Peer has no bowels; as thou mayest observe by his treatment of me. But when peoples minds are weakened by a sense of their own infirmities, and when they are drawing on to their latter ends, they will be moved on the slightest occasions, whether those offer from within, or without them. And this, frequently, the unpenetrating world calls Humanity, when all the time, in compassionating the miseries of human nature, they are but pitying themselves; and were they in strong health and spirits, would care as little for any-body else as thou or I do.

Here broke they off my Tryal for this Sitting. Lady Sarah was much fatigued. It was agreed to pursue the

**fubject** 

Let. 73. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 305 subject in the morning. They all, however, retired together, and went into private conference.

### le ashing LETTER LXXIII.

Mr. LOVELACE. In Continuation.

THE Ladies, instead of taking up the subject where we had laid it down, must needs touch upon passages in my fair Accuser's Letter, which I was in hopes they would have let rest, as we were in a tolerable way. But, truly, they must hear all they could hear, of our Story, and what I had to say to those passages, that they might be better enabled to mediate between us, if I were really and indeed inclined to do her the hoped-for justice.

These passages were, 1st, "That after I had com"pulsatorily tricked her into the act of going off with
"me, I carried her to one of the worst houses in

" London."

2. "That I had made a wicked attempt upon her; in resentment of which, she fled to Hamstead, privately.

adly, Came the Forgery, and personating charges again; and we were upon the point of renewing our quarrel, before we could get to the next charge: Which was still worse.

For that (4thly) was, "That having betrayed her "back to the vile house, I first robbed her of her Senses, "and then of her Honour; detaining her afterwards a

" prisoner there."

Were I to tell thee the glosses I put upon these heavy charges, what would it be, but to repeat many of the extenuating arguments I have used in my Letters to thee?

—Suffice it, therefore, to say, that I insisted much, by way of palliation, on the Lady's extreme niceness: On her dissidence in my honour: On Miss Howe's contriving spirit; plots on their parts begetting plots on mine: On the high passions of the Sex. I afferted, that my whole view, in gently restraining her, was to oblige her to forgive me, and to marry me; and this, for the honour of Vol. V.

both families. I boasted of my own good qualities; some of which none that know me, deny; and to which sew Libertines can lay claim.

They then fell into warm admirations and praises of the Lady; all of them preparatory, as I knew, to the grand question: And thus it was introduced by Lady Sarah.

We have faid as much as I think we can fay, upon these Letters of the poor Lady. To dwell upon the mischiefs that may ensue from the abuse of a person of her rank, if all the reparation be not made that now can be made, would perhaps be to little purpose. But you seem, Sir, still to have a just opinion of her, as well as affection for her. Her virtue is not in the least questionable. She could not refent as she does, had she any-thing to reproach herself with. She is, by every-body's account, a fine woman; has a good Estate in her own right; is of no contemptible family; tho' I think with regard to her, they have acted as imprudently as unworthily. For the excellency of her mind, for good oeconomy, the common speech of her, as the worthy Dr. Lewen once told me, is, That her prudence would enrich a poor man, and ber piety reclaim a licentious one. I, who have not been abroad twice this twelvemonth, came hither purposely, so did Lady Betty, to see if justice may not be done her; and also whether we, and my Lord M. (your nearest relations, Sir) have, or have not, any influence over you. And, for my own part, as your determination shall be in this article, such shall be mine, with regard to the disposition of all that is within my power.

Lady Betty. And mine.

And mine, faid my Lord: And valiantly he swore

Lovel. Far be it from me to think slightly of favours you may any of you be glad I would deserve. But as far be it from me to enter into conditions against my own liking, with fordid views!—As to future mischiefs, let them come. I have not done with the Harlowes yet.

They were the aggressors; and I should be glad they would let me hear from them, in the way they should hear from me, in the like case. Perhaps, I should not be forry to be found, rather than be obliged to feek, on this occasion.

Miss Charlotte [reddening]. Spoke like a man of violence, rather than a man of reason! I hope you'll allow

that, Cousin.

Lady Sarah. Well, but fince what is done, is done, and cannot be undone, let us think of the next best. Have you any objection against marrying Miss Harlowe,

if she will have you?

Lovel. There can possibly be but one: That she is to every-body, no doubt, as well as to Lady Betty, pursuing that maxim peculiar to herself (and let me tell you, so it ought to be); That what she cannot conceal from herself, she will publish to all the world.

Miss Patty. The Lady, to be fure, writes this in the

bitterness of her grief, and in despair-

Lovel. And so when her grief is allayed; when her despairing fit is over—And this from you, Cousin Patty!
—Sweet girl! And would you, my dear, in the like case [whispering her] have yielded to entreaty—Would you have meant no more by the like exclamations?

I had a rap with her fan, and a blush; and from Lord M. a reflection, That I turned into jest every-

thing they faid.

I asked, If they thought the Harlowes deserved any consideration from me; and whether that family would not exult over me, were I to marry their daughter, as if I dared not to do otherwise?

Lady Sarab. Once I was angry with that family, as we all were. But now I pity them; and think, that you have but too well justified the worst treatment they gave

you.

n

Lord M. Their family is of standing. All gentlemen of it, and rich, and reputable. Let me tell you, that many of our coronets would be glad they could derive their descents from no worse a stem than theirs.

X 2

Lovel.

Lovel. The Harlowes are a narrow-souled and implacable family. I hate them: And tho' I revere the Lady, scorn all relation to them.

Lady Betty. I wish no worse could be said of bim, who

is fuch a scorner of common failings in others.

Lord M. How would my Sifter Lovelace have reproached herself for all her indulgent folly to this favourite Boy of hers, had she lived till now, and been present on this occasion!

Lady Sarah. Well but, begging your Lordship's pardon, let us see if any-thing can be done for this poor

Lady.

Miss Cb. If Mr. Lovelace has nothing to object against the Lady's character (and I presume to think he is not assumed to do her justice, tho' it may make against himfelf) I cannot see but honour and generosity will compel from him all that we expect. If there be any levities, any weaknesses, to be charged upon the Lady, I should not open my lips in her favour; tho' in private I would pity her, and deplore her hard hap. And yet, even then, there might not want arguments, from honour and gratitude, in so particular a case, to engage you, Sir, to make good the vows it is plain you have broken.

Lady Betty. My Niece Charlotte has called upon you fo justly, and has put the question to you so properly, that I cannot but wish you would speak to it directly,

and without evalion.

All in a breath then bespoke my seriousness, and my justice: And in this manner I delivered myself, assumeting an air sincerely solemn.

"I am very sensible, that the performance of the task you have put me upon, will leave me without excuse:

"But I will not have recourse either to evasion, or pal-

" liation.

"As my Cousin Charlotte has severely observed, I am not ashamed to do justice to Miss Harlowe's merit.

"I own to you all, and, what is more, with high re"gret (if not with shame, Coulin Charlotte) that I have

1et.73. CLARISSA HARLOWE.

" a great deal to answer for in my usage of this Lady. "The Sex has not a nobler mind, nor a lovelier person

of it. And, for virtue, I could not have believed

" (Excuse me, Ladies) that there ever was a woman who gave, or could have given, such illustrious, such uni-

" form proofs of it: For, in her whole conduct, she " has shewn herself to be equally above Temptation

" and Art; and, I had almost faid, Human frailty.

"The step she so freely blames herself for taking, was " truly what she calls compulsatory: For tho' she was " provoked to think of going off with me, she intended it not, nor was provided to do fo: Neither would she " ever have had the thought of it, had her relations left " her free, upon her offered composition to renounce " the man she did not hate, in order to avoid the man

" fhe did.

" It piqued my pride, I own, that I could so little depend upon the force of those impressions which I had " the vanity to hope I had made in a heart fo delicate; " and in my worst devices against her, I encouraged my-" felf, that I abused no confidence; for none had she in

my honour.

"The evils she has suffered, it would have been more "than a miracle had she avoided. Her watchfulness " rendered more plots abortive, than those which con-" tributed to her fall; and they were many and various. And all her greater trials and hardships were owing

" to her noble refistance, and just refentment.

" I know, proceeded I, how much I condemn myfelf " in the justice I am doing to this excellent creature. " But yet I will do her justice, and cannot help it if I

" would. And I hope this shews, that I am not so to-" tally abandoned, as I have been thought to be.

" Indeed with me, fhe has done more honour to the " Sex in her fall, if it be to be called a fall (In truth it " ought not) than ever any other could do in her " ftanding.

"When, at length, I had given her watchful virtue s cause of suspicion, I was then indeed obliged to make " ule

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" use of Power and Art to prevent her escaping from me. She then formed contrivances to elude mine; but " all bers were fuch as strict truth and punctilious honour would justify. She could not stoop to deceit and fallhood, no, not to fave herself. More than once is justly did she tell me, fired by conscious worthiness, that her Soul was my Soul's superior!-Forgive me, Ladies, for faying, that till I knew ber, I questioned a Soul in a Sex, created, as I was willing to suppose, only " for temporary purposes.—It is not to be imagined " into what absurdities men of free principles run, in "order to justify to themselves their free practices; and to make a Religion to their minds: And yet, in this respect, I have not been so faulty as some others.

"No wonder that fuch a noble creature as this looked upon every studied artifice, as a degree of baseness not "to be forgiven: No wonder that she could so easily " become averse to the man (tho' once she beheld him " with an eye not wholly indifferent) whom she thought " capable of premeditated guilt .- Nor, give me leave, on the other hand, to fay, is it to be wondered at, that the man who found it so difficult to be forgiven for the " flighter offences, and who had not the grace to recede " or repent (made desperate) should be hurried on to the

" commission of the greater.

"In short, Ladies, in a word, my Lord, Miss Cla-" riffa Harlowe is an Angel; if ever there was or could " be one in human nature: And is, and ever was, as " pure as an Angel in her will: And this justice I must "do her, altho' the question, I see by every glistening "eye, is ready to be asked, What, then, Lovelace, are " you !-"

Lord M. A devil !- A damn'd devil! I must answer. And may the curse of God follow you in all you undertake, if you do not make her the best amends now in

your power to make her!

Lovel. From you, my Lord, I could expect no other: But from the Ladies I hope for less violence from the ingenuousness of my confession.

The

The Ladies, elder and younger, had their handkerchiefs to their eyes, at the just testimony which I bore to the merits of this exalted creature; and which I would make no scruple to bear at the Bar of a Court of Justice, were I to be called to it.

Lady Betty. Well, Sir, this is a noble character. If you think as you speak, surely you cannot refuse to do the Lady all the justice now in your power to do her.

They all joined in this demand.

I pleaded, that I was fure she would not have me: That, when she had taken a resolution, she was not to be moved: Unpersuadableness was an Harlowe sin: That, and her name, I told them, were all she had of theirs.

All were of opinion, that she might, in her present desolate circumstances, be brought to forgive me. Lady Sarah said, that Lady Betty and she would endeavour to find out the Noble Sufferer, as they justly called her; and would take her into their protection, and be guaranties of the justice that I would do her; as well after Marriage, as before.

It was some pleasure to me, to observe the placability of these Ladics of my own family, had they, any or either of them, met with a LOVELACE. But 'twould be hard upon us honest fellows, Jack, if all women were CLARISSAS.

Here I am obliged to break off,

## ar Glenhum Fall; and there, like the fwice Chilomela, a chorn in WIXXLI was Got Tr Tr He Loly com-

### Mr. LOVELACE. In Continuation.

IT is much better, Jack, to tell your own Story, when it must be known, than to have an adversary tell it for you. Conscious of this, I gave them a particular account how urgent I had been with her to fix upon the Thursday after I left her (it being her Uncle Harlowe's anniversary Birth-day, and named to oblige her) for the private Celebration; having some days before actually procured a License, which still remained with her.

X 4

That,

That, not being able to prevail upon her to promise any-thing, while under a supposed restraint; I offered to leave her at full liberty, if she would give me the least hope for that day. But neither did this offer avail me.

That this inflexibleness making me desperate, I refolved to add to my former fault, by giving directions, that she should not either go or correspond out of the house, till I returned from M. Hall; well knowing, that if she were at full liberty, I must for ever lose her.

That this constraint had so much incensed her, that altho' I wrote no less than four different Letters, I could not procure a single word in answer; tho' I pressed her but for four words to signify the Day and the Church.

I referred to my two Cousins to vouch for me the extraordinary methods I took to send messengers to town, tho' they knew not the occasion: Which now I told

them, was this.

I acquainted them, that I even had wrote to you, Jack, and to another gentleman, of whom I thought she had a good opinion, to attend her, in order to press for her compliance; holding myself in readiness the last day, at Salt-hill, to meet the messenger they should send, and proceed to London, if his message were favourable: But that, before they could attend her, she had found means to sly away once more: And is now, said I, perched perhaps, somewhere under Lady Betry's window at Glenham Hall; and there, like the sweet Philomela, a thorn in her breast, warbles forth her melancholy complaints against her barbarous Tereus.

Lady Betty declared, That she was not with ber; nor did she know where she was. She should be, she added, the most welcome guest to her, that she ever received.

In truth, I had a suspicion, that she was already in their knowlege, and taken into their protection; for Lady Sarah I imagined incapable of being roused to this spirit by a Letter only from Miss Harlowe, and that not directed to herself; she being a very indolent and melancholy woman. But her Sister, I find, had wrought her up to it: For Lady Betty is as officious and managing a woman

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man as Mrs. Howe; but of a much more generous and

noble disposition—She is my Aunt, Jack.

I supposed, I said, that her Ladyship might have a private direction where to send to her. I spoke as I wished: I would have given the world, to have heard that she was inclined to cultivate the interest of any of

my family.

Lady Betty answered, that she had no direction but what was in the Letter; which she had scratched out, and which, it was probable, was only a temporary one, in order to avoid me: Otherwise she would hardly have directed an Answer to be left at an Inn. And she was of opinion, that to apply to Miss Howe would be the only certain way to succeed in any application for forgiveness, would I enable that young Lady to interest herself in procuring it.

Miss Charlotte. Permit me to make a proposal.— Since we are all of one mind in relation to the justice due to Miss Harlowe, if Mr. Lovelace will oblige himfelf to marry her, I will make Miss Howe a visit, little as I am acquainted with her; and endeavour to engage her interest to forward the desired Reconciliation. And if this can be done, I make no question but all may be happily accommodated; for every-body knows the Love

there is between Miss Harlowe and Miss Howe.

MARRIAGE, with these women, thou seeft, Jack, is an Atonement for all we can do to them. A true Dramatic Recompence!

This motion was highly approved of; and I gave my honour, as defired, in the fullest manner they could wish.

Lady Sarab. Well then, Cousin Charlotte, begin your

treaty with Miss Howe, out of hand.

Lady Betty. Pray do. And let Miss Harlowe be told, that I am ready to receive her, as the most welcome of guests: And I will not have her out of my fight till the knot is tied.

Lady Sarab. Tell her from me, That she shall be my Daughter!—Instead of my poor Betsey!—And shed a tear in remembrance of her lost Daughter.

Lord

Lovel. Content, my Lord. I speak in the language of your House.

Lord M. We are not to be fooled, Nephew. No quibbling. We will have no flur put upon us.

Lovel. You shall not. And yet, I did not intend to marry, if she exceeded the appointed Thursday. But, I think (according to her own notions) that I have injured her beyond reparation, altho' I were to make her the best of Husbands; as I am resolved to be, if she will condescend, as I will call it, to have me. And be This, Cousin Charlotte, my part of your commission to say.

This pleased them all.

Lord M. Give me thy hand, Bob!-Thou talkest like a man of honour at last. I hope we may depend upon what thou fayest?

The Ladies eyes put the same question to me.

Lovel. You may, my Lord. You may, Ladies.

Absolutely you may.

Then was the personal Character of the Lady, as well as her more extraordinary talents and endowments, again expatiated upon: And Miss Patty, who had once seen her, launched out more than all the rest in her praise. These were followed by such Enquiries as are never forgotten to be made in Marriage-treaties, and which generally are the principal motives with the Sages of a family, tho' the least to be mentioned by the Parties themfelves, and yet even by them, perhaps, the first thought of: That is to fay, inquisition into the Lady's fortune; into the particulars of the Grandfather's Estate; and what her Father, and her fingle-fouled Uncles, will probably do for her, if a Reconciliation be effected; as, by their means, they make no doubt but it will, between both families, if it be not my fault. The two Venerables [No longer Tabbies with me now] hinted at rich presents on their own parts; and my Lord declared, that he would make such overtures in my behalf, as should render my Marriage with Miss Harlowe the best day's work I ever made; and what, he doubted not, would be as agreeable to that family, as to myfelf.

Thus, at prefent, by a fingle Hair, hangs over my head the Matrimonial Sword. And thus ended my Tryal. And thus are we all friends; and Coufin and Coufin, and Nephew and Nephew, at every word.

Did ever Comedy end more happily, than this long

Tryal?

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### LETTER LXXV.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Wedn. July 12.

OO, Jack, they think they have gained a mighty point. But, were I to change my mind, were I to repent, I fanfy I am fafe. - And yet this very moment it rifes to my mind, that 'tis hard trufting too; for furely there must be some embers, where there was fire fo lately, that may be stirred up to give a blaze to combustibles strewed lightly upon them. Love (like fome felf-propagating plants or roots, which have taken strong hold in the earth) when once got deep into the heart, is hardly ever totally extirpated, except by Matrimony indeed, which is the Grave of Love, because it allows of the End of Love. Then these Ladies, all advocates for herself, with herself, Miss Howe at their head, perhaps-Not in favour to me-I don't expect That from Miss Howe—But perhaps in favour to berfelf: For Miss Howe has reason to apprehend vengeance from me, I ween. Her Hickman will be safe too, as she may think, if I marry her beloved friend: For he has been a bufy fellow, and I have long wished to have a flap at him!—The Lady's case desperate with her friends too; and likely to be fo, while fingle, and her character exposed to censure.

A Husband is a charming Cloak, a fig-leafed apron, for a wife: And for a Lady to be protected in liberties, in diversions, which her heart pants after—and all her faults, even the most criminal, were she to be detected, to be thrown upon the Husband, and the ridicule too;

a charming privilege for a Wife!

But I shall have one comfort, if I marry, which pleases

pleases me not a little. If a man's wife has a dear friend of her Sex, a hundred liberties may be taken with that friend, which could not be taken, if the fingle Lady (knowing what a title to freedoms Marriage has given him with her friend) was not less scrupulous with him than she ought to be, as to berfelf. Then there are broad freedoms (shall I call them?) that may be taken by the Husband with his Wife, that may not be quite shocking, which if the Wife bears before her Friend. will serve for a lesson to that Friend; and if that Friend bears to be prefent at them without check or bashfulness, will shew a fagacious fellow that she can bear as much herself, at proper time and place. Chastity, Jack, like Piety, is an uniform thing. If in look, if in speech, a girl gives way to undue levity, depend upon it, the devil has got one of his cloven feet in her heart already—So, Hickman, take care of thyself, I advise thee, whether I marry or not.

Thus, Jack, have I at once reconciled myself to all my relations—and, if the Lady refuses me, thrown the fault upon her. This, I knew, would be in my power to do at any time: And I was the more arrogant to them, in order to heighten the merit of my compliance.

But after all, It would be very whimfical, would it not, if all my plots and contrivances should end in wedlock? What a punishment would this come out to be, upon myself too, that all this while I have been plundering my own treasury?

· And then, can there be so much harm done, if it can be so easily repaired by a few magical words; as I, Ro-

· bert, take thee, Clariffa; and I, Clariffa, take thee, Ro-

bert, with the rest of the for-better and for-worse Leger demain, which will hocus pocus all the wrongs, the

· crying wrongs, that I have done to Miss Harlowe, into acts of kindness and benevolence to Mrs. Lovelace?

But, Jack, two things I must insist upon with thee, if this is to be the case.—Having put secrets of so high a nature between me and my Spouse into thy power, I must, for my own honour, and for the honour of my wise

Let. 75. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 317 and my illustrious progeny, first oblige thee to give up the Letters I have so profusely scribbled to thee; and, in the next place, do by thee, as I have heard whispered in France was done by the true father of a certain monarque; that is to say, cut thy throat, to prevent thy telling of

I have found means to heighten the kind opinion my friends here have begun to have of me, by communicating to them the contents of the four last Letters which I wrote to press my elected Spouse to solemnize. My Lord has repeated one of his phrases in my favour, that he hopes it will come out, That the devil is not quite so

black as be is painted.

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Now pr'ythee, dear Jack, fince fo many good confequences are to flow from these our Nuptials (one of which to thyself; since the sooner thou diest, the less thou wilt have to answer for); and that I now-and-then am apt to believe there may be fomething in the old fellow's notion, who once told us, that he who kills a man, has all that man's fins to answer for, as well as his own, because he gave him not the time to repent of them, that Heaven defigned to allow him [A fine thing for thee, if thou confentest to be knocked of the head; but a cursed one for the manslayer!]; and fince there may be room to fear, that Miss Howe will not give us her help; I pr'ythee now exert thyself to find out my Clarissa Harlowe, that I may make a LOVELACE of her. Set all the City Bellmen, and the Country Criers, for ten miles round the metropolis, at work, with their "Oyes's! " and if any man, woman or child can give tale or ti-"dings"—Advertise her in all the News-papers; and let her know, "That if she will repair to Lady Betty " Lawrance, or to Miss Charlotte Montague, she may " hear of fomething greatly to her advantage."

My two Cousins Montague are actually to set out tomorrow, to Mrs. Howe's, to engage her vixen Daughter's interest with her friend. They will flaunt it away in a chariot-and-six, for the greater state and significance.

Con-

Confounded mortification to be reduced thus low!-

My pride hardly knows how to brook it.

Lord M. has engaged the two Venerables to stay, here, to attend the issue: And I, standing very high at present in their good graces, am to gallant them to Oxford, to Blenheim, and several other places.

### LETTER LXXVI.

Miss Howe, To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Thursday Night, July 13.

Collins fets not out to-morrow. Some domestic occasion hinders him. Rogers is but now returned from you, and cannot well be spared. Mr. Hickman is gone upon an affair of my Mother's, and has taken both his servants with him, to do credit to his employer: So I am forced to venture this by the Post, directed by your assumed name.

I am to acquaint you, that I have been favoured with a Visit from Miss Montague and her Sister, in Lord M.'s chariot-and-six. My Lord's gentleman rode here yesterday, with a request that I would receive a visit from the two young Ladies, on a very particular occasion; the greater favour, if it might be the next day.

As I had so little personal knowlege of either, I doubted not but it must be in relation to the interests of my dear friend; and so consulting with my Mother, I sent them an invitation to savour me (because of the distance) with their company at dinner; which they kindly accepted.

I hope, my dear, fince things have been fo very bad, that their errand to me will be as agreeable to you, as any-thing that can now happen. They came in the name of Lord M. and Lady Sarah and Lady Betty his two Sisters, to desire my interest to engage you to put your-self into the protection of Lady Betty; who will not part with you till she sees all the justice done you that now can be done.

Lady Sarah had not stirred out for a twelvemonth before; never fince she lost her agreeable Daughter whom Let. 76. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 319

whom you and I saw at Mrs. Benson's: But was induced to take this journey by Lady Sarah, purely to procure you reparation, if possible. And their joint strength, united with Lord M's, has so far succeeded, that the wretch has bound himself to them, and to these young Ladies, in the solemnest manner, to wed you in their presence, if they can prevail upon you to give him your hand.

This confolation you may take to yourfelf, that all this honourable family have a due (that is, the bigbest) sense of your merit, and greatly admire you. The horrid creature has not spared himself in doing justice to your virtue; and the young Ladies gave us such an account of his confessions, and self-condemnation, that my Mother was quite charmed with you; and we all four shed tears of joy, that there is one of our Sex [I, that that one is my dearest friend] who has done so much honour to it, as to deserve the exalted praises given you by a wretch so self-conceited; tho' pity for the excellent creature mixed

with our joy.

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He promises by them to make the best of Husbands; and my Lord, and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, are all three to be guarantees that he will be so. Noble Settlements, noble Presents, they talked of: They say, they left Lord M. and his two Sisters talking of nothing else but of those Presents and Settlements, how most to do you honour, the greater in proportion for the indignities you have suffered; and of changing of names by Act of Parliament, preparative to the interest they will all join to make, to get the Titles to go where the bulk of the Estate must go, at my Lord's death, which they apprehend to be nearer than they wish. Nor doubt they of a thorough Resormation in his morals, from your example and influence over him.

I made a great many objections for you—All, I believe, that you could have made yourself had you been present. But I have no doubt to advise you, my dear, (and so does my Mother) instantly to put yourself into Lady Betty's protection, with a resolution to take the

wretch

wretch for your Husband. All his future grandeur [He wants not pride] depends upon his sincerity to you; and the young Ladies vouch for the depth of his concern

for the wrongs he has done you.

All his apprehension is, in your readiness to communicate to every-one, as he fears, the evils you have suffered; which he thinks will expose you both. But had you not revealed them to Lady Betty, you had not had so warm a friend; since it is owing to two Letters you wrote to her, that all this good, as I hope it will prove, was brought about. But I advise you to be more sparing in exposing what is past, whether you have thoughts of accepting him, or not: For what, my dear, can that avail now, but to give a handle to vile wretches to triumph over your friends; since every-one will not know how much to your honour your very sufferings have been?

Your melancholy Letter brought by Rogers (a), with his account of your indifferent health, confirmed to him by the woman of the house, as well as by your looks, and by your faintness while you talked with him, would have given me inexpressible affliction, had I not been cheared by this agreeable visit from the young Ladies. I hope you will be equally so on my imparting the subject of it to you.

Indeed, my dear, you must not hesitate. You must oblige them. The alliance is splendid and honourable. Very few will know any-thing of his brutal baseness to you. All must end, in a little while, in a general Reconciliation; and you will be able to resume your course of doing the good to every deserving object which procured

you bleffings where-ever you fet your foot.

I am concerned to find, that your Father's inhuman curse affects you so much as it does. Yet you are a noble creature, to put it, as you put it—I hope you are indeed more solicitous to get it revoked for their sakes than for your own. It is for them to be penitent who hurried you into evils you could not well avoid. You are apt to

<sup>(</sup>a) See p. 281.

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judge by the unhappy event, rather than upon the true merits of your case. Upon my honour, I think you faultless in almost every step you have taken. What has not that vilely insolent and ambitious, yet stupid, Brother of yours to answer for?—That spiteful thing your Sister too!—

But come, fince what is past cannot be helped, let us look forward. You have now happy prospects opening to you: A family, already noble, prepared to receive and embrace you with open arms and joyful hearts; and who, by their Love to you, will teach another family (who know not what an excellence they have confederated to persecute) how to value you. Your prudence, your piety, will crown all. You will reclaim a wretch, that for an hundred sakes more than for his own, one would wish to be reclaimed.

Like a traveller, who has been put out of his way by the overflowing of some rapid stream, you have only had the fore-right path you were in overwhelmed. A few miles about, a day or two only lost, as I may say, and you are in a way to recover it; and, by quickening your speed, will get up the lost time. The hurry upon your spirits, mean time, will be all your inconvenience; for it was not your fault you were stopt in your progress.

Think of this, my dear; and improve upon the allegory, as you know how. If you can, without impeding your progress, be the means of assuaging the inundation, of bounding the waters within their natural chanel, and thereby of recovering the overwhelmed path for the sake of future passengers who travel the same way, what a

merit will yours be!

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I shall impatiently expect your next Letter. The young Ladies proposed, that you should put yourself, if in town, or near it, into the Reading Stage-coach, which inns somewhere in Fleet-street: And if you give notice of the day, you will be met on the road, and that pretty early in your journey, by some of both Sexes; one of whom you won't be forry to see.

Mr. Hickman shall attend you at Slough; and Lady Vol. V. Betty

Betty herself, and one of the Miss Montagues, with proper Equipages, will be at Reading to receive you; and carry you directly to the Seat of the former: For I have expresty stipulated, that the wretch himself shall not come into your presence till your Nuptials are to be solemnized, unless you give leave.

Adieu, my dearest friend. Be happy : And hundreds will then be happy of confequence. Inexpressibly fo, I

am fure, will then be

Sanily, already neble: bes : armed talvoi bes Your ever-affectionate sounding

.swo H ANNAI ove to you, will reach another family

# who know but was a T. T. E. R. LXXVII. of we confedence.

Mis Howe, To Mis CLARISSA HARLOWE.

My dearest Friend. Sunday Night, July 16.

IIIHY would you permit a mind fo much devoted to your fervice, to labour under fuch an impatience as you must know it would labour under, for want of an Answer to a Letter of such consequence to you, and therefore to me, as was mine of Thursday night?-Rogers told me on Thursday, you were so ill; your Letter fent by him was fo melancholy !- Yet you must be ill indeed, if you could not write fomething to fuch a Letter; were it but a line, to fay you would write as foon as you could. Sure you have received it. The master of our nearest Post-office will pawn his reputation that it went fafe: I gave him particular charge of it.

God fend me good news of your health, of your ability to write; and then I will chide you-Indeed I will

-as I never yet did chide you.

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I suppose your excuse will be, that the subject required consideration-Lord! my dear, so it might: But you have fo right a mind, and the matter in question is so obvious, that you could not want half an hour to determine-Then you intended, probably, to wait Collins's call for your Letter as on to-morrow !- Suppose -Mis!-(indeed I am angry with you! suppose) something were to happen, as it did on Friday, that he should

Let. 78. CLARISSA HARLOWE.

not be able to go to town to-morrow? -How, child, could you ferve me fo?-I know not how to leave off

fcolding you!

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Dear, honest Collins, make hafte: He will: He will. He fets out, and travels all night: For I have told him. that the dearest friend I have in the world has it in her own choice to be happy, and to make me fo; and that the Letter he will bring from her, will affure it to me.

I have ordered him to go directly (without stopping at the Saracen's-head Inn) to you at your lodgings. Matters are now in fo good a way, that he fafely may.

Your expected Letter is ready written, I hope: If it

be not, he will call for it at your hour.

You can't be so happy as you deserve to be: But I doubt not that you will be as happy as you can; that is, that you will chuse to put yourself instantly into Lady Betty's protection. If you would not have the wretch for your own fake; have him you mult, for mine, for your family's, for your bonour's fake!-Dear, honest Collins, make hafte! make hafte! and relieve the impatient heart of my Beloved's

Ever-faithful, ever-affectionate,

ANNA HOWE.

#### LETTER LXXVIII.

Mis Howe, To Miss CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE.

Tuesday Morning, July 18. Madam,

Take the liberty to write to you, by this special mesfenger. In the phrenfy of my foul I write to you. to demand of you, and of any of your family who can tell, news of my beloved friend; who, I doubt, has been spirited away by the base Arts of one of the blackest— O help me to a name bad enough to call him by! Her piety is proof against felf-attempts. It must, it must be He, the only wretch, who could injure such an Innocent; and now—who knows what he has done with her!

If I have patience, I will give you the occasion of this

distracted vehemence.

Y 2

I wrote

I wrote to her the very moment you and your Sifter left me. But being unable to procure a special messenger. as I intended, was forced to fend by the Post. I urged her [You know I promised that I would: I urged her] with earnestness, to comply with the desires of all your family. Having no answer, I wrote again on Sunday night; and fent it by a particular hand, who travelled all night; chiding her for keeping a heart fo impatient as mine in fuch cruel suspense, upon a matter of so much importance to her; and therefore to me. And very angry I was with her in my mind.

But, judge my aftonishment, my distraction, when last night, the messenger, returning post-haste, brought me word, that the had not been heard of fince Friday morning! And that a Letter lay for her at her lodgings, which

came by the Post; and must be mine!

She went out about Six that morning; only intending, as they believe, to go to morning prayers at Coventgarden Church, just by her lodgings, as she had done divers times before-Went on foot!-Left word she should be back in an hour-Very poorly in health!

Lord, have mercy upon me! What shall I do!-I

was a distracted creature all last night!

O Madam! You know not how I love her!—My own Soul is not dearer to me, than my Clariffa Harlowe!—Nay, the is my Soul—For I now have none— Only a miferable one, however—For the was the joy, the stay, the prop of my life. Never woman loved woman as we love one another. It is impossible to tell you half her excellencies. It was my glory and my pride, that I was capable of so fervent a Love of so pure and matchless a creature-But now-Who knows, whether the dear injured has not all her woes, her undeserved woes, completed in death; or is not reserved for a worse fate! - This I leave to your enquiry-For -your-[shall I call the man-your] relation I understand is still with you.

Surely, my good Ladies, you were well authorized in the proposals you made in presence of my Mother! 5.

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Surely he dare not abuse your confidence, and the confidence of your noble relations! I make no apology for giving you this trouble, nor for desiring you to favour with a line by this messenger

Your almost distracted

ANNA HOWE.

#### LETTER LXXIX.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

M. Hall, Sat. Night, July 15.

A LL undone, undone, by Jupiter!—Zounds, Jack, what shall I do now! A curse upon all my plots and contrivances!—But I have it—In the very heart and soul of me, I have it!

Thou toldest me, that my punishments were but beginning—Canst thou, O fatal prognosticator! canst thou tell me, where they will end?

Thy affiftance I bespeak. The moment thou receivest this, I bespeak thy affiftance. This messenger rides for life and death—And I hope he'll find you at your townlodgings; if he meet not with you at Edgware; where,

being Sunday, he will call first.

This cursed, cursed woman, on Friday dispatched man and horse with the joyful news (as she thought it would be to me) in an exulting Letter from Sally Martin, that she had found out my Angel as on Wednesday last; and on Friday morning, after she had been at prayers at Covent-garden Church—praying for my Reformation perhaps—got her arrested by two Sheriss officers, as she was returning to her lodgings, who (Villains!) put her into a chair they had in readiness, and carried her to one of the cursed sellows houses.

She has arrested her for 1501. pretendedly due for Board and Lodgings: A sum (besides the low villainy of the proceeding) which the dear Soul could not possibly raise; all her cloaths and effects, except what she had on and with her when she went away, being at the

old devil's.

And

And here, for an aggravation, has the dear creature lain already two days; for I must be gallanting my two Aunts and my two Cousins, and giving Lord M. an airing after his lying-in—Pox upon the whole family of us!—And returned not till within this hour: And now returned to my distraction, on receiving the cursed Tidings and the exulting Letter.

Hasten, hasten, dear Jack; for the Love of God, hasten to the injured Charmer! My heart bleeds for her—She deserved not This!—I dare not stir. It will be thought done by my contrivance—And if I am absent

from this place, that will confirm the suspicion.

Damnation seize quick this accursed woman!—Yet she thinks she has made no small merit with me. Unhappy, thrice unhappy circumstance!—At a time too, when better prospects were opening for the sweet Creature!

Hasten to her!—Clear me of this cursed job. Most sincerely, by all that's Sacred, I swear you may!—Yet have I been such a villainous plotter, that the charming Sufferer will hardly believe it; altho' the proceeding be

fo dirtily low. He as now now you have

Set her free the moment you fee her: Without conditioning, free!—On your knees, for me, beg her pardon: And affure her, that, where ever she goes, I will not molest her: No, nor come near her, without her leave: And be sure allow not any of the damned crew to go near her—Only, let her permit you to receive her commands from time to time. You have always been her friend and advocate. What would I now give, had I permitted you to have been a successful one!

Let her have all her Cloaths and Effects fent her inftantly, as a small proof of my sincerity. And force upon the dear creature, who must be moneyless, what sums you can get her to take. Let me know how she has been treated. If roughly, we be to the guilty!

Take thy watch in thy hand, after thou hast freed her, and damn the whole brood, dragon and serpents, by the hour, till thou'rt tired; and tell them, I bid thee do so, for their cursed officiousness.

Let. 80. CLARISSA HARLOWE.

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They had nothing to do, when they had found her,

but to wait my orders how to proceed.

The great devil fly away with them all, one by one, thro' the roof of their own curfed house, and dash them to pieces against the tops of chimneys, as he flies; and let the lesser devils collect their scattered scraps, and bag them up, in order to put them together again in their allotted place, in the element of fire, with cements of molten lead.

A line! A line! A kingdom for a line! with tolerable news, the first moment thou canst write!—This fellow waits to bring it.

## LETTER LXXX.

Miss CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE, To Miss Howe.

M. Hall, Tuesday Afternoon.

Dear Mifs Howe,

YOUR Letter has infinitely diffurbed us all.

This wretched man has been half diffracted ever fince Saturday night.

We knew not what ailed him, till your Letter was

brought.

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Vile wretch, as he is, he is however innocent of this

Indeed he is, he must be; as I shall more at large acquaint you.

But will not now detain your messenger.

Only to fatisfy your just impatience, by telling you, that the dear young Lady is fafe, and, we hope, well.

A horrid mistake of his general orders has subjected

her to the terror and difgrace of an Arrest.

Poor dear Miss Harlowe!—Her Sufferings have endeared her to us, almost as much as her Excellencies can have endeared her to you.

But fhe must be now quite at liberty.

He has been a distracted man, ever fince the news was brought him; and we knew not what ailed him.

But that I faid before.

My

My Lord M. my Lady Sarah Sadleir, and my Lady Betty Lawrance, will all write to you this very afternoon.

And fo will the wretch himfelf.

Joing fines gods someon fi

And fend it by a servant of their own, not to detain yours.

I know not what I write.

But you shall have all the particulars, just, and true, and fair, from,

Dear Madam, Your most faithful and obedient Servant,

CH. MONTAGUE.

#### LETTER LXXXI.

Miss Montague, To Miss Howe.

Dear Madam, M. Hall, July 18.

IN pursuance of my promise, I will minutely inform you of every-thing we know, relating to this shock-

ing transaction.

When we returned from you on Thursday night, and made our report of the kind reception both we and our message met with, in that you had been so good as to promise to use your interest with your dear friend; it put us all into such good humour with one another, and with my cousin Lovelace, that we resolved upon a little tour of two days, the Friday and Saturday, in order to give an airing to my Lord, and Lady Sarah; both having been long confined, one by illness, the other by melancholy. My Lord, Lady Sarah, Lady Betty, and myself, were in the coach; and all our talk was of dear Miss Harlowe, and of our future happiness with her. Mr. Lovelace, and my Sister (who is his favourite, as he is hers) were in his Phaeton: And whenever we joined company, that was still the subject.

As to him, never man praised woman, as he did her: Never man gave greater hopes, and made better resolutions. He is none of those that are governed by Interest. He is too proud for that. But most sincerely delighted was he in talking of her; and of his hopes

of

of her returning favour. He said, however, more than once, that he seared she would not forgive him; for, from his heart, he must say, he deserved not her forgiveness: And often and often, that there was not such a woman in the world.

This I mention to shew you, Madam, that he could not at this very time be privy to such a barbarous and

difgraceful treatment of her.

n

We returned not till Saturday night, all in as good humour with one another as we went out. We never had fuch pleasure in his company before. If he would be good, and as he ought to be, no man would be better beloved by relations than he. But never was there a greater alteration in man when he came home, and received a Letter from a messenger, who, it seems, had been stattering himself in hopes of a reward, and had been waiting for his return from the night before. In such a sury!—The man fared but badly. He instantly shut himself up to write, and ordered man and horse to be ready to set out before day-light the next morning, to carry the Letter to a friend in London.

He would not fee us all that night; neither breakfast nor dine with us next day, He ought, he said, never to see the light; and bid my Sister, whom he called an Innocent (and who was very desirous to know the occasion of all this) shun him; saying, He was a wretch, and made so by his own inventions and the conse-

quences of them.

None of us could get out of him what so disturbed him. We should too soon hear, he said, to the utter dissipation of all bis hopes, and of all ours.

We could easily suppose, that all was not right with

regard to the worthy young Lady and him.

He was out each day; and faid, he wanted to run

away from himfelf.

Late on Monday night he received a Letter from Mr. Belford, his most favoured friend, by his own messenger; who came back in a foam, man and horse. Whatever were the contents, he was not easier,

but like a madman rather: But still would not let us know the occasion. But to my Sister he said, Nobody, my dear Patsey, who can think but of half the plagues that pursue an intriguing spirit, would ever quit

the right path.

He was out, when your messenger came: But soon came in; and bad enough was his reception from us all. And he said, that his own torments were greater than ours, than Miss Harlowe's, or yours, Madam, all put together. He would see your Letter. He always carries every-thing before him: And said, when he had read it, that He thanked God, he was not such a villain, as you, with too great an appearance of reason, thought him.

Thus then he owned the matter to be :

He had left general directions to the people of the lodgings the dear Lady went from, to find out where the was gone to, if possible, that he might have an opportunity to importune her to be his, before their difference was public. The wicked people (officious at least, if not wicked) discovered where she was on Wednesday; and, for fear she should remove before they could have his orders, they put her under a gentle restraint, as they call it; and dispatched away a messenger to acquaint him with it; and to take his orders.

This messenger arrived on Friday afternoon; and staid here till we returned on Saturday night:—And when he read the Letter he brought—I have told you,

Madam, what a fury he was in.

The Letter he retired to write, and which he difpatched away so early on Sunday morning, was to conjure his friend Mr. Belford, on receipt of it, to fly to the Lady, and set her free; and to order all her things to be sent her; and to clear him of so black and villainous a fact, as he justly called it.

And by this time he doubts not that all is happily over; and the Beloved of his Soul (as he calls her at every word) in an easier and happier way than she was before the horrid fact. And now he owns, that the reason why Mr. Belsord's Letter set him into stronger ravings,

ravings, was, because of his keeping him wilfully (and on purpose to torment him) in suspense; and reflecting very heavily upon him (for Mr. Belford, he says, was ever the Lady's friend and advocate) and only mentioning, that he had waited upon her; referring to his next for surther particulars; which Mr. Belford could have told him at the time.

He declares, and we can vouch for him, that he has been, ever fince last Saturday night, the most misera-

ble of men.

He forbore going up himself, that it might not be imagined he was guilty of so black a contrivance; and that he went up to complete any base views in consequence of it.

Believe us all, dear Miss Howe, under the deepest concern at this unhappy accident; which will, we fear, exasperate the charming Sufferer; not too much for

the occasion, but too much for our hopes.

O what wretches are these free-living men, who love to tread in intricate paths; and, when once they err, know not how far out of the way their headstrong

course may lead them !

My Sifter joins her thanks with mine to your good Mother and Self, for the favours you heaped upon us last Thursday. We befeech your continued interest as to the subject of our visit. It shall be all our studies to oblige and recompense the dear Lady to the utmost of our power, for what she has suffered from the unhappy man.

We are, dear Madam,

Your obliged and faithful Servants,

CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE.

Dear Miss Howe,

WE join in the above request of Miss Charlotte and Miss Patty Montague, for your favour and interest; being convinced, that the accident was an accident;

332 THE HISTORY OF Vol.5. dent; and no plot or contrivance of a wretch too full of them. We are, Madam,

Your most obedient bumble Servants,

M. SARAH SABLEIR. ELIZ. LAWRANCE.

Dear Miss Howe,

the bong, fedroov

AFTER what is written above, by names and characters of such unquestionable honour, I might have been excused signing a name almost as hateful to myself, as I KNOW it is to you. But the above will have it so. Since therefore I must write, it shall be the truth; which is, That, if I may be once more admitted to pay my duty to the most deserving and most injured of her Sex, I will be content to do it with a Halter about my neck; and attended by a Parson on my right-hand, and the hangman on my left, be doomed, at her will, either to the Church or the Gallows.

Tuesday, Your most bumble Servant,
July 18. ROBERT LOVELACE.

## LETTER LXXXII.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Esq; Sunday Night, July 16.

WHAT a curfed piece of work hast thou made of it, with the most excellent of women! Thou mayest be in earnest, or in jest, as thou wilt; but the poor Lady will not be long either thy sport, or the sport of fortune!

I will give thee an account of a Scene that wants but her affecting pen to represent it justly; and it would wring all the black blood out of thy callous heart.

Thou only, who art the author of her calamities, shouldst have attended her in her prison. I am unequal to such a task: Nor know I any other man but would.

This last act, however unintended by thee, yet a confequence of thy general orders, and too likely to be thought agreeable to thee, by those who know thy other villainies

Let.82. CLARISSA HARLOWE.

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villainies by her, has finished thy barbarous work. And I advise thee to trumpet forth every-where, how much in earnest thou art to marry her, whether true or not.

Thou mayest safely do it. She will not live to put thee to the trial; and it will a little palliate for thy enormous usage of her, and be a means to make mankind, who know not what I know of the matter, herd a little longer with thee, and forbear to hunt thee to thy

fellow-favages in the Libyan wilds and deferts.

Your messenger found me at Edgware, expecting to dinner with me several friends, whom I had invited three days before. I sent apologies to them, as in a case of life and death; and speeded to town to the wicked woman's: For how knew I but shocking attempts might be made upon her by the cursed wretches; perhaps by your connivance, in order to mortify her into your measures?

Little knows the public what villainies are committed in these abominable bouses, upon innocent creatures drawn

into their snares.

Finding the Lady not there, I posted away to the Officer's, altho' Sally told me, that she had been just come from thence; and that she had refused to see her, or (as she sent down word) any-body else; being resolved to have the remainder of that Sunday to herself, as it might, perhaps, be the last she should ever see.

I had the same thing told me, when I got thither.

I fent up to let her know, that I came with a commission to set her at liberty. I was asraid of sending up the name of a man known to be your friend. She absolutely resused to see any man, however, for that day, or to answer surther to any-thing said from me.

Having therefore informed myself of all that the officer, and his wife, and servant, could acquaint me with, as well in relation to the horrid Arrest, as to her behaviour, and the womens to her; and her ill state of health; I went back to Sinclair's, as I will still call her, and heard the three womens story: From all which, I am enabled to give you the following shocking particu-

lars :

lars: Which may ferve till I can fee the unhappy Lady herself to-morrow, if then I can gain admittance to her. You will find, that I have been very minute in

my enquiries.

Your villain it was that fet the poor Lady, and had the impudence to appear, and abet the Sherist's Officers in the cursed transaction. He thought, no doubt, that he was doing the most acceptable service to his blessed master. They had got a Chair; the head ready up, as soon as Service was over. And as she came out of the Church, at the door fronting Bedford-street, the officers, stepping to her, whispered, that they had an Action against her.

She was terrified, trembled, and turned pale.

Action! faid the. What is that?—I have committed no bad action!—Lord bless me! Men, what mean you? That you are our prisoner, Madam.

Prisoner, Sirs!-What-How-Why-What have

I done?

You must go with us. Be pleased, Madam, to step into this chair.

With you! - With men! Must go with men! - I am not used to go with strange men! - Indeed you must excuse me!

We can't excuse you: We are Sheriff's Officers. We have a Writ against you. You must go with us.

and you shall know at whose Suit.

Suit! said the charming innocent; I don't know what you mean. Pray, men, don't lay hands upon me; they offering to put her into the chair. I am not used to be thus treated—I have done nothing to deserve it.

She then spied thy villain—O thou wretch, said she, where is thy vile master?—Am I again to be bis priloner? Help, good people!

A croud had before begun to gather.

My master is in the country, Madam, many miles off. If you please to go with these men, they will treat you civilly.

The people were most of them struck with compassion.

fion. A fine young creature!—A thousand pities! cried some. While some sew threw out vile and shocking reflections! But a gentleman interposed, and demanded to see the follows authority.

They shewed it. Is your name Clarissa Harlowe,

Madam ? faid he words and daw yaws mew veds bas

Yes, yes, indeed, ready to fink, my name was Clarissa Harlowe:—But it is now Wretchedness!—Lord be merciful to me! what is to come next?

You must go with these men, Madam, said the gentleman: They have authority for what they do.

He pitied her, vand retired tyball yogadan and T

Indeed you must, said one chairman.

Indeed you must faid the other.

Can nobody, joined in another gentleman, be applied to, who will fee that fo fine a creature is not ill used a

Thy villain answered, Orders were given particularly for that. She had rich relations. She need but ask and have. She would only be carried to the Officer's House, till matters could be made up. The people she had lodged with, loved her: But she had left her lodgings privately.

O! had she those tricks already? cried one or two.

She heard not this—But said—Well, if I must go,
I must—I cannot resist—But I will not be carried to
the Woman's!—I will rather die at your feet, than be

carried to the Woman's!

You won't be carried there, Madam, cried thy fellow. Only to my house, Madam, said one of the Officers.

Where is that?

In High-Holborn, Madam.

I know not where High-Holborn is: But anywhere, except to the Woman's.—But am I to go with

Men only ? To rewood sint branched break

Looking about her, and feeing the three passages, to wit, that leading to Henrietta-street, that to King-street, and the fore-right one, to Bedford-street, crouded, she started—Any-where—Any-where, said she, but to

the

the Woman's! And stepping into the chair, threw herself on the seat, in the utmost distress and confusion—Carry me, carry me out of sight—Cover me—Cover me up—for ever!—were her words.

Thy villain drew the curtains: She had not power; and they went away with her through a vast croud of

seed, ready to half, any balqood

Here I must rest. I can write no more at present. Only, Lovelace, remember, All this was to a Clarissa!!!

centleman t. They haddent stray for what they do.

THE unhappy Lady fainted away when she was taken out of the chair at the Officer's house.

Several people followed the chair to the very house, which is in a wretched Court. Sally was there; and satisfied some of the enquirers, that the young gentle-woman would be exceedingly well used: And they soon dispersed.

Dorcas was also there; but came not in her fight. Sally, as a favour, offered to carry her to her former lodgings: But she declared, they should carry her thi-

ther a corpfe, if they did. havel allie begood had salt

Very gentle usage the women boast of: So would a vultur, could it speak, with the entrails of its prey upon its rapacious talons. Of this you'll judge, from what I have to recite.

She asked, What was meant by this usage of her? People told me, said she, that I must go with the men:—That they had authority to take me: So I submitted. But now, what is to be the end of this difgraceful violence?

The end, faid the vile Sally Martin, is, for honest

people to come at their own. I stady too wood I,

Bless me! have I taken away any-thing that belongs to those who have obtained this power over me?—I have left very valuable things behind me; but have taken nothing away that is not my own.

And who do you think, Miss Harlowe, for I understand, said the cursed creature, you are not married;

who

who do you think is to pay for your Board and your Lodgings; fuch handsome lodgings! for so long a time as you were at Mrs. Sinclair's?

Lord have mercy upon me! Miss Martin (I think you are Miss Martin)!—And is this the cause of such a

difgraceful infult upon me in the open streets?

And cause enough, Miss Harlowe (fond of gratifying her jealous revenge, by calling her Miss)—One hundred and fifty guineas, or pounds, is no small sum to lose—And by a young creature, who would have bilked her lodgings.

You amaze me, Miss Martin!—What language do you talk in?—Bilk my lodgings!—What is that?

She stood astonished, and silent for a few moments.

But recovering herself, and turning from her to the window, she wrung her hands [The cursed Sally shewed me how!]; and lifting them up—Now, Lovelace! Now indeed do I think I ought to forgive thee!—But who shall forgive Clarissa Harlowe!—O my Sister!—O my Brother!—Tender mercies were your cruelties to this!

After a pause, her handkerchief drying up her falling tears, she turned to Sally: Now, have I nothing to do but acquiesce—Only let me say, That if this Aunt of yours, This Mrs. Sinclair; or This Man, This Mr. Lovelace, come near me; or if I am carried to the horrid house (for that I suppose is the design of this new outrage); God be merciful to the poor Clarissa Harlowe!—Look to the consequence!—Look, I I charge you, to the consequence!

The vile wretch told her, It was not defigned to carry her any-whither against her will: But, if it were, they should take care not to be frighted again by a

penknife.

She cast up her eyes to Heaven, and was filent—And went to the farthest corner of the room, and, sitting down, threw her handkerchief over her face.

Sally asked her several questions; but not answering her, she told her, she would wait upon her by-and by, when she had found her speech.

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She ordered the people to press her to eat and drink. She must be fasting—Nothing but her prayers and tears, poor thing! were the merciles devil's words, as she owned to me.—Dost think I did not curse her?

She went away; and, after her own dinner, returned.

The unhappy Lady, by this devil's account of her, then feemed either mortified into meeknefs, or to have made a resolution not to be provoked by the infults of this cursed creature.

Sally enquired, in her presence, whether she had eat or drank any-thing; and being told by the woman, that she could not prevail upon her to taste a morsel, or drink a drop, she said, This is wrong, Miss Harlowe! Very wrong!—Your Religion, I think, should teach you, that starving yourself is Self-murder.

She answered not.

The wretch owned, she was resolved to make her

Speak.

She asked, If Mabell should attend her, till it were feen what her friends would do for her, in discharge of the debt? Mabell, said she, has not yet earned the cloaths you were so good as to give her.

Am I not worth an answer, Miss Harlowe?

I would answer you (said the sweet Sufferer, without

any emotion) if I knew how.

I have ordered pen, ink, and paper, to be brought you, Miss Harlowe. There they are. I know you love writing. You may write to whom you please. Your friend Miss Howe will expect to hear from you.

I have no friend, faid the. I deferve none.

Rowland, for that is the Officer's name, told her, She had friends enow to pay the debt, if she would write.

She would trouble no-body; she had no friends; was all they could get from her, while Sally staid: But yet spoken with a patience of spirit, as if she enjoyed her griefs.

The infolent creature went away, ordering them in the Lady's hearing to be very civil to her, and to let her want for nothing. Now had she, she owned, the triumph of

her

Let.82. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 339 her heart over this haughty Beauty, who kept them all

at fuch diffance in their own house!

What thinkest thou, Lovelace, of this!-This wretch's

triumph was over a Clarissa!

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About Six in the Evening, Rowland's wife pressed her to drink Tea. She said, She had rather have a glass of water; for her tongue was ready to cleave to the roof of her mouth.

The woman brought her a glass, and some bread and butter. She tried to taste the latter; but could not swallow it: But eagerly drank the water; lifting up her eyes in thankfulness for that!!!

The divine Clarissa, Lovelace-reduced to rejoice for a

cup of cold water!—By whom reduced!

About nine o'clock she asked, If any-body were to be her bedfellow?

Their maid, if she pleased; or, as she was so weak and ill, the girl should sit up with her, if she chose she should.

She chose to be alone both night and day, she said. But might she not be trusted with the keys of the room where she was to lie down; for she should not put off her cloaths?

That, they told her, could not be.

She was afraid not, she said .- But indeed she would

not get away, if she could.

They told me, that they had but one bed, besides that they lay in themselves (which they would fain have had her accept of) and besides that their maid lay in, in a garret, which they called a hole of a garret: And that that one bed was the prisoner's bed; which they made several apologies to me about. I suppose it is shocking enough.

But the Lady would not lie in theirs. Was she not a prisoner, she said?—Let her have the prisoners room.

Yet they owned that she started, when she was conducted thither. But recovering herself, Very well, said she—Why should not all be of a piece?—Why should not my wretchedness be complete?

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She found fault, that all the fastenings were on the outfide, and none within; and said, She could not trust herfelf in a room, where others could come in at their pleafure, and she not go out. She had not been used to it!!!

Dear, dear Soul!—My tears flow as I write.—Indeed,

Lovelace, she had not been used to such treatment!

They affured her, that it was as much their duty to protect her from other persons insults, as from escaping herself.

Then they were people of more honour, she said, than she had of late been used to.

She asked, If they knew Mr. Lovelace?

No, was their answer. Have you heard of him?

No.

Well then, you may be good fort of folks in your way.

Pause here a moment, Lovelace!—and restett—I must.

Again they asked her, If they should send any word to her lodgings?

These are my lodgings now, are they not?—was all

her answer.

She fat up in a chair all night, the back against the door; having, it feems, thrust a broken piece of a poker thro' the staples where a bolt had been on the inside.

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Next morning Sally and Polly both went to visit her.

She had begged of Sally the day before, that she might not see Mrs. Sinclair, nor Dorcas, nor the brokentoothed servant, called William.

Polly would have ingratiated herself with her; and pretended to be concerned for her misfortunes. But she

took no more notice of her than of the other.

They asked, If she had any commands?—If she bad, she only need to mention what they were, and she should be obeyed.

None at all, she faid.

### Let.82. CLARISSA HARLOWE.

How did she like the people of the house? Were they civil to her?

Pretty well, confidering she had no money to give

them.

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Would she accept of any money? They could put it to her account.

She would contract no debts. Had she any money about her?

She meekly put her hand in her pocket, and pulled out half a guinea, and a little filver. Yes, I have a little.-But here should be fees paid, I believe. Should there not? I have heard of entrance-money to compound for not being stript. But these people are very civil people, I fanfy; for they have not offered to take away my cloaths.

They have orders to be civil to you.

It is very kind.

But we two will bail you, Miss, if you will go back with us to Mrs. Sinclair's.

'Not for the world!

Hers are very handsome apartments.

THICK OF SOIT!

The fitter for those who own them!

These are very fad ones.

The fitter for me!

You may be very happy yet, Miss, if you will.

I hope I shall.

If you refuse to eat or drink, we will give bail, and take you with us.

Then I will try to eat and drink. Any-thing but go

with you.

Will you not fend to your new lodgings? The people

will be frighted.

So they will, if I fend. So they will, if they know where I am.

But have you no things to fend for from thence?

There is what will pay for their lodgings and trouble: I shall not lessen their security.

But perhaps Letters or Messages may be left for you there.

We are surprised at your indifference, Miss Harlowe.

Will you not write to any of your friends?

No.

Why, you don't think of tarrying bere always?

I shall not live always.

Do you think you are to ftay here as long as you live?
That's as it shall please God, and those who have brought me hither.

Should you like to be at liberty?

I am miserable!—What is Liberty to the miserable, but to be more miserable!

How miserable, Miss?—You may make yourself as happy as you please.

I hope you are both happy.

We are.

May you be more and more happy!

But we wish you to be so too.

I never shall be of your opinion, I believe, as to what happiness is.

What do you take our opinion of happiness to be?

To live at Mrs. Sinclair's.

Perhaps, faid Sally, we were once as fqueamish and narrow-minded as you.

How came it over with you?

Because we saw the ridiculousness of Prudery.

Do you come hither to perfuade me to hate Prudery,

We came to offer our service to you.

It is out of your power to ferve me.

Perhaps not.

It is not in my inclination to trouble you.

You may be worse offered.

Perhaps I may los bail or against on now avail und

You are mighty thort, Miss.

As I wish your visit to be, Ladies.

They owned to me, that they cracked their fans, and laughed.

Adieu.

-Cannot

Adieu, perverse Beauty!
Your servant, Ladies.
Adieu, Haughty-airs!
You see me humbled——

As you deserve, Miss Harlowe. Pride will have a fall. Better fall, with what you call pride, than stand with meanness.

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I had once a better opinion of you, Mis Horton!—
Indeed you should not insult the miserable.

Neither should the miserable, said Sally, insult people

for their civility.

I should be forry if I did.

Mrs. Sinclair shall attend you by-and-by, to know if you have any commands for ber.

I have no wish for any liberty, but that of refusing to

fee her, and one more person.

What we came for, was, to know if you had any pro-

pofals to make for your enlargement?

Then, it feems, the officer put in. You have very good friends, Madam, I understand. Is it not better that you make it up? Charges will run high. A hundred and fifty guineas are easier paid than two hundred. Let these Ladies bail you, and go along with them; or write to your friends to make it up.

Sally faid, There is a gentleman who faw you taken, and was so much moved for you, Miss Harlowe, that he would gladly advance the money for you, and leave you

to pay it when you can.

See, Lovelace, what curfed devils these are! This is the way, we know, that many an innocent heart is thrown upon Keeping, and then upon the Town. But for these wretches thus to go to work with such an Angel as this!—How glad would have been the devilish Sally, to have had the least handle to report to thee a listening ear, or patient spirit, upon this hint!

Sir, said she, with high indignation, to the Officer, did not you say last night, that it was as much your business to protect me from the insults of others, as from escaping? -Cannot I be permitted to fee whom I please; and to refuse admittance to those I like not?

Your creditors, Madam, will expect to fee you. Not, if I declare I will not treat with them. Then, Madam, you will be fent to prison.

Prison, friend!—What dost thou call thy house?

Not a prison, Madam.

Why these iron-barred windows then? Why these double locks, and bolts all on the Outside, none on the In?

And down the dropt into her chair, and they could not get another word from her. She threw her handkerchief over her face, as once before, which was foon wet with tears; and grievously, they own, she sobbed.

Gentle treatment, Lovelace!-Perhaps thou, as well as

these wretches, wilt think it so!

Sally then ordered a dinner, and faid, They would foon be back again, and fee that she eat and drank, as a good Christian should, comporting herself to her condition,

and making the best of it.

What has not this charming Creature fuffered; what has the not gone thro' in these last three months, that I know of!—Who would think fuch a delicately-framed person could have sustained what she has sustained? We fometimes talk of Bravery, of Courage, of Fortitude! -Here they are in perfection !- Such Bravoes as Thou and I should never have been able to support ourselves under half the persecutions, the disappointments, and contumelies, that she has met with; but, like Cowards, should have slid out of the world, basely, by some backdoor; that is to fay, by a Sword, by a Pistol, by a Halter, or Knife!-But here is a fine-principled woman, who, by dint of this noble confideration, as I imagine [What else can support her?]—That she has not deserved the evils the contends with; and that this world is defigned but as a transitory State of Probation; and that the is travelling to another, and better; puts up with all the hardships of the journey; and is not to be diverted from her course by the attacks of thieves and robbers, or

any other terrors and difficulties; being affured of an

ample Reward at the end of it!

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If thou thinkest this reflection uncharacteristic from a companion and friend of thine, imaginest thou, that I profited nothing by my long attendance on my Uncle in his dying state; and from the pious reflections of the good Clergyman, who, day by day, at the poor man's own request, visited and prayed by him?—And could I have another such instance as this, to bring all these reflections home to me?

Then who can write of good persons, and of good subjects, and be capable of admiring them, and not be made serious for the time, if he write in character?—And hence may we gather, what a benefit to the morals of men the keeping of good company must be; while those who keep only bad, must necessarily more and more harden, and be hardened.

othe sees as notice be met with

'Tis twelve of the clock, Sunday night—I can think of nothing but of this excellent creature. Her distresses fill my head and my heart. I was drowfy for a quarter of an hour; but the fit is gone off. And I will continue the melancholy subject from the information of these wretches. Enough, I dare say, will arise in the visit I shall make, if admitted to-morrow, to send by thy servant, as to the way I am likely to find her in.

After the women had left her, she complained of her head and her heart; and seemed terrified with apprehen-

fions of being carried once more to Sinclair's.

Refusing any-thing for breakfast, Mrs. Rowland came up to her, and told her (as these wretches owned they had ordered her, for fear she should starve herself) That she must and should have Tea, and bread and butter: And that, as she had friends who could support her, if she wrote to them, it was a wrong thing, both for herself and them, to starve herself thus.

If it be for your own fakes, said she, that is another thing: Let coffee, or tea, or chocolate, or what you will, be got: And put down a chicken to my account every

day, if you please, and eat it yourselves. I will taste it, if I can. I would do nothing to hinder you. I have friends will pay you liberally, when they know I am gone.

They wondered, they told her, at her strange com-

pofure in fuch diffreffes.

They were nothing, she said, to what she had suffered already from the vilest of all men. The disgrace of seizing her in the street; multitudes of people about her; shocking imputations wounding her ears; had indeed been very affecting to her. But that was over.—Everything soon would!—And she should be still more composed, were it not for the apprehensions of seeing one man, and one woman; and being tricked or forced back to the vilest house in the world.

Then were it not better to give way to the two gentlewomens offer to bail her?—They could tell her, it was a very kind proffer; and what was not to be met with

every day.

She believed fo.

The Ladies might, possibly, dispense with her going back to the house to which she had such an antipathy. Then the compassionate gentleman, who was inclined to make it up with her creditors on her own bond—it was strange to them she hearkened not to so generous a proposal.

Did the two Ladies tell you who the gentleman was?

-Or, Did they fay any more on that subject?

Yes, they did; and hinted to me, said the woman, that you had nothing to do, but to receive a visit from the gentleman, and the money, they believed, would be laid down on your own Bond or Note.

She was startled.

I charge you, faid the, as you will answer it one day to my friends, that you bring no gentleman into my company. I charge you don't. If you do, you know not what may be the consequence.

They apprehended no bad consequence, they said, in doing their duty: And if she knew not her own good,

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her friends would thank them for taking any innocent

fteps to serve her, tho' against her will.

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Don't push me upon extremities, man!—Don't make me desperate, woman!—I have no small difficulty, not-withstanding the seeming composure you just now took notice of, to bear, as I ought to bear, the evils I suffer. But if you bring a man or men to me, be the pretence what it will—

She stopt there, and looked so earnestly, and so wildly, they said, that they did not know but she would do some harm to herself, if they disobeyed her; and that would be a sad thing in their house, and might be their ruin. They therefore promised, that no man should be brought to her, but by her own consent.

Mrs. Rowland prevailed on her to drink a dish of tea, and taste some bread and butter, about eleven on Saturday morning: Which she probably did, to have an excuse not to dine with the women when they returned.

But she would not quit her prison-room, as she called

it, to go into their parlour.

"Unbarred windows, and a lightformer apartment, 
"she said, had too chearful an appearance for her 
"mind."

A shower falling, as she spoke, What, said she, look-

ing up, do the Elements weep for me?

At another time, "The light of the Sun was irksome to her. The Sun seemed to shine in to mock her

"Methought, added she, the Sun darting in, and gilding these iron bars, plays upon me, like the two

" women, who came to infult my haggard looks, by

" the word Beauty; and my dejected heart, with the

" word Haughty-airs!"

Sally came again at dinner-time, to fee bow she fared, as she told her; and that she did not starve herself: And, as she wanted to have some talk with her, if she gave her leave, she would dine with her.

I cannot eat.

You must try, Miss Harlowe.

rice of, to lear, as Lought to bed

And, dinner being ready just then, she offered her hand, and desired her to walk down.

No; she would not stir out of her prison-room.

These sullen airs won't do, Miss Harlowe: Indeed they won't.

She was filent.

You will have harder usage than any you have ever yet known, I can tell you, if you come not into some humour to make matters up.

She was still filent.

you, do. Miss Horton is below: She was once your favourite.

She waited for an answer: But received none.

We came to make some proposals to you, for your good; tho' you affronted us so lately. And we would not let Mrs. Sinclair come in person, because we thought to oblige you.

That is indeed obliging.

Come, give me your hand, Miss Harlowe: You are obliged to me, I can tell you That: And let us go down to Miss Horton.

Excuse me: I will not stir out of this room.

Would you have me and Miss Horton dine in this filthy bed-room?

It is not a bed-room to me. I have not been in bed;

nor will, while I am here.

And yet you care not, as I see, to leave the house.—
And so you won't go down, Miss Harlowe?

I won't, except I am forced to it.

Well, well, let it alone. I sha'n't ask Miss Horton to dine in this room, I assure you. I will send up a plate.

And away the little saucy toad stuttered down.

When they had dined, up they came together.

Well, Miss, you would not eat any-thing, it seems!— Very pretty sullen airs these!—No wonder the bonest gentleman bad such a band with you.

She only held up her hands and eyes; the tears trick-

ling down her cheeks.

Insolent

Infolent devils!—How much more cruel and infulting are bad women, even than bad men!

Methinks, Miss, said Sally, you are a little soily, to what we have seen you. Pity such a nice Lady should not have changes of apparel. Why won't you send to your lodgings for linen, at least?

I am not nice now.

Miss looks well and clean in any-thing, said Polly. But, dear Madam, why won't you send to your lodgings? Were it but in kindness to the people? They must have a concern about you. And your Miss Howe will wonder what's become of you; for, no doubt, you correspond.

She turned from them, and, to herself, said, Too much! Too much!—She tossed her handkerchief, wet before with her tears, from her, and held her apron to

her eyes.

Don't weep, Miss! faid the vile Polly.

Yet do, cried the viler Sally, if it be a relief. Nothing, as Mr. Lovelace once told me, dries fooner than tears.

For once I too wept mightily.

I could not bear the recital of this with patience. Yet I curfed them not so much as I should have done, had I not had a mind to get from them all the particulars of their gentle treatment; and this for two reasons; the one, that I might stab thee to the heart with the repetition; the other, that I might know upon what terms I am likely to see the unhappy Lady to-morrow.

Well, but, Miss Harlowe, cried Sally, do you think these forlorn airs pretty? You are a good Christian, child. Mrs. Rowland tells me, she has got you a Biblebook—O there it lies!—I make no doubt, but you have doubled down the useful places, as honest Matt. Prior

fays.

Then rifing, and taking it up—Ay, so you have— The Book of Job! One opens naturally here, I see— My mamma made me a fine bible-scholar.—Ecclesiasticus too!—That's Apocrypha, as they call it—You see, Mis Horton, I know something of the book.

They

They proposed once more to bail her, and to go home with them. A motion which she received with the same

indignation as before.

Sally told her, That she had written in a very favourable manner, in her behalf, to you; and that she every hour expected an answer; and made no doubt, that you would come up with the messenger, and generously pay the whole debt, and ask her pardon for neglecting it.

This disturbed her so much, that they seared she would have fallen into sits. She could not bear your name, she said. She hoped, she should never see you more: And were you to intrude yourself, dreadful consequences might

follow.

Surely, they faid, she would be glad to be released from her confinement.

Indeed she should, now they had begun to alarm her with bis name, who was the author of all her woes: And who, she now saw plainly, gave way to this new outrage, in order to bring her to his own infamous terms.

Why then, they asked, would she not write to her

friends, to pay Mrs. Sinclair's demand?

Because she hoped she should not long trouble anybody; and because she knew, that the payment of the money, if she were able to pay it, was not what was aimed at.

Sally owned, that she told her, That, truly, she had thought herself as well descended, and as well educated, as herself, the not entitled to such considerable fortunes. And had the impudence to insist upon it to me to be truth.

She had the insolence to add, to the Lady, That she had as much reason as she, to expect Mr. Lovelace would marry her; he having contracted to do so before he knew Miss Clarissa Harlowe: And that she had it under his hand and seal too—or else he had not obtained his end: Therefore, it was not likely she should be so officious as to do his work against herself, if she thought Mr. Lovelace had designs upon her, like what she presumed to hint at: That, for her part, her only view was, to procure

cure liberty to a young gentlewoman, who made those things grievous to her, which would not be made such a rout about by any-body else—and to procure the payment of a just debt to her friend Mrs. Sinclair.

She befought them to leave her. She wanted not these instances, she said, to convince her of the company she was in: And told them, that, to get rid of such visitors, and of the still worse she was apprehensive of, she would write to one friend to raise the money for her; tho' it would be death for her to do so; because that friend could not do it without her Mother, in whose eye it would give a selfish appearance to a friendship that was above all fordid alloys.

They advised her to write out of hand.

But how much must I write for? What is the sum? Should I not have had a bill delivered me?—God knows, I took not your lodgings. But he that could treat me as he has done, could do this!

Don't speak against Mr. Lovelace, Miss Harlowe. He is a man I greatly esteem [Cursed toad!]. And, 'bating that he will take his advantage, where he can, of Us filly credulous women, he is a man of honour.

She lifted up her hands and eyes, instead of speaking: And well she might! For any words she could have used, could not have expressed the anguish she must feel, on being comprehended in the US.

She must write for one hundred and fifty guineas, at least: Two hundred, if she were short of money, might as well be written for.

Mrs. Sinclair, she said, had all her cloaths. Let them be sold, fairly sold, and the money go as far as it would go. She had also a few other valuables; but no money (none at all) but the poor half-guinea, and the little silver they had seen. She would give Bond to pay all that her apparel, and the other matters she had, would fall short of. She had great effects belonging to her of right. Her Bond would, and must, be paid, were it for a thousand pounds. But her cloaths she should never want. She believed, if not too much undervalued, those, and her

few valuables, would answer every-thing. She wished for no surplus, but to discharge the last expences; and forty shillings would do as well for those, as forty pounds.

"Let my Ruin, said she, lifting up her Eyes, be LARGE!
"Let it be COMPLETE, in this life!—For a composition,
"let it be COMPLETE"—And there she stopped. No

doubt alluding to her Father's extensive curse!

The wretches could not help wishing to me for the opportunity of making such a purchase for their own wear. How I cursed them! and, in my heart, thee!—But too probable, thought I, that this vile Sally Martin may hope [Tho' thou art incapable of it] that her Lovelace, as she has the assurance, behind thy back, to call thee, may present her with some of the poor Lady's

fpoils!

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Will not Mrs. Sinclair, proceeded she, think my cloaths a security, till they can be sold? They are very good cloaths. A suit or two but just put on, as it were; never worn. They cost much more than is demanded of me. My Father loved to see me fine.—All shall go. But let me have the particulars of her demand. I suppose I must pay for my destroyer [that was her well-adapted word!] and his servants, as well as for myself.—I am content to do so—Indeed I am content to do so—I am above wishing, that any-body, who could thus act, should be so much as expostulated with, as to the justice and equity of this payment. If I have but enough to pay the demand, I shall be satisfied; and will leave the baseness of such an action as this, as an aggravation of a guilt which I thought could not be aggravated.

I own, Lovelace, I have malice in this particulaty, in order to sting thee to the heart. And, let me ask thee, What now thou canst think of thy barbarity, thy unprecedented barbarity, in having reduced a person of her

rank, fortune, talents, and virtue, fo low?

The wretched women, it must be owned, act but in their profession; a profession thou hast been the principal means of reducing these two to act in. And they know what thy designs have been, and how far prosecuted. It

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is, in their opinions, using her gently, that they have forborn to bring to her the woman so justly odious to her; and that they have not threatened her with the introducing to her strange men: Nor yet brought into her company their Spirit-breakers, and Humbling-drones (fellows not allowed to carry stings) to trace and force her back to their detested house; and, when there, into all their measures.

Till I came, they thought thou wouldst not be displeased at any-thing she suffered, that could help to mortify her into a state of shame and disgrace; and bring her to comply with thy views, when thou shouldst come to release her from these wretches, as from a

greater evil than cohabiting with thee.

When thou considerest these things, thou wilt make no difficulty of believing, that this their own account of their behaviour to this admirable woman, has been far short of their insults: And the less, when I tell thee, that, all together, their usage had such effects upon her, that they lest her in violent hysterics; ordering an Apothecary to be sent for, if she should continue in them, and be worse; and particularly (as they had done from the first) that they kept out of her way any edged or pointed instrument; especially a penknise; which, pretending to mend a pen, they said, she might ask for.

At twelve Saturday night, Rowland fent to tell them, that she was so ill, that he knew not what might be the

iffue; and wished her out of his house.

And this made them as heartily wish to hear from you. For their messenger, to their great surprize, was not then returned from M. Hall. And they were sure he must

have reached that place by Friday night.

Early on Sunday morning, both devils went to fee how she did. They had such an account of her weakness, lowness, and anguish, that they forbore (out of compassion, they said, finding their visits so disagreeable to her) to see her. But their apprehension of what might be the issue was, no doubt, their principal consideration: Nothing else sould have softened such slinty bosoms.

Vol. V. Aa They

They fent for the Apothecary Rowland had had to her, and gave him, and Rowland, and his wife, and maid, strict orders, many times repeated, for the utmost care to be taken of her-No doubt, with an Old-Bailey forecast. And they sent up to let her know what orders they had given: But that, understanding she had taken fomething to compose herself, they would not disturb her.

She had scrupled, it seems, to admit the Apothecary's visit over-night, because he was a MAN. Nor could she be prevailed upon to see him, till they pleaded their

own safety to her.

They went again, from church [Lord, Bob, thefe creatures go to church!] But she fent them down word, that she must have all the remainder of the day to herself.

When I first came, and told them of thy execrations for what they had done, and joined my own to them, they were aftonished. The Mother said, she had thought she had known Mr. Lovelace better; and expected

thanks, and not curses.

While I was with them, came back halting and curfeing, most horribly, their messenger; by reason of the ill-usage he had received from you, instead of the reward he had been taught to expect for the supposed good news that he carried down.—A pretty fellow! art thou not, to abuse people for the consequences of thy own faults?

· Dorcas, whose acquaintance this fellow is, and who recommended him for the journey, had conditioned with him, it feems, for a share in the expected bounty from you. Had she been to have had ber share made · good, I wish thou hadft broken every bone in his skin.

Under what shocking disadvantages, and with this audition to them, that I am thy Friend and Intimate, am I to make a visit to this unhappy Lady to-morrow morning! In thy name too!—Enough to be refused, that I am of a Sex, to which, for thy fake, she has so justifiable an aversion: Nor, having such a tyrant of a Father, and fuch an implacable Brother, has the reason to make an exception in favour of any of it on their accounts.

It is Three o'clock. I will close here; and take a little reft: What I have written will be a proper prepa-

rative for what shall offer by-and-by.

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Thy fervant is not to return without a Letter, he tells me; and that thou expectest him back in the morning. Thou hast fellows enough where thou art, at thy command. If I find any difficulty in seeing the Lady, thy messenger shall post away with this.—Let him look to broken bones, and other consequences, if what he carries answer not thy expectation. But, if I am admitted, thou shalt have this and the result of my audience both together. In the former case, thou mayest send another servant to wait the next advices, from

Juo min J. Belford.

# LETTER LXXXIII.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Efq;

Monday, July 17.

A BOUT Six this morning I went to Rowland's.

Mrs. Sinclair was to follow me, in order to difmiss
the action; but not to come in fight.

Rowland, upon enquiry, told me, that the Lady was extremely ill; and that she had desired, that no one but

his wife or maid should come near her.

I faid, I must see her. I had told him my business

over-night; and I must see her.

His wife went up: But returned presently, faying, She could not get her to speak to her; yet that her eyelids moved; tho' she either would not, or could not, open them, to look up at her.

Oons, woman, faid I, the Lady may be in a Fit: The Lady may be dying.—Let me go up. Shew me the way.

A horrid hole of a house, in an Alley they call a Court; stairs wretchedly narrow, even to the first-stoor rooms: And into a den they led me, with broken walls, which had been papered, as I saw by a multitude of tacks, and some torn bits held on by the rusty heads.

The floor indeed was clean, but the ceiling was
A a 2 fmoaked

fmoaked with variety of figures, and initials of names, that had been the woful employment of wretches who

had no other way to amuse themselves.

A bed at one corner, with coarse curtains tacked up at the feet to the ceiling; because the curtain-rings were broken off; but a coverlid upon it with a cleanish look, tho' plaguily in tatters, and the corners tied up in tassels, that the rents in it might go no farther.

The windows dark and double-barred, the tops boarded up to fave mending; and only a little four-paned eylethole of a casement to let in air; more, however, coming in at broken panes, than could come in at That.

Four old turkey-worked chairs, bursten-bottomed,

the stuffing staring out.

An old, tottering, worm-eaten table, that had more nails bestowed in mending it to make it stand, than the table cost fifty years ago, when new.

On the mantle-piece was an iron shove-up candlestick, with a lighted candle in it, twinkle, twinkle,

twinkle, four of them, I suppose, for a peny.

Near that, on the fame shelf, was an old lookingglass, cracked thro' the middle, breaking out into a thousand points; the crack given it, perhaps, in a rage, by some poor creature, to whom it gave the representation of his heart's woes in his face.

The chimney had two half-tiles in it on one fide, and one whole one on the other; which shewed it had been in better plight; but now the very morter had followed the rest of the tiles in every other place, and left the bricks bare.

An old half-barred stove-grate was in the chimney; and in that a large stone-bottle without a neck, filled with baleful Yew, as an Ever-green, withered Southernwood, dead Sweet-briar, and sprigs of Rue in flower.

To finish the shocking description, in a dark nook stood an old broken-bottomed cane couch, without a squab, or coverlid, sunk at one corner, and unmortised by the failing of one of its worm-eaten legs, which lay in two pieces under the wretched piece of furniture it could no longer support.

## Let.83. CLARISSA HARLOWE.

And This, thou borrid Lovelace, was the bedchamber of the divine Clariffa!!!

I had leifure to cast my eye on these things: For, going up softly, the poor Lady turned not about at our

entrance; nor, till I spoke, moved her head.

She was kneeling in a corner of the room, near the difmal window, against the table, on an old bolster (as it feemed to be) of the cane couch, half-covered with her handkerchief; her back to the door; which was only fhut to [No need of fastenings!]; her arms crossed upon the table, the fore-finger of her right-hand in her bible. She had perhaps been reading in it, and could read no longer. Paper, pens, ink, lay by her book, on the table. Her dress was white damask, exceeding neat; but her stays seemed not tight-laced. I was told afterwards, that her laces had been cut, when she fainted away at her entrance into this curfed place; and she had not been folicitous enough about her drefs, to fend for others. Her head-dress was a little discomposed; her charming hair, in natural ringlets, as you have heretofore described it, but a little tangled, as if not lately comb'd, irregularly shading one side of the loveliest neck in the world; as her disordered, rumpled handkerchief did the other. Her face [O how altered from what I had feen it! Yet lovely in spite of all her griefs and sufferings!] was reclined, when we entered, upon her croffed arms; but so, as not more than one fide of it to be hid.

When I surveyed the room around, and the kneeling Lady, sunk with majesty too in her white slowing robes (for she had not on a hoop) spreading the dark, tho not dirty, sloor, and illuminating that horrid corner; her linen beyond imagination white, considering that she had not been undressed ever since she had been here; I thought my concern would have choaked me. Something rose in my throat, I know not what, which made me, for a moment, guggle, as it were, for speech: Which, at last, forcing its way, Con—Con—Confound you both, said I to the man and woman, is this an apartment for such a Lady? And could the cursed devils of

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358 THE HISTORY OF Vol.5. her own Sex, who visited this suffering Angel, see her.

and leave her, in so damned a nook?

Sir, we would have had the Lady to accept of our own bedchamber; but she refused it. We are poor people—And we expect nobody will stay with us longer than they can help it.

You are people chosen purposely, I doubt not, by the damn'd woman who has employed you: And if your usage of this Lady has been but half as bad as your house, you had better never to have seen the light.

Up then raised the charming Sufferer her lovely face; but with such a significance of woe overspreading it, that I could not, for the Soul of me, help being visibly affected.

door, as if commanding me to withdraw; and displeased at my intrusion; but did not speak.

farther without your leave—Permit me, for one mo-

ment, the favour of your ear!

No—No—Go, go; MAN, with an emphasis—And would have said more; but, as if struggling in vain for words, she seemed to give up speech for lost, and dropped her head down once more, with a deep sigh, upon her lest arm; her right, as if she had not the use of it (numbed, I suppose) self-moved, dropping down on her side.

O that thou hadft been there! and in my place!—But by what I then felt, in myself, I am convinced, that a capacity of being moved by the distresses of our fellow-creatures, is far from being disgraceful to a manly heart. With what pleasure, at that moment, could I have given up my own life, could I but first have avenged this scharming creature, and cut the throat of her destroyer, as she emphatically calls thee, tho' the friend that I best love! And yet, at the same time, my heart and my eyes gave way to a softness, of which (tho' not so hardened a wretch as thou) it was never before so sufficiently.

I dare not approach you, dearest Lady, without your leave; But on my knees I beseech you to permit me to

release you from this damn'd house, and out of the power of the accursed woman, who was the occasion of your being here!

She lifted up her fweet face once more, and beheld meon my knees. Never knew I before what it was to pray

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Are you not -Are you not Mr. Belford, Sir? I think

your name is Belford?

It is, Madam, and I ever was a worshiper of your virtues, and an advocate for you; and I come to release you from the hands you are in.

And in whose to place me?—O leave me, leave me! Let me never rise from this spot! Let me never, never

more believe in man!

This moment, dearest Lady, this very moment, if you please, you may depart whithersoever you think fit. You are absolutely free, and your own mistress.

I had now as lieve die here in this place, as any-where. I will owe no obligation to any friend of *bim* in whose company you have seen me. So, pray, Sir, withdraw.

Then turning to the Officer, Mr. Rowland I think your name is? I am better reconciled to your house than I was at first. If you can but engage that I shall have nobody come near me but your wise (No Man!) and neither of those women who have sported with my calamities; I will die with you, and in this very corner. And you shall be well satisfied for the trouble you have had with me.—I have value enough for that—for, see, I have a diamond ring; taking it out of her bosom; and I have friends will redeem it at a high price, when I am gone.

But for you, Sir, looking at me, I beg you to withdraw. If you mean me well, God, I hope, will reward you for your good meaning; but to the friend of my

destroyer will I not owe an obligation.

You will owe no obligation to me, nor to any-body. You have been detained for a debt you do not owe. The Action is dismissed; and you will only be so good as to give me your hand into the coach which stands as near

and going to be a A ain.

Will you then, Sir, compel me to be beholden to you? You will inexpressibly oblige me, Madam, to com-

mand me to do you either fervice or pleasure.

Why then, Sir [looking at me]—But why do you mock me in that humble posture! Rise, Sir! I cannot speak to you else.

I arose.

Only, Sir, take this ring. I have a Sifter, who will be glad to have it, at the price it shall be valued at, for the former owner's fake !- Out of the money she gives, let this man be paid; handsomely paid: And I have a few valuables more at my lodgings (Dorcas, or the MAN William, can tell where that is); let them, and my cloaths at the wicked woman's, where you have feen me, be fold, for the payment of my lodging first, and next of your friend's debts, that I have been arrested for; as far as they will go; only referving enough to put me into the ground, any-where, or any-how, no matter.—Tell your friend, I wish it may be enough to fatisfy the whole demand; but if it be not, he must make it up himself; or, if he think fit to draw for it on Miss Howe, she will repay it, and with interest, if he insist upon it .- And this, Sir, if you promise to perform, you will do me, as you offer, both pleasure and service: And say you will, and take the ring, and withdraw. If I want to fay anything more to you (You feem to be an humane man) I will let you know-And fo, Sir, God bless you.

I approached her, and was going to fpeak———
Don't fpeak, Sir: Here's the ring.

I ftood off.

And won't you take it? Won't you do this last office for me?—I have no other person to ask it of; else, believe me, I would not request it of you. But take it or not, laying it upon the table—you must withdraw, Sir: I am very ill. I would fain get a little rest, if I could. I find I am going to be bad again.

And offering to rife, she sunk down thro' excess of

weakness and grief, in a fainting fit.

Why, Lovelace, wast thou not present thysels?— Why dost thou commit such villainies, as even Thou art asraid to appear in; and yet puttest a weaker heart and head upon encountering with them?

The maid coming in just then, the woman and she listed her up on the decrepit couch; and I withdrew with this Rowland; who wept like a child, and said, he never

in his life was fo moved.

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Yet so bardened a wretch art thou, that I question

whether thou wilt shed a tear at my relation.

They recovered her by harts-horn and water. I went down mean while; for the detestable woman had been below some time. O how did I curse her! I never before was so fluent in curses.

She tried to wheedle me; but I renounced her; and, after she had dismissed the Action, sent her away crying, or pretending to cry, because of my behaviour to her.

You will observe, that I did not mention one word to the Lady about you. I was afraid to do it. For 'twas plain, that she could not bear your name: Your Friend, and the Company you have seen me in, were the words nearest to naming you, she could speak: And yet I wanted to clear your intention of this brutal, this sordidlooking, villainy.

I fent up again, by Rowland's wife, when I heard that the Lady was recovered, befeeching her to quic that devilish place; and the woman affured her, that she was at full liberty to do so; for that the Action was

dismissed.

But she cared not to answer her: And was so weak and low, that it was almost as much out of her power as

inclination, the woman told me, to speak.

I would have hastened away for my friend doctor H. but the house is such a den, and the room she was in such a hole, that I was ashamed to be seen in it by a man of his reputation, especially with a woman of such an appearance, and in such uncommon distress; and I found there

there was no prevailing on her to quit it for the peoples

bed-room, which was neat and lightfome.

The strong room, she was in, the wretches told me, should have been in better order, but that it was but the very morning that she was brought in, that an unhappy man had quitted it; for a more eligible prison, no doubt; since there could hardly be a worse.

Being told, that she desired not to be disturbed, and seemed inclined to dose, I took this opportunity to go to her lodgings in Covent-garden; to which Dorcas (who first discovered her there, as Will. was the Setter

from church) had before given me a direction.

The man's name is Smith, a dealer in gloves, snuff, and such petty merchandize: His wife the shopkeeper: He a maker of the Gloves they sell. Honest people, it seems.

I thought to have got the woman with me to the

Lady; but she was not within.

I talked with the man, and told him what had befallen the Lady; owing, as I faid, to a mistake of orders; and gave her the character she deserved; and desired him to send his wife the moment she came in, to the Lady; directing him whither; not doubting, that her attendance would be very welcome to her: Which he promised.

He told me, that a Letter was left for her there on Saturday; and, about half an hour before I came, another superscribed by the same hand; the first, by the post; the other, by a countryman; who, having been informed of her absence, and of all the circumstances they could tell him of it, posted away, full of concern, saying, that the Lady he was sent from would be ready

to break her heart at the tidings.

I thought it right to take the two Letters back with me; and, dismissing my coach, took a chair, as a more proper vehicle for the Lady, if I (the friend of her destroyer) could prevail upon her to leave Rowland's.

And here being obliged to give way to an indispensable

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fable avocation, I will make thee taste a little, in thy turn, of the plague of suspense; and break off, without giving thee the least hint of the issue of my further proceedings. I know, that those least bear disappointment, who love most to give it. In twenty instances, hast thou afforded me proof of the truth of this observation. And I matter not thy raving.

Another Letter, however, shall be ready, send for it as soon as thou wilt. But, were it not, have I not

written enough to convince thee, that I am

Thy ready and obliging Friend,
J. Belford?

## LETTER LXXXIV.

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Efq;

Monday, July 17. Eleven at Night.

CURSE upon thy hard heart, thou vile caitiff! How hast thou tortured me, by thy designed abruption! 'Tis impossible that Miss Harlowe should have ever suffered as thou hast made me suffer, and as I now suffer!

That Sex is made to bear pain. It is a curse, that the first of it entailed upon all her succeeding daughters, when she brought the curse upon us all. And they love those best, whether man or child, who give them most—But to stretch upon thy damn'd tenter-hooks such a spirit as mine—No rack, no torture, can equal

my torture!

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And must I still wait the return of another messenger? Confound thee for a malicious devil! I wish thou wert a post-horse, and I upon the back of thee! How would I whip and spur, and harrow up thy clumsy sides, till I made thee a ready-roasted, ready-slayed, mess of dog's meat; all the hounds in the county howling after thee as I drove thee, to wait my dismounting, in order to devour thee peace-meal; life still throbbing in each churned mouthful!

Give this fellow the sequel of thy tormenting scribble.

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Dispatch him away with it. Thou hast promised it shall be ready. Every cushion or chair I shall sit upon, the bed I shall lie down upon (if I go to bed) till he return, will be stuffed with bolt-upright awls, bodkins, corking-pins, and packing-needles: Already I can fansy, that to pink my body like my mind, I need only to be put into a hogshead stuck full of steel-pointed spikes, and rolled down a hill three times as high as the Monument.

But I lose time; yet know not how to employ it till this fellow returns with the sequel of thy soul-harrowing

intelligence!

### LETTER LXXXV.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Efg;

Monday Night, July 17.

ON my return to Rowland's, I found that the Apothecary was just gone up. Mrs. Rowland being above with him, I made the less scruple to go up too, as it was probable, that to ask for leave would be to ask to be denied; hoping also, that the Letters I had with

me would be a good excuse.

She was fitting on the fide of the broken couch, extremely weak and low; and, I observed, cared not to speak to the man; and no wonder; for I never saw a more shocking fellow, of a profession tolerably genteel, nor heard a more illiterate one prate—Physician in ordinary to this house, and others like it, I suppose! He put me in mind of Otway's Apothecary in his Caius Marius; as borrowed from the immortal Shakespeare.

Meagre and very rueful were bis looks:

Sharp misery had worn him to the hones.

Famine in his cheeks:

Need and oppression staring in his eyes:

Contempt and beggary hanging on his back:

The world no friend of his, nor the world's law.

As I am in black, he took me, at my entrance, I believe,

Let. 85. CLARISSA HARLOWE.

believe, to be a doctor, and flunk behind me with his hat upon his two thumbs, and looked as if he expected the oracle to open, and give him orders.

The lady looked displeased, as well at me as at Row. land, who followed me, and at the Apothecary. It was not, she said, the least of her present misfortunes, that she could not be left to her own Sex; and to her

option to fee whom she pleased.

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I befought her excuse; and, winking for the Apothecary to withdraw [which he did] told her, that I had been at her new lodgings, to order every-thing to be got ready for her reception, prefuming she would chuse to go thither: That I had a chair at the door: That Mr. Smith and his wife [I named their names, that she should not have room for the least fear of Sinclair's had been full of apprehensions for her safety: That I had brought two Letters, which were left there for her; one by the post, the other that very morning.

This took her attention. She held out her charming hand for them; took them, and, pressing them to her lips-From the only friend I have in the world! faid fhe, kiffing them again; and looking at the feals, as if to see whether they had been opened. I can't read them, faid she, my eyes are too dim; and put them

into her bosom.

I befought her to think of quitting that wretched hole.

Whither could she go, she asked, to be safe and uninterrupted for the short remainder of her life; and to avoid being again visited by the creatures who had

infulred her before?

I gave her the folemnest affurances, that she should not be invaded in her new lodgings by any-body; and faid, that I would particularly engage my honour, that the person who had most offended her, should not come near ber, without ber own consent.

Your honour, Sir! Are you not that man's friend! I am not a friend, Madam, to his vile actions to the

most excellent of women.

Do you flatter me, Sir? Then are you a Man.—But Oh, Sir, your friend, holding her face forward with great earnestness, your barbarous friend, what has he not to answer for!

There she stopt: Her heart full; and putting her hand over her eyes and forehead, the tears trickled thro' her singers: Resenting thy barbarity, it seemed, as Cæsar did the Stab from his distinguished Brutus!

Tho' she was so very much disordered, I thought I would not lose this opportunity to affert your innocence

of this villainous Arrest.

There is no defending the unhappy man in any of his vile actions by you, Madam; but of this last outrage, by all that's Good and Sacred, he is innocent.

O wretches! what a Sex is yours!—Have you all one dialect? Good and Sacred!—If, Sir, you can find an oath, or a vow, or an adjuration, that my ears have not been twenty times a day wounded with, then speak it, and I may again believe a Man.

I was exceffively touched at these words, knowing

thy baseness, and the reason she had for them.

But say you, Sir; for I would not, methinks, have the wretch capable of this fordid baseness!—Say you, that he is innocent of this last wickedness? Can you truly say that he is?

By the great God of Heaven!-

Nay, Sir, if you swear, I must doubt you!—If you yourself think your Word insufficient, what reliance can I have on your Oath!—O that this my experience had not cost me so dear! But, were I to live a thousand years, I would always suspect the veracity of a Swearer. Excuse me, Sir; but is it likely, that be who makes so free with his God, will scruple any-thing that may serve his turn with his Fellow-creature?

This was a most affecting reprimand!

Madam, said I, I have a regard, a regard a gentleman ought to have, to my word; and whenever I forfeit it to you—

Nay, Sir, don't be angry with me. It is grievous

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to me to question a gentleman's veracity. But your friend calls himself a gentleman—You know not what I have suffered by a gentleman!—And then again she wept.

I would give you, Madam, demonstration if your grief and your weakness would permit it, that he has no hand in this barbarous baseness: And that he resents

it as it ought to be refented.

Well, well, Sir [with quickness] He will have his account to make up somewhere else; not to me. I should not be forry to find him able to acquit his intention on this occasion. Let him know, Sir, only one thing, that, when you heard me in the bitterness of my spirit, most vehemently exclaim against the undeferved usage I have met with from him, that even then, in that passionate moment, I was able to say [And never did I see such an earnest and affecting exaltation of hands and eyes] "Give him, good God! Repent-" ance and Amendment; that I may be the last poor "creature, who shall be ruined by him!—And, in thine own good time, receive to thy mercy the poor "wretch who had none on me!"

By my foul, I could not fpeak.-She had not her

Bible before her for nothing.

I was forced to turn my head away, and to take out my handkerchief.

What an Angel is this !- Even the gaoler, and his

wife, and maid, wept.

Again, I wish thou hadst been there, that thou mightest have sunk down at her feet, and begun that moment to reap the effect of her generous wishes for thee; undeserving, as thou art, of any-thing but perdition!

I represented to her, that she would be less free where she was from visits she liked not, than at her own lodging. I told her, that it would probably bring her, in particular, one visitor, who, otherwise, I would engage [but I durst not swear again, after the severe reprimand she had just given me] should not come near

her,

her, without her confent. And I expressed my furprize, that she should be unwilling to quit such a place as this; when it was more than probable, that some of her friends, when it was known how bad she was, would visit her.

She faid, the place, when the was first brought into it, was indeed very shocking to her: But that she had found herself so weak and ill, and her griefs had so funk her, that she did not expect to have lived till now: That therefore all places had been alike to her; for to die in a prison, was to die; and equally eligible as to die in a palace (Palaces, she said, could have no attractions for a dying person): But that, since she feared fhe was not fo foon to be released, as the had hoped; fince she was suffered to be so little mistress of herself bere; and fince the might, by removal, be in the way of her dear friend's Letters; the would hope, that the might depend upon the affurances I gave her, of being at liberty to return to her last lodgings (otherwise she would provide herfelf with new ones, out of my knowlege as well as out of yours); and that I was too much of a gentleman, to be concerned in carrying her back to the house she had so much reason to abhor; and to which she had been once before most vilely betrayed, to her ruin.

I affured her, in the strongest terms [but swore not] that you were resolved not to molest her: And, as a proof of the fincerity of my professions, belought her to give me directions (in pursuance of my friend's express desire) about fending all her apparel, and whatever belonged to her, to her new lodgings.

She feemed pleafed; and gave me inflantly out of her pocket her keys; asking me, If Mrs. Smith, whom I had named, might not attend me; and she would give ber further directions? To which I chearfully affented; and then she told me, that she would accept of the chair I had offered her.

I withdrew; and took the opportunity to be civil to Rowland and his maid; for the found no fault with

their

Let. 85. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 369 their behaviour, for what they were; and the fellow feems to be miserably poor. I fent also for the Apothecary, who is as poor as the Officer (and still poorer, I dare say, as to the skill required in his business) and

The Lady, after I had withdrawn, attempted to read the Letters I had brought her. But she could read but a little way in one of them, and had great emotions

upon it.

She told the woman she would take a speedy opportunity to acknowlege their civilities, and to satisfy the Apothecary; who might send her his bill to her lodgings

She gave the maid fomething; probably the only half-guinea she had: And then with difficulty, her limbs trembling under her, and supported by Mrs.

Rowland, got down-stairs.

fatisfied him beyond his hopes.

I offered my arm: She was pleased to lean upon it. I doubt, Sir, said she, as she moved, I have behaved rudely to you: But, if you knew all, you would forgive me.

I know enough, Madam, to convince me, that there is not fuch purity and honour in any woman upon earth; nor any one that has been so barbarously treated.

She looked at me very earnestly. What she thought I cannot say; but, in general, I never saw so much

Soul in a woman's eyes, as in hers.

I ordered my fervant (whose mourning made him less observable as such, and who had not been in the Lady's eye) to keep the chair in view; and to bring me word, how she did, when set down. The fellow had the thought to step into the shop just before the chair entered it, under pretence of buying snuff; and so enabled himself to give me an account, that she was received with great joy by the good woman of the house; who told her, she was but just come in; and was preparing to attend her in High-Holborn.—O Mrs. Smith, said she, as soon as she saw her, did you not think I was run away?—You don't know what I have suffered Vol. V.

370 THE HISTORY OF Vol.5. fince I faw you. I have been in a prison!—Arrested for Debts I owe not!—But, thank God, I am here!—Will you permit your maid—I have forgot her name already—

Catharine, Madam-

Will you let Catharine affift me to bed?—I have not had my cloaths off fince Thursday night.

What she further said the fellow heard not, she lean-

ing upon the maid, and going up-stairs.

But dost thou not observe, what a strange, what an uncommon openness of heart reigns in this Lady? She had been in a prison, she said, before a stranger in the shop, and before the maid-servant: And so, probably, she would have said, had there been twenty people in the shop.

The difgrace she cannot hide from berself, as she fays in her Letter to Lady Betty, she is not solicitous

to conceal from the world!

But this makes it evident to me, that she is resolved to keep no terms with thee. And yet to be able to put up such a prayer for thee, as she did in her prison [I will often mention the *prison-room*, to teaze thee!]; Does not this shew, that Revenge has very little sway in her mind; tho' she can retain so much proper Refertment?

And this is another excellence in this admirable woman's character: For whom, before her, have we met with in the whole Sex, or in ours either, that know how, in *practice*, to distinguish between Revence and RESENTMENT, for base and ingrateful treatment?

'Tis a cursed thing, after all, that such a woman as this should be treated as she has been treated. Hadst thou been a King, and done as thou hast done by such a meritorious innocent, I believe in my heart, it would have been adjudged to be a National Sin, and the sword, the pestilence, or famine, must have atoned for it!—But, as thou art a private man, thou wilt certainly meet with thy punishment (besides what thou mayest expect from the justice of thy country, and the

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Let. 85. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 371 the vengeance of her friends) as she will her reward.

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It must be so, if there be really such a thing as future Remuneration; as now I am more and more convinced there must:—Else, what a hard fate is hers, whose punishment, to all appearance, has so much exceeded her fault? And, as to thine, how can temporary burnings, wert thou by some accident to be consumed in thy bed, expiate for thy abominable vileness to her, in breach of all obligations moral and divine?

I was refolved to lose no time in having every-thing which belonged to the Lady at the cursed woman's fent her. Accordingly, I took coach to Smith's, and procured the Lady (to whom I fent up my compliments, and enquiries how she bore her removal) ill as she fent me down word she was, to give proper di-

rections to Mrs. Smith: Whom I took with me to Sinclair's; and who faw every-thing looked out, and put into the trunks and boxes they were first brought

in, and carried away in two coaches.

Had I not been there, Sally and Polly would each of them have taken to herself something of the poor Lady's spoils. This they declared: And I had some difficulty to get from Sally a fine Brussels-lace Head, which she had the considence to say she would wear for Miss Harlowe's sake. Nor should either I or Mrs. Smith have known she had got it, had she not been in search

after the Ruffles belonging to it.

My refentment on this occasion, and the conversation which Mrs. Smith and I had (in which I not only expatiated on the merits of the Lady, but expressed my concern for her sufferings; tho' I lest her room to suppose her married, yet without averring it) gave me high credit with the good woman: So that we are perfectly well acquainted already: By which means I shall be enabled to give you accounts from time to time of all that passes; and which I will be very industrious to do, provided I may depend upon the solemn promises I have given the Lady, in your name, as well as in my B b 2

I ordered the abandoned women to make out your account. They answered, That they would do with a vengeance. Indeed they breathe nothing but revenge. For now they fay, you will affuredly marry; and your example will be followed by all your friends and companions-As the old one fays, to the utter ruin of her poor house.

# LETTER LXXXVI.

Mr. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, E/q;

Tuesday Morn. (July 18.) 6 o'Clock.

TAving fat up late to finish and seal in readiness my Letter to the above period, I am disturbed before I wished to have risen, by the arrival of thy fecond fellow man and horse in a foam.

While he 'bates, I will write a few lines, most heartily to congratulate thee on thy expected rage and impa-

tience, and on thy recovery of mental feeling.

How much does the idea thou givest me of thy deferved torments, by thy upright awls, bodkins, pins, and packing-needles, by thy rolling hoghead with iron spikes, and by thy macerated sides, delight me!

I will, upon every occasion that offers, drive more fpikes into thy hogshead, and roll thee down-hill, and up, as thou recoverest to sense, or rather returnest back to senselesses. Thou knowest therefore the terms on which thou art to enjoy my correspondence. Am not I, who have all along, and in time, protested against thy barbarous and ingrateful perfidies to a woman fo noble, intitled to drive remorfe, if possible, into thy hitherto callous heart?

e given the Lady, to your namerous well sein my

Only let me repeat one thing, which perhaps I mentioned too slightly before, That the Lady was determined to remove to new lodgings, where neither you nor I should be able to find her, had I not solemnly affured her, that she might depend upon being free from your visits.

These assurances I thought I might give her, not only because of your promise, but because it is necessary for you to know where she is, in order to address

yourfelf to her by your friends.

votuent mode walls shared

Enable me therefore to make good to her this my folemn engagement; or adieu to all friendship, at least to all correspondence, with thee, for ever.

and of soulish revised ballaived aid. J. Belford.

#### LETTER LXXXVII.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Efg;

Tuesday, July 18. Afternoon.

I Renewed my enquiries after the Lady's health, in the morning, by my fervant: And, as foon as I had

dined, I went myfelf.

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I had but a poor account of it: Yet sent up my compliments. She returned me thanks for all my good offices; and her excuses, that they could not be personal just then, being very low and faint: But if I gave myself the trouble of coming about Six this evening, she should be able, she hoped, to drink a dish of Tea with me, and would then thank me herself.

I am very proud of this condescension; and think it looks not amiss for you, as I am your avowed friend. Methinks I want fully to remove from her mind all doubts of you in this last villainous action: And who knows then what your noble relations may be able to do for you with her, if you hold your mind? For your servant acquainted me with their having actually engaged Miss Howe in their and your favour, before this cursed affair happened. And I desire the particulars of

B b 3

374 all from yourself, that I may the better know how to

She has two handsome apartments, a bedchamber and dining-room, with light closets in each. She has already a Nurse (the people of the house having but one maid); a woman whose care, diligence, and honesty, Mrs. Smith highly commends. She has likewife the benefit of the voluntary attendance, and Love, as it feems, of a widow gentlewoman, Mrs. Lovick her name, who lodges over her Apartment, and of whom she seems very fond, having found something in her, the thinks, refembling the qualities of her worthy Mrs. Norton.

About Seven o'clock this morning, it feems, the Lady was so ill, that she yielded to their desires to have an Apothecary fent for-Not the fellow, thou mayst believe, she had had before at Rowland's; but one Mr. Goddard, a man of skill and eminence; and of conscience too; demonstrated as well by general character, as by his prescriptions to this Lady: For, pronouncing her case to be grief, he ordered, for the present, only innocent julaps, by way of cordial; and, as foon as her stomach should be able to bear it, light Kitchendiet; telling Mrs. Lovick, that That, with Air, moderate Exercise, and chearful Company, would do her more good, than all the medicines in his shop.

This has given me, as it feems it has the Lady (who also praises his modest behaviour, paternal looks, and genteel address) a very good opinion of the man; and I defign to make myself acquainted with him; and, if he advises to call in a doctor, to wish him, for the fair patient's fake, more than the physician's (who wants not practice) my worthy friend Dr. H .- whose character is above all exception, as his humanity I am fure

will diffinguish him to the Lady.

Mrs. Lovick gratified me with an account of a Letter she had written from the Lady's mouth to Miss Howe; she being unable to write herself with steadiness.

It was to this effect; in answer, it seems, to her two Letters, whatever were the contents of them:

'That she had been involved in a dreadful calamity. which she was fure, when known, would exempt her from the effects of her friendly displeasure, for not answering her first; having been put under an Arrest-Could she have believed it ?- That she was releafed but the day before: And was now fo weak, and fo low, that she was obliged to get a widow gentlewoman in the fame house to account thus for her silence to her [Miss Howe's] two Letters of the 13th and 16th : That she would, as foon as able, answer them-Begged of her, mean time, not to be uneafy for her; fince (only that this was a calamity which came upon her when she was far from being well; a load laid upon the shoulders of a poor wretch, ready before to fink under too heavy a burden) it was nothing to the evil he had before suffered: And one felicity seemed likely to iffue from it; which was, that she should be at rest, in an honest house, with considerate and kind-hearted people; having affurance given her, that she should not be molested by the wretch, whom it would be death for her to fee: So that now she [Miss Howe] e needed not to fend to her by private and expensive conveyances: Nor need Collins to take precautions for fear of being dogged to her lodgings; nor she to write by a fictitious name to her, but by her own.

You see I am in a way to oblige you: You see how much she depends upon my engaging for your forbearing to intrude yourself into her company: Let not your flaming impatience destroy all; and make me look like a villain to a Lady who has reason to suspect every man she sees to be so.—Upon this condition, you may expect all the services that can flow from true

friendship, and from

Your sincere Wellwisher,

J. BELFORD.

#### LETTER LXXXVIII.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Efq;

Tuesday Night, July 18.

I AM just come from the Lady. I was admitted into the Dining-room, where she was sitting in an elbow-chair, in a very weak and low way. She made an effort to stand up, when I entered; but was forced to keep her seat. You'll excuse me, Mr. Belford: I ought to rise, to thank you for all your kindness to me. I was to blame to be so loth to leave that sad place; for I am in Heaven here, to what I was there: And good people about me too!—I have not had good people about me for a long, long time before; so that [with a half-smile] I had begun to wonder whither they were all gone.

Her Nurse and Mrs. Smith, who were present, took occasion to retire: And, when we were alone, You seem to be a person of humanity, Sir, said she: You hinted, as I was leaving my prison, that you were not a stranger to my sad Story. If you know it truly, you must know that I have been most barbarously treated; and have not deserved it at the man's hands by whom

I have fuffered.

I told her, I knew enough to be convinced, that she had the merit of a saint, and the purity of an angel: And was proceeding, when she said, No slighty com-

pliments! No undue attributes, Sir!

I offered to plead for my fincerity; and mentioned the word *Politeness*; and would have diftinguished between That and *Flattery*. Nothing can be polite, said she, that is not just: Whatever I may have had, I have now no vanity to gratify.

I disclaimed all intention of compliment: All I bad said, and what I should say, was, and should be, the effect of sincere veneration. My unhappy friend's ac-

count of her had entitled her to That.

I then mentioned your grief, your penitence, your refo-

resolutions of making her all the amends that were possible now to be made her: And, in the most earnest manner, I afferted your innocence as to the last vil-

lainous outrage.

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Her answer was to this effect—It is painful to me to think of him. The amends you talk of, cannot be made. This last violence you speak of, is nothing to what preceded it. That cannot be atoned for; nor palliated: This may: And I shall not be forry to be convinced, that he cannot be guilty of so very low a wickedness.—Yet, after his vile forgeries of hands—after his baseness in imposing upon me the most infamous persons as Ladies of honour of his own family—what are the iniquities he is not capable of?

I would then have given her an account of the Tryal you flood with your friends: Your own previous refolutions of Marriage, had she honoured you with the requested four words: All your family's earnestness to have the honour of her alliance: And the application of your two Cousins to Miss Howe, by general consent, for that young Lady's interest with her: But, having just touched upon these topics, she cut me short, saying, That was a cause before another Tribunal: Miss Howe's Letters to her were upon that subject; and she would write her thoughts to ber as soon as she was able.

I then attempted more particularly to clear you of having any hand in the vile Sinclair's officious Arrest; a point she had the generosity to wish you cleared of: And, having mentioned the outrageous Letter you had written to me on this occasion, she asked, If I had that

Letter about me?

I owned I had.

She wished to see it.

This puzzled me horribly: For you must needs think, that most of the free things, which, among us Rakes, pass for Wit and Spirit, must be shocking stuff to the ears or eyes of persons of delicacy of that Sex: And then such an air of Levity runs thro' thy most serious Letters; such a false Bravery, endeavouring to

carry

carry off ludicrously the subjects that most affect thee; that those Letters are generally the least fit to be seen,

which ought to be most to thy credit.

Something like this I observed to her; and would fain have excused myself from shewing it: But she was so earnest, that I undertook to read some parts of it,

refolving to omit the most exceptionable.

I know thou'lt curse me for that; but I thought it better to oblige her than to be suspected myself; and so not have it in my power to serve thee with her, when so good a foundation was laid for it; and when she knows as bad of thee as I can tell her.

Thou remembrest the contents, I suppose, of thy furious Letter (a). Her remarks upon the different parts of it which I read to her, were to the following

effect :

Upon thy two first lines, All undone! undone, by Jupiter!—Zounds, Jack, what shall I do now! A curse upon all my plots and contrivances! thus she expressed herself:

O how light, how unaffected with the sense of its own crimes, is the heart that could dictate to the pen

this libertine froth!'

The paragraph which mentions the vile arrest, af-

fected her a good deal.

In the next, I omitted thy curse upon thy relations, whom thou wert gallanting: And read on the seven subsequent paragraphs, down to thy execrable wish; which was too shocking to read to her. What I read produced the following resections from her:

'The plots and contrivances which he curses, and the exultings of the wicked wretches on finding me

out, shew me, that all his guilt was premeditated:

Nor doubt I, that his dreadful perjuries, and inhuman arts, as he went along, were to pass for fine

ftratagems; for witty fport; and to demonstrate a

fuperiority of inventive talents!—O my cruel, cruel
Brother! had it not been for thee, I had not been

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thrown upon so pernicious and so despicable a plot-

ter!—But proceed, Sir; pray proceed.

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At that part, Canst thou, O fatal prognosticator! tell me where my punishments will end?—she sighed: And when I came to that sentence, Praying for my Reformation, perhaps—Is that there? said she, sighing again.—Wretched man!—And shed a tear for thee.—By my saith, Lovelace, I believe she hates thee not!—She has at least a concern, a generous concern, for thy future happiness!—What a noble creature hast thou injured!

She made a very severe reflection upon me, on reading these words—On your knees, for me, beg ber pardon—'You had all your lessons, Sir, said she, when you came to redeem me—You was so condescending as to kneel: I thought it was the effect of your own humanity, and good-natured earnestness to serve me—Excuse me, Sir, I knew not, that it was in conse-

quence of a prescribed lesson.'

This concerned me not a little: I could not bear to be thought such a wretched puppet, such a Joseph Leman, such a Tomlinson—I endeavoured therefore, with some warmth, to clear myself of this reslection; and she again asked my excuse: 'I was avowedly, she said, 'the friend of a man, whose friendship, she had reason to be forry to say, was no credit to any-body.'—And desired me to proceed.

I did; but fared not much better afterwards: For,

On that passage where you say, I bad always been ber friend and advocate, This was her unanswerable remark: 'I find, Sir, by this expression, that he had 'always designs against me; and that you all along 'knew that he had: Would to Heaven, you had had 'the goodness to have contrived some way, that might not have endangered your own safety, to give me notice of his baseness, since you approved not of it!—'But you gentlemen, I suppose, had rather see an innocent fellow-creature ruined, than be thought capable of an action, which, however generous, might be 'likely to loosen the bands of a wicked friendship!'

After this severe but just reflection, I would have avoided reading the following, altho' I had unawares begun the fentence (but she held me to it): What would I now give, bad I permitted you to have been a successful advocate! And this was her remark upon it- So, Sir, you fee, if you had been the happy means of preventing the evils defigned me, you would have had vour friend's thanks for it, when he came to his confideration. This fatisfaction, I am persuaded everyone, in the long run, will enjoy, who has the virtue to withstand, or prevent, a wicked purpose. I was obliged, I fee, to your kind wishes-But it was a point of honour with you to keep his fecret; the more indispensable with you, perhaps, the viler the secret. Yet permit me to wish, Mr. Belford, that you were capable of relishing the pleasures that arise to a benevolent mind from VIRTUOUS Friendship!-None other is worthy of the facred name. You feem an humane man: I hope, for your own fake, you will one day experience the difference: And, when you do, think of Miss Howe and Clariffa Harlowe (I find you know " much of my fad Story) who were the happiest creatures on earth in each other's friendship till this friend of yours'—And there she stopt, and turned from me.

Where thou callest thyself A villainous plotter; 'To take Crime to himself, said she, without Shame, O

what a hardened wretch is this man!

On that paffage, where thou fayeft, Let me know how the bas been treated: If roughly, woe be to the guilty! this was her remark, with an air of indignation: 'What a man is your friend, Sir!—Is fuch a one as be to fet himself up to punish the guilty? - All the rough usage · I could receive from them, was infinitely less'—And

there she stopt a moment or two: Then proceeding -4 And who shall punish bim? What an affuming

wretch!-No-body but bimfelf is entitled to injure the Innocent !- He is, I suppose, on earth, to act the

part, which the malignant Fiend is supposed to act below—Dealing out punishments, at his pleasure, to

every inferior instrument of mischief!

What, thought I, have I been doing! I shall have this savage fellow think I have been playing him booty, in reading part of his Letter to this sagacious Lady!—Yet, if thou art angry, it can only, in reason, be at thyself; for who would think I might not communicate to her some of the least exceptionable parts of a Letter (as a proof of thy sincerity in exculpating thyself from a criminal charge), which thou wrotest to thy friend, to convince bim of thy innocence? But a bad heart, and a bad cause, are consounding things: And so let us put it to its proper account.

I passed over thy charge to me, to curse them by the hour; and thy names of Dragon and Serpents, tho' so applicable; since, had I read them, thou must have been supposed to know from the first, what creatures they were; vile sellow as thou wert, for bringing so much purity among them! And I closed with thy own concluding paragraph, A line! A line! A kingdom for a line! &c. However telling her, since she saw (that I omitted some sentences) that there were surther vehemences in it; but as they were better fitted to shew to me the sincerity of the writer, than for so delicate an ear

as hers to hear, I chose to pass them over.

You have read enough, faid she—He is a wicked, wicked man!—I see he intended to have me in his power at any rate; and I have no doubt of what his purposes were, by what his actions have been. You know his vile Tomlinson, I suppose—You know—But what signifies talking?—Never was there such a premeditately salse heart in man [Nothing can be truer, thought I!]: What has he not invented! And all for what?—Only, to ruin a poor young creature, whom he ought to have protected; and whom he had first deprived of all other protection?

She arose, and turned from me, her handkerchief at her eyes: And, after a pause, came towards me again—
I hope, said she, I talk to a man who has a better heart: And I thank you, Sir, for all your kind, tho ineffectual, pleas in my favour formerly, whether the motives

motives for them were compassion, or principle, or both. That they were ineffectual, might very pro-

bably be owing to your want of earnestness; and that. as you might think, to my want of merit. I might

onot, in your eye, deserve to be faved !- I might ap-

pear to you a giddy creature, who had run away from her true and natural friends; and who therefore ought

to take the consequence of the lot she had drawn.

I was afraid, for thy fake, to let her know how very earnest I had been: But affured her, that I had been her zealous friend; and that my motives were founded upon a merit, that, I believed, was never equalled: That, however indefensible Mr. Lovelace was, he had always done justice to her virtue: That to a full conviction of her untainted honour it was owing, that he fo earneftly defired to call so inestimable a jewel his-And was proceeding, when she again cut me short-

Enough, and too much, of this subject, Sir!—If he will never more let me behold his face, that is all I have now to ask of him. - Indeed, indeed, clasping her hands, I never will, if I can, by any means not criminally de-

sperate, avoid it.

What could I say for thee? - There was no room. however, at that time, to touch this string again, for fear of bringing upon myself a prohibition, not only of

the fubject, but of ever attending her again.

I gave fome diftant intimations of money-matters. I should have told thee, that, when I read to her that passage, where thou biddest me force what sums upon her I can get her to take-she repeated, No, no, no, no! feveral times with great quickness; and I durst no more than just intimate it again—and that so darkly, as left her room to feem not to understand me.

Indeed I know not the person, man or woman, I should be so much afraid of disobliging, or incurring a censure from, as from her. She has so much true dignity in her manner, without pride or arrogance (which, in those who have either, one is tempted to mortify) fuch a piercing eye, yet foftened so sweetly with rays of benignity, that she commands all one's reverence.

Methinks I have a kind of holy Love for this Angel of a woman; and it is matter of astonishment to me, that thou couldst converse with her a quarter of an hour together, and hold thy devilish purposes.

Guarded as she was by piety, prudence, virtue, dignity, family, fortune, and a purity of heart, that never woman before her boasted, what a real devil must he be (yet I doubt I shall make thee proud!) who could

refolve to break thro' fo many fences!

For my own part, I am more and more fensible, that I ought not to have contented myself with representing against, and expostulating with thee upon, thy base intentions: And indeed I had it in my head, more than once. to try to do something for her. But, wretch that I was! I was with-held by notions of false honour, as she justly reproached me, because of thy own voluntary communications to me of thy purposes: And then, as she was brought into fuch a curfed house, and was so watched by thyfelf, as well as by thy infernal agents, I thought (knowing my man!) that I should only accelerate the intended mischiefs .- Moreover, finding thee so much over-awed by her virtue, that thou hadft not, at thy first carrying her thither, the courage to attempt her; and that she had, more than once, without knowing thy base views, obliged thee to abandon them, and to resolve to do her justice, and thyself honour; I hardly doubted, that her merit would be triumphant at last.

It is my opinion (if thou holdest thy purposes to marry) that thou canst not do better, than to procure thy real Aunts, and thy real Cousins, to pay her a visit, and to be thy advocates: But, if they decline personal visits, Letters from them, and from my Lord M. supported by Miss Howe's interest, may, perhaps, effect

fomething in thy favour.

But these are only my hopes, sounded on what I wish for thy sake. The Lady, I really think, would chuse death rather than thee: And the two women are of opinion, tho' they know not half of what she has suffered, that her heart is actually broken.

At taking my leave, I tendered my best services to her, and besought her to permit me frequently to enquire after her health.

She made me no answer, but by bowing her head.

#### LETTER LXXXIX.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, E/q;

Wednesday, July 19.

THIS morning I took chair to Smith's; and, being told, that the Lady had a very bad night, but was up, I fent for her worthy Apothecary; who, on his coming to me, approving of my proposal of calling in Dr. H.; I bid the women acquaint her with the designed visit.

It feems, she was at first displeased; yet withdrew her objection: But, after a pause, asked them, What she should do? She had effects of value, some of which she intended, as soon as she could, to turn into money; but, till then, had not a single guinea to give the Doctor for his see

his fee.

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Mrs. Lovick faid, she had five guineas by her: They were at her service.

She would accept of three, she said, if she would take that (pulling a diamond ring from her singer) till she repaid her; but on no other terms,

Having been told, I was below with Mr. Goddard, the defired to speak one word with me, before she saw

the Doctor.

She was fitting in an elbow-chair, leaning her head on a pillow; Mrs. Smith and the Widow on each fide her chair; her Nurse, with a phial of hartshorn, behind her; in her own hand, her Salts.

Raifing her head at my entrance, she enquired, If the

Doctor knew Mr. Lovelace?

I told her, No; and that I believed you never faw him in your life.

Was the Doctor my friend?

He was; and a very worthy and skilful man. I named

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him for his eminence in his profession: And Mr. God-

dard faid, he knew not a better physician.

I have but one condition to make before I fee the gentleman; that he refuse not his fees from me. If I am poor, Sir, I am proud. I will not be under obligation. You may believe, Sir, I will not. I suffer this visit, because I would not appear ingrateful to the few friends I have lest, nor obstinate to such of my relations, as may some time hence, for their private satisfaction, enquire after my behaviour in my sick hours. So, Sir, you know the condition. And don't let me be vexed: I am very ill; and cannot debate the matter.

Seeing her so determined, I told her, If it must be so,

it should.

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Then, Sir, the gentleman may come. But I shall not be able to answer many questions. Nurse, you can tell him, at the window there, what a night I have had, and how I have been for two days past. And Mr. Goddard, if he be here, can let him know what I have taken. Pray let me be as little questioned, as possible.

The Doctor paid his respects to her, with the gentlemanly address for which he is noted: And she cast up her sweet eyes to him, with that benignity which accom-

panies her every graceful look.

I would have retired; but she forbid it.

He took her hand, the Lily not of so beautiful a white; Indeed, Madam, you are very low, said he: But, give me leave to say, That you can do more for yourself, than

all the faculty can do for you.

He then withdrew to the window. And, after a short conference with the women, he turned to me, and to Mr. Goddard, at the other window: We can do nothing here, speaking low, but by cordials, and nourishment. What friends has the Lady? She seems to be a person of condition; and, ill as she is, a very fine woman.—A Single Lady, I presume?

I whisperingly told him she was. That there were extraordinary circumstances in her case; as I would have apprised him, had I met with him yesterday. That

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her friends were very cruel to her; but that she could not hear them named without reproaching herself; tho' they were much more to blame than she.

I knew I was right, faid the Doctor. A Love-case, Mr. Goddard! A Love-case, Mr. Belford! There is one person in the world, who can do her more service, than

all the faculty.

Mr. Goddard said, he had apprehended her disorder was in her mind; and had treated her accordingly: And then told the Doctor what he had done: Which he approving of, again taking her charming hand, said, My good young Lady, you will require very little of our affistance. You must, in a great measure, be your own doctress. Come, dear Madam [Forgive me the familiar tenderness; your aspect commands Love, as well as Reverence; and a Father of Children, some of them older than yourself, may be excused for his familiar address] chear up your spirits. Resolve to do all in your power to be well; and you'll soon grow better.

You are very kind, Sir, faid she. I will take whatever you direct. My spirits have been hurried. I shall be better, I believe, before I am worse. The care of my good friends here, looking at the women, shall not

meet with an ingrateful return.

The Doctor wrote. He would fain have declined his fee. As her malady, he faid, was rather to be relieved by the foothings of a friend, than by the prescriptions of a physician, he should think himself greatly honoured to be admitted rather to advise her in the one character, than to prescribe to her in the other.

She answered, That she should be always glad to see so humane a man: That his visits would keep ber in charity with his Sex: But that, were she to forget that he was her physician, she might be apt to abate of the considence in his skill, which might be necessary to effect the amendment that was the end of his visits.

And when he urged her still further, which he did in a very polite manner, and as passing by the door two or three times a day, she said, she should always have plea-

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fure in considering him in the kind light he offered himfelf to her: That that might be very generous in one person to offer, which would be as ungenerous in another to accept: That indeed she was not at present high in circumstance; and he saw by the tender (which he must accept of) that she had greater respect to her own convenience, than to his merit, or than to the pleasure she should take in his visits.

We all withdrew together; and the Doctor and Mr. Goddard having a great curiofity to know fomething more of her Story, at the motion of the latter we went into a neighbouring Coffee-house, and I gave them, in confidence, a brief relation of it; making all as light for you as I could; and yet you'll suppose, that, in order to do but common justice to the Lady's character, heavy must be that light.

Three o' clock, Afternoon.

I just now called again at Smith's; and am told she is somewhat better; which she attributed to the soothings of her Doctor. She expressed herself highly pleased with both gendemen; and said, that their behaviour to her was perfectly paternal.—

Paternal, poor Lady!—Never having been, till very lately, from under her parents wings, and now abandoned by all her friends, the is for finding out fomething paternal and maternal in every one (the latter qualities in Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith) to supply to herself the Father and Mother her dutiful heart pants after.

Mrs. Smith told me, that, after we were gone, she gave the keys of her trunks and drawers to her and the widow Lovick, and defired them to take an inventory of them; which they did, in her presence.

They also informed me, That she had requested them to find her a purchaser for two rich dressed Suits; one never worn, the other not above once or twice.

This shocked me exceedingly—Perhaps it may thee a little!!!—Her reason for so doing, she told them, was, That she should never live to wear them: That her Sister, and other relations, were above wearing them:

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That her Mother would not endure in her fight anything that was hers: That she wanted the money: That she would not be obliged to any-body, when she had effects by her for which she had no occasion: And yet, said she, I expect not that they will fetch a price answerable to their value.

They were both very much concerned, as they owned; and asked my advice upon it: And the richness of her apparel having given them a still higher notion of her rank than they had before, they supposed she must be of quality; and again wanted to know her Story.

and fortune: I still gave them room to suppose her married: But lest it to her to tell them all in her own time and manner: All I would say, was, That she had been very vilely treated; deserved it not; and was all innocence and purity.

You may suppose, that they both expressed their astonishment, that there could be a man in the world, who

could ill treat fo fine a creature.

As to disposing of the two suits of apparel, I told Mrs. Smith, That she should pretend, that, upon enquiry, she had found a friend who would purchase the richest of them; but (that she might not mistrust) would stand upon a good bargain. And having twenty guineas about me, I lest them with her, in part of payment; and bid her pretend to get her to part with it for as little more as she could induce her to take.

I am fetting out for Edgware with poor Belton—More of whom in my next. I shall return to-morrow; and leave This in readiness for your messenger, if he call in my absence.

Adieu.

#### LETTER XC.

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Esq; [In Answer to Letter lxxxviii.]

M. Hall, Wedn. Night, July 19.

You might well apprehend, that I should think you were playing me booty in communicating my Letter to the Lady.

You ask, Who would think you might not read to her the least exceptionable parts of a Letter written in my own defence?—I'll tell You who—The man, who, in the same Letter that he asks this question, tells the friend whom he exposes to her resentment, "That "there is such an air of Levity runs thro' his most se- rious Letters, that those of his are least fit to be seen, "which ought to be most to his credit:" And now, what thinkest thou of thy self-condemned folly? Be, however, I charge thee, more circumspect for the future, that so this clumsy error may stand singly by itself.

"It is painful to her to think of me!" "Liber"tine froth!" "So pernicious and so despicable a
"plotter!" "A man whose friendship is no credit to
"any-body!" Hardened wretch!" "The devil's
"counterpart!" "A wicked, wicked man!"—But
did she, could she, dared she, to say or imply all this?—
And say it to a man whom she praises for humanity, and
prefers to myself for that virtue; when all the humanity
be shews, and she knows it too, is by my direction—So
robs me of the credit of my own works? Admirably
entitled, all this shews her, to thy refinement upon the
words Resentment and Revenge. But thou wert always
aiming and blundering at something thou never couldst
make out.

The praise thou givest to her ingenuousness, is another of thy peculiars. I think not as thou dost, of her tell-tale recapitulations and exclamations:—What end can they answer?—Only that thou hast an boly Love for her [The devil fetch thee for thy oddity!] or it is extremely provoking to suppose one sees such a charming creature stand upright before a Libertine, and talk of the sin against her, that cannot be forgiven!—I wish at my heart, that these chaste Ladies would have a little modesty in their anger!—It would sound very strange, if I Robert Lovelace should pretend to have more true delicacy, in a point that requires the utmost, than Miss Clarissa Harlowe.

I think I will put it into the head of her Nurse Norton, Cc 3 and and her Miss Howe, by some one of my agents, to chide

the dear novice for her proclamations.

But to be ferious; Let me tell thee, that fevere as she is, and faucy, in asking so contemptuously, "What a "man is your friend, Sir, to set himself to punish guilty "people!" I will never forgive the cursed woman, who could commit this last horrid violence on so excellent a creature.

The barbarous insults of the two Nymphs, in their visits to her; the choice of the most execrable den that could be found out, in order, no doubt, to induce her to go back to theirs; and the still more execrable attempt, to propose to her a man who would pay the debt; a snare, I make no question, laid for her despairing and refenting heart by that devilish Sally (thinking her, no doubt, a woman) in order to ruin her with me; and to provoke me, in a sury, to give her up to their remorse-less cruelty; are outrages, that, to express myself in her style, I never can, never will, forgive.

But as to thy opinion, and the two womens at Smith's, that her heart is broken; that is the true womens language: I wonder how thou camest into it: Thou who hast seen and heard of so many female deaths and re-

vivals.

I'll tell thee what makes against this notion of theirs.

Her time of Life, and charming constitution: The good she ever delighted to do, and fansied she was born to do; and which she may still continue to do, to as high a degree as ever; nay, higher; since I am no fordid varlet, thou knowest: Her religious turn; a turn that will always teach her to bear inevitable evils with patience: The contemplation upon her last noble triumph over me, and over the whole crew; and upon her succeeding escape from us all: Her will unviolated: And the inward pride of having not deserved the treatment she has met with.

How is it possible to imagine, that a woman, who has all these Consolations to resect upon, will die of a broken

heart?

On the contrary, I make no doubt, but that, as she recovers from the dejection into which this last scurvy villainy (which none but wretches of her own Sex could have been guilty of) has thrown her, returning Love will re-enter her time-pacified mind: Her thoughts will then turn once more on the conjugal pivot: Of course she will have livelier notions in her head; and these will make her perform all her circumvolutions with ease and pleasure; tho' not with so high a degree of either, as if the dear proud rogue could have exalted herself above the rest of her Sex, as she turned round.

Thou askest, on reciting the bitter invectives that the Lady made against thy poor friend (standing before her, I suppose, with thy singers in thy mouth) What couldst

thou fay FOR me?

Have I not, in my former Letters, suggested an hundred things, which a friend, in earnest to vindicate or ex-

cuse a friend, might say, on such an occasion?

But now to current topics, and the present state of matters here.—It is true, as my servant told thee, that Miss Howe had engaged, before this cursed woman's officiousness, to use her interest with her friend in my behalf: And yet she told my Cousins, in the visit they made her, that it was her opinion, that she would never forgive me. I send to thee inclosed Copies of all that passed on this occasion between my Cousins Montague, Miss Howe, myself, Lady Betty, Lady Sarah, and Lord M.

I long to know what Miss Howe wrote to her friend, in order to induce her to marry the despicable plotter; the man whose friendship is no credit to any-body; the wicked, wicked man. Thou hadst the two Letters in thy hand. Had they been in mine, the Seal would have yielded to the touch of my warm singer [Perhaps without the help of the Post-office Bullet]; and the folds, as other plications have done, opened of themselves, to oblige my curiosity. A wicked omission, Jack, not to contrive to send them down to me, by man and horse! It might have passed, that the messenger, who brought the

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fecond Letter, took them both back. I could have returned them by another, when copied, as from Mifs Howe, and no-body but myself and thee the wifer.

That's a charming girl! Her spirit, her delightful fpirit !- Not to be married to it-How I wish to get that lively Bird into my cage! How would I make her · flutter and fly about!-Till she left a feather upon

every wire!

· Had I begun there, I am confident, as I have here-· tofore faid (a), that I should not have had half the · difficulty with her, as I have had with her charming · friend. For these passionate girls have high pulses, · and a clever fellow may make what fport he pleases · with their unevennesses—Now too high, now too low, · you need only to provoke and appeale them by turns; to bear with them, and forbear; to teaze, and ask pardon; and fometimes to give yourfelf the merit of a · fufferer from them; then catching them in the mo-· ment of concession, conscious of their ill usage of you, they are all your own.

But these sedate, contemplative girls, never out of

· temper but with reason; when that reason is given them, hardly ever pardon, or afford you another op-

· portunity to offend.

It was in part the apprehension that this would be · fo with my dear Miss Harlowe, that made me carry · her to a place where I believed the would be unable · to escape me, altho' I were not to succeed in my first attempts. Else widow Sorlings's would have been as well for me, as widow Sinclair's. For early I faw, that there was no credulity in her to graft upon: No pretending to whine myself into her confidence. · She was proof against amorous perfuasion. She had · reason in her Love. Her penetration and good sense made her hate all compliments that had not truth and nature in them. What could I have done with her in any other place? And yet how long, even there, was I kept in awe, in spite of natural incitement, and unna-

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mere force of that native dignity, and obvious purity of mind and manners, which fill every one with reverence, if not with boly love, as thou callest it (a), the moment he sees her!—Else, thinkest thou not, it was easy for me to be a fine gentleman, and a delicate. Lover, or, at least, a specious and flattering one?

Lady Sarah and Lady Betty, finding the treaty upon the fuccess of which they have set their foolish hearts, likely to run into length, are about departing to their own Seats; having taken from me the best security the nature of the case will admit of, that is to say, my word,

to marry the Lady, if she will have me.

And after all (methinks thou askest) Art thou still resolved to repair, if reparation be put into thy power?

· Why, Jack, I must needs own, that my heart has now-and-then some retrograde motions, upon thinking feriously of the irrevocable ceremony. We do not easily give up the desire of our hearts, and what we imagine essential to our happiness, let the expectation or hope of compassing it be ever so unreasonable or absurd in the opinion of others. Recurrings there will be; hankerings that will, on every but remotely-savourable incident (however before discouraged and beaten back by ill success) pop up, and abate the satisfaction we should otherwise take in contrariant overtures.

'Tis ungentlemanly, Jack, man to man, to lye.—
But Matrimony I do not beartily love—altho' with a
CLARISSA—Yet I am in earnest to marry her.

But I am often thinking, that if now this dear creature, fuffering time, and my penitence, my relations prayers, and Miss Howe's mediation, to soften her resentments [Her revenge thou hast prettily (b) distinguished away] and to recal repulsed inclination, should consent to meet me at the altar—How vain will she then make all thy eloquent periods of exe-

<sup>(</sup>a) See p. 383. (b) See p. 370.

· cration !- How many charming interjections of her own will she spoil! And what a couple of old Patriarchs shall we become, going on in the mill-horse round; getting fons and daughters; providing Nurses for them first, Governors and Governesses next; teaching them lessons their Father never practised, nor which their Mother, as her Parents will fay, was much the better for! And at last perhaps, when life shall be turned into the dully-fober Stilness, and I become defirous to forget all my past Rogueries, what comfortable reflections will it afford, to find them all revived, with equal, or probably greater trouble and expence, in the persons and manners of so many young Love-· laces of the Boys; and to have the Girls run away with varlets perhaps not half so ingenious as myself; clumfy fellows, as it might happen, who could not · afford the baggages one excuse for their weakness, be-· fides those disgraceful ones of Sex and Nature!-O · Belford! who can bear to think of these things!-. Who, at my time of life especially, and with such a byas for mischief!

· Of this I am absolutely convinced, that if a man • ever intends to marry, and to enjoy in peace his own • reflections; and not be afraid of retribution, or of the • consequences of his own example; he should never

be a Rake.

· This looks like Conscience; don't it, Belford?

But, being in earnest still, as I have said, All I have to do, in my present uncertainty, is, to brighten up my faculties, by filing off the rust they have contracted by the town smoke, a long imprisonment in my close attendance to so little purpose on my fair Perverse; and to brace up, if I can, the relaxed fibres of my mind, which have been twitched and convulsed like the Nerves of some tottering Paralytic, by means of the tumults she has excited in it; that so I may be able to present to her a Husband as worthy as I can be of her acceptance; or, if she reject me, be in a capacity to resume my usual gaiety of heart, and shew others of the misleading Sex,

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that I am not discouraged by the difficulties I have met with from this sweet individual of it, from endeavouring to make myself as acceptable to them as before.

In this latter case, one Tour to France and Italy, I dare say, will do the business. Miss Harlowe will by that time have forgotten all she has suffered from her ingrateful Lovelace: Tho' it will be impossible that her Lovelace should ever forget a woman whose equal he despairs to meet with were he to travel from one end of the world to the other.

If thou continuest paying off the heavy debts my long Letters, for so many weeks together, have made thee groan under, I will endeavour to restrain myself in the desires I have (importunate as they are) of going to town, to throw myself at the feet of my Soul's Beloved. Policy, and honesty, both join to strengthen the restraint my own promise and thy engagement have laid me under on this head. I would not afresh provoke: On the contrary, would give time for her resentments to subside, that so all that follows may be her own act and deed.

HICKMAN [I have a mortal aversion to that fellow!] has, by a line, which I have just now received, requested an interview with me on Friday at Mr. Dormer's, as at a common friend's. Does the business he wants to meet me upon, require that it should be at a common friend's?—A challenge implied: Is it not, Belford?—I shall not be civil to him, I doubt. He has been an intermeddler!—Then I envy him on Miss Howe's account: For if I have a right notion of this Hickman, it is impossible that that virago can ever love him.

· Every one knows, that the Mother (faucy as the Daughter fometimes is) crams him down her throat.

Her Mother is one of the most violent-spirited women

in England, whose late Husband could not stand in the matrimonial contention of Who should? but tipt

· off the perch in it, neither knowing how to yield,

nor how to conquer.

A charming encouragement for a man of intrigue, when

when he has reason to believe, that the woman he has a view upon has no Love for her Husband! What good Principles must that Wife have, who is kept in against temptation by a sense of her duty, and plighted faith, where affection has no hold of her!

Pr'ythee let's know, very particularly, how it fares with poor Belton.—'Tis an honest fellow.—Something more than his Thomasine seems to stick with him.

Thou hast not been preaching to him Conscience and Reformation; hast thou?—Thou shouldst not take liberties with him of this fort, unless thou thoughtest him absolutely irrecoverable. A man in ill health, and cropsick, cannot play with these solemn things, as thou canst, and be neither better nor worse for them.—Repentance, Jack, I have a notion, should be set about while a man is in good health and spirits. What's a man sit for, when he is not himself, nor master of his faculties?—Hence, as I apprehend, it is that a death bed repentance is supposed to be such a precarious and inessectual thing.

· As to myself, I hope I have a great deal of time before me; since I intend one day to be a Reformed man. I have very serious reslections now and then.

• Yet am I half-afraid of the truth of what my Charmer . once told me, that a man cannot repent when he will.

- Not to hold it, I suppose, she meant! By fits and farts I have repented a thousand times.

Casting my eye over the two preceding paragraphs,
I fanfy there is fomething like contradiction in them.

· But I will not reconsider them. The subject is a very · serious one. I don't, at present, quite understand it.

But now for one more airy.

Tourville, Mowbray, and myfelf, pass away our time as pleasantly as possibly we can without thee. I wish we don't add to Lord M's gouty days by the joy we give him.

This is one advantage, as I believe I have elsewhere observed, that we Male-delinquents in Love-matters have of the other Sex:—For while they, poor things! fit fighing

fighing in holes and corners, or run to woods and groves to bemoan themselves for their bassled hopes, we can rant and roar, hunt and hawk; and, by New Loves, banish from our hearts all remembrance of the Old ones.

Merrily, however, as we pass our time, my reflections upon the injuries done to this noble creature bring a qualm upon my heart very often. But I know she will permit me to make her amends, after she has plagued me heartily; and that's my consolation.

An honest fellow still !- Clap thy wings, and crow,

Tack!-

#### LETTER XCI.

Miss Howe, To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Thursday Morn. July 20.

WHAT, my dearest creature, have been your sufferings!—What must have been your anguish on so disgraceful an insult, committed in the open

streets, and in the broad day!

No end, I think, of the undeferved calamities of a dear Soul, who has been so unhappily driven and betrayed into the hands of a vile Libertine!—How was I shocked at the receiving of your Letter written by another hand, and only dictated by you!—You must be very ill. Nor is it to be wondered at. But I hope it is rather from hurry, and surprize, and lowness, which may be overcome, than from a grief given way to, which may be attended with effects I cannot bear to think of.

But whatever you do, my dear, you must not despond! Indeed you must not despond! Hitherto you have been in no fault: But despair would be all your own; and the worst fault you can be guilty of.

I cannot bear to look upon another hand instead of yours. My dear creature, send me a few lines, tho' ever so few, in your own hand, if possible.—For they will revive my heart; especially if they can acquaint me of your amended health.

W. saub add aval to . I expect

I expect your answer to my Letter of the 13th. We

all expect it with impatience.

His relations are persons of so much honour—They are so very earnest to rank you among them—The wretch is so very penitent: Every one of his samily says he is—Your own are so implacable—Your last distress, the consequence of his former villaint, yet neither brought on by his direction, nor with his knowlege; and so much resented by him—That my Mother is absolutely of opinion, that you should be his—Especially if, yielding to my wishes, as expressed in my Letter, and those of all his friends, you would have complied, had it not been for this horrid Arrest.

I will inclose the copy of the Letter I wrote to Miss Montague last Tuesday, on hearing that no-body knew what was become of you; and the Answer to it, underwritten and signed by Lord M. Lady Sarah Sadleir, and Lady Betty Lawrance, as well as by the young La-

dies; and also by the wretch himself.

I own, that I like not the turn of what he has written to me; and before I will further interest myself in his factor, I have determined to inform myself, by a friend, from his own mouth, of his sincerity, and whether his whole inclination be in his request to me, exclusive of the wishes of his relations. Yet my heart rises against him, on the supposition that there is the shadow of a reason for such a question, the woman Miss Clarissa Harlowe.—But, I think, with my Mother, that Marriage is now the only means left to make your future life tolerably easy—bappy there is no saying.—His disgraces, in that case, in the eye of the world itself, will be more than yours: And to those who know you, glorious will be your triumph.

I am obliged to accompany my Mother foon to the Isle of Wight. My Aunt Harman is in a declining way, and infifts upon freing us both—and Mr. Hickman too,

I think.

Lord, were brought t'other day to visit us. She strangely likes me, or says she does.

I can't say, but that I think she answers the excellent character we have heard of her.

It would be death to me to set out for the little island, and not see you first: And yet my Mother (fond of exerting an authority that she herself, by that exertion, often brings into question) insists, that my next visit to you must be a congratulatory one, as Mrs. Lovelace.

When I know what will be the result of the questions to be put in my name to that wretch, and what is your mind on my Letter of the 13th, I shall tell you more

of mine.

The bearer promises to make so much dispatch, as to attend you this very afternoon. May he return with good tidings to

Your ever-affectionate

ANNA HOWE.

### LETTER XCII.

Mis CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Mis Howe.

Thursday Afternoon.

YOU pain me, my dearest Miss Howe, by the ardor of your noble Friendship. I will be very brief, because I am not well; yet a good deal better than I was; and because I am preparing an answer to yours of the 13th. But, beforehand, I must tell you, my dear, I will not have that man—Don't be angry with me.—But indeed I won't. So let him be asked no questions about me, I beseech you.

I do not despond, my dear. I hope I may say, I will not despond. Is not my condition greatly mended? I

thank Heaven it is!

I am no prisoner now in a vile house. I am not now in the power of that man's devices. I am not now obliged to hide myself in corners for fear of him. One of his intimate companions is become my warm friend, and engages to keep him from me, and that by his own consent. I am among honest people. I have all my cloaths and effects restored to me. The wretch himself bears testimony to my honour.

Indeed I am very weak and ill: But I have an excellent Physician, Dr. H. and as worthy an Apothecary, Mr. Goddard.—Their treatment of me, my dear, is perfectly paternal!—My mind too, I can find, begins to strengthen: And methinks, at times, I find myself superior to my calamities.

I shall have Sinkings sometimes. I must expect such.

And my Father's maledict—But you will chide me for introducing that, now I am enumerating my comforts.

But I charge you, my dear, that you do not fuffer my calamities to fit too heavy upon your own mind. If you do, that will be to new-point fome of those arrows, that have been blunted, and lost their sharpness.

If you would contribute to my happiness, give way, my dear, to your own; and to the chearful prospects

before you!

You will think very meanly of your Clarissa, if you do not believe, that the greatest pleasure she can receive in this life, is in your prosperity and welfare. Think not of me, my only friend, but as we were in times past: And suppose me gone a great, great way off!—A long journey!—How often are the dearest of friends, at their Country's call, thus parted,—with a Certainty for years—with a Probability for ever!

Love me still, however. But let it be with a weaning Love. I am not what I was, when we were inseparable Lovers, as I may say.—Our views must now be disferent.—Resolve, my dear, to make a worthy man happy, because a worthy man must make you so.—And so, my dearest Love, for the present adieu!—Adieu, my dearest Love —But I shall soon write again, I hope!

#### LETTER XCIII.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Esq; [In Answer to Letter xc.]

Thursday, July 20.

I Read that part of your conclusion to poor Belton, where you enquire after him, and mention how merrily

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quietly

rily you, and the reft, pass your time at M. Hall. He fetched a deep figh; You are all very bappy! were his words -I am forry they were his words; for, poor fellow, he is going very fast. Change of Air, be hopes, will mend him, joined to the chearful Company I have

left him in. But nothing, I dare fay, will.

A confuming Malady, and a confuming Miftrefs, to an indulgent Keeper, are dreadful things to ftruggle with both together: Violence must be used to get rid of the latter; and yet he has not spirit left him, to exert himfelf. His house is Thomasine's house; not his. He has not been within his doors for a fortnight past. Vagabonding about from Inn to Inn; entering each for a bait only; and flaying two or three days without power to remove; and hardly knowing which to go to next. His malady is within him; and he cannot run away from it. allen ai it to

Her Boys (once he thought them his) are flurdy enough to shoulder him in his own house as they pass by him. Siding with the Mother, they in a manner expel him; and, in his absence, riot away on the remnant of his broken fortunes. As to their Mother (who was once fo tender, fo submiffive, fo studious to oblige, that we all pronounced him happy, and his course of life the eligible) she is now so termagant, so insolent, that he cannot contend with her, without doing infinite prejudice to his health. A broken-spirited Defensive, bardly a defensive, therefore reduced to: And this to a heart, for fo many years waging offenfive war (nor valuing whom the opponent) what a reduction!-Now comparing himself to the superannuated Lion in the. fable, kicked in the jaws, and laid sprawling, by the spurning heel of an ignoble Ass!

I have undertaken his cause. He has given me leave, yet not without reluctance, to put him into possession of his own house; and to place in it for him his unhappy Sifter, whom he has hitherto flighted, because unhappy. It is hard, he told me (and wept, poor fellow, when he faid it) that he cannot be permitted to die

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Vol. V.

THE HISTORY OF Vol.s. 402 quietly in his own house!-The fruits of blessed Keep-

ing these!-

Tho' but lately apprifed of her infidelity, it now comes out to have been of fo long continuance, that he has no room to believe the Boys to be his: Yet how fond did he use to be of them!

· To what, Lovelace, shall we attribute the tenderness which a reputed Father frequently shews to the · children of another man?—What is that, I pray thee, which we call Nature, and Natural Affection? · And what has man to boast of as to sagacity and penetration, when he is as eafily brought to cover and rear, and even to love, and often to prefer, the product of another's guilt with his Wife or Miftress, as a · hen or a goofe the eggs, and even young, of others of their kind?

· Nay, let me ask, If Instinct, as it is called, in the · animal creation, does not enable them to diffinguish · their own, much more easily than we, with our boafted · reason and sagacity, in this nice particular, can do?

If some men, who have Wives but of doubtful vir-· tue, considered this matter duly, I believe their inor-· dinate ardor after gain would be a good deal cooled, when they could not be certain (tho' their Mates could) · for whose children they were elbowing, buftling, gripeing, and perhaps cheating, those with whom they have concerns, whether friends, neighbours, or more certain

next-of-kin, by the Mother's fide however.

· But I will not push this notion fo far as it might be carried; because, if propagated, it might be of un-· focial or unnatural confequence; fince women of vir-· tue would perhaps be more liable to fuffer by the mif-· trusts and caprices of bad-bearted and foolish-beaded · Husbands, than those who can screen themselves from · detection by arts and hypocrify, to which a woman of · virtue cannot have recourse. And yet, were this notion duly and generally confidered, it might be at-· tended with no bad effects; as good education, good · inclinations, and established virtue, would be the prin-· cipally quistly

· cipally fought-after qualities, and not money, when a · man (not byaffed by mere perfonal attractions) was

· looking round him for a partner in his fortunes, and · for a Mother of his future children, which are to be

the heirs of his possessions, and to enjoy the fruits of his industry.

· But to return to poor Belton.

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If I have occasion for your assistance, and that of our compeers, in reinstating the poor fellow, I will give you notice. Mean time, I have just now been told, that Thomasine declares she will not stir: For, it seems, she suspects that measures will be fallen upon to make her quit. She is Mrs. Belton, she says, and will prove her Marriage.

If the give herfelf these airs in his life-time, what

would she attempt to do after his death?

Her Boys threaten any-body, who shall presume to insult their Mother. Their Father (as they call poor Belton) they speak of as an unnatural one. And their probably true Father is for ever there, hostilely there, passing for her Cousin, as usual: Now her protecting Cousin.

Hardly ever, I dare fay, was there a Keeper, that did not make a Keeperes; who lavished away on her keptfellow, what she obtained from the extravagant folly of

him who kept her.

I will do without you, if I can. The case will be only, as I conceive, like that of the antient Sarmatians, returning, after many years absence, to their homes, their Wives then in possession of their Slaves: So that they had to contend not only with those Wives, conscious of their infidelity, and with their Slaves, but with the Children of those Slaves, grown up to manhood, resolute to defend their Mothers, and their long manumitted Fathers. But the noble Sarmatians, scorning to attack their Slaves with equal weapons, only provided themselves with the same fort of whips, with which they used formerly to chastise them. And, attacking them with them, the miscreants fled before them.—In memory of Dd 2 which,

which, to this day, the device on the Coin in Novogrod in Rullia, a city of the antient Sarmatia, is a man on

horseback, with a whip in his hand.

The poor fellow takes it ill, that you did not press him more than you did, to be of your party at M. Hall. It is owing to Mowbray, he is sure, that he had so very slight an invitation, from one whose invitations used to be so warm.

Mowbray's speech to him, he says, he never will forgive: "Why, Tom," said the brutal sellow, with a curse, "thou droopest like a pip or roup-cloaking "chicken. Thou shouldst grow perter, or submit to "a solitary quarantine, if thou wouldst not insect the

" whole brood."

For my own part, only that this poor fellow is in diffress, as well in his affairs, as in his mind, or I should be fick of you all. Such is the relish I have of the conversation, and such my admiration of the deportment and sentiments of this divine Lady, that I would forego a month, even of thy company, to be admitted into hers but for one hour: And I am highly in conceit with myself, greatly as I used to value thine, for being able, spontaneously as I may say, to make this preference.

It is, after all, a devilish life we have lived. And to consider how it all ends in a very sew years—To see to what a state of ill health this poor fellow is so soon reduced—And then to observe how every one of ye run away from the unhappy being, as rats from a falling house, is fine comfort to help a man to look back upon

companions ill-chosen, and a life mis-spent!

· It will be your turns by-and-by, every man of ye,

if the justice of your country interpose not.

Thou art the only Rake we have herded with, if thou wilt not except myself, who hast preserved entire thy health and thy fortunes.

· Mowbray indeed is indebted to a robust constitution, that he has not yet suffered in his health; but his Estate

is dwindling away year by year.

- Three-fourths of Tourville's very confiderable for-

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tunes are already diffipated; and the other fourth will probably foon go after the other three.

· Poor Belton! we fee how it is with him!-His only

· felicity is, that he will hardly live to want.

Thou art too proud, and too prudent, ever to be destitute; and, to do thee justice, hast a spirit to assist fuch of thy friends as may be reduced; and wilt, if thou shouldst then be living. But I think thou must, much sooner than thou imaginest, be called to thy account—knocked on the head perhaps by the friends of those whom thou hast injured; for if thou escapest this fate from the Harlowe family, thou wilt go on tempting danger and vengeance, till thou meetest with vengeance; and this, whether thou marriest, or not:

For the nuprial life will not, I doubt, till age join with it, cure thee of that spirit for intrigue, which is continually running away with thee, in spite of thy better sense, and transitory resolutions.

· Well, then, I will suppose thee laid down quietly

· among thy worthier ancestors.

And now let me look forward to the ends of Tourville and Mowbray [Belton will be crumbled into dust
before thee perhaps], supposing the early exit has saved

them from gallows intervention.

Reduced, probably, by riotous waste to consequential want, behold them refuged in some obscene hole or garret; obliged to the careless care of some dirty old woman, whom nothing but her poverty prevails upon to attend to perform the last offices for men who have made such shocking ravage among the young ones.

Then how miserably will they whine thro' squeaking organs! Their big voices turned into puling pitybegging lamentations! Their now-offensive paws, how
helpless then!—Their now-erect necks then denying
support to their aching heads; those globes of mischies
dropping upon their quaking shoulders. Then what
wry saces will they make! their hearts, and their heads,
reproaching each other!—Distended their parched
D d 2
mouths!

- · mouths!-Sunk their unmuscled cheeks!-Dropt their
- under-jaws!—Each grunting like the fwine he had refembled in his life! Oh! what a vile wretch have I
- · been!—Oh! that I had my life to come over again!—
- · Confessing to the poor old woman, who cannot shrive
- them! Imaginary ghosts of deflowered Virgins, and
- · polluted matrons, flitting before their glaffy eyes! And
- · old Satan, to their apprehensions, grinning behind a · looking-glass held up before them, to frighten them
- with the horror visible in their own countenances!

For my own part, if I can get some good family to credit me with a Sister or a Daughter, as I have now an encreased fortune, which will enable me to propose hand-some Settlements, I will desert ye all; marry, and live a life of Reason, rather than a life of Brute, for the time to come.

#### LETTER XCIV.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Esq.

Thursday Night.

I Was forced to take back my twenty guineas. How the women managed it, I can't tell (I suppose too readily found a purchaser for the rich suit); but she mistrusted, that I was the advancer of the money; and would not let the cloaths go. But Mrs. Lovick has actually sold, for fifteen guineas, some rich Lace worth three times the sum: Out of which she repaid her the money she borrowed for fees to the doctor, in an illness occasioned by the barbarity of the most savage of men. Thou knowest bis name!

The Doctor called on her in the morning it feems, and had a short debate with her about fees. She insisted, that he should take one every time he came, write or not write; mistrusting, that he only gave verbal directions to Mrs. Lovick, or the Nurse, to avoid taking

any.

He said, That it would have been impossible for him, had he not been a Physician, to forbear enquiries after the health and welfare of so excellent a person. He had not

# Let.94. CLARISSA HARLOWE.

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the thought of paying her a compliment in declining the offered fee: But he knew her case could not so suddenly vary, as to demand his daily visits. She must permit him, therefore, to enquire of the women below after her health; and he must not think of coming up, if he were to be pecuniarily rewarded for the satisfaction he was so desirous to give himself.

It ended in a compromise for a fee each other time; Which she unwillingly submitted to; telling him, that tho' she was at present desolate and in disgrace, yet her circumstances were, of right, high; and no expences could rise so, as to be scrupled, whether she lived or died. But she submitted, she added, to the compromise, in hopes to see him as often as he had opportunity; for she really looked upon him, and Mr. Goddard, from their kind and tender treatment of her, with a regard next to filial.

I hope thou wilt make thyself acquainted with this worthy Doctor, when thou comest to town; and give him thy thanks, for putting her into conceit with the Sex that thou hast given her so much reason to execrate.

Farewel.



LITTOR CLARTSSA HARLOWE. the thought of paying her, a compliment in declining the cliened feet. But ne knew her case could not to indoenly arry, as to demand his daily vilius. She must permit han, therefore, to en juite of the women below after her Halth; and be must not think of coming up, if he to to be peausigned rewarded for the fathiaction he we to definate to an elimital.

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parison between Clarista and Mils Howe.

II. From the same. Another conversation with the Lady. His plausible arguments to re-obtain her favour inessectual. His pride piqued. His revenge incited. New arguments in favour of his wicked projects. Has notice that a Licence is actually obtained.

III. IV. From the same. Copy of the Licence; with his observations upon it. His scheme for Annual Marriages.—He is preparing, with Lady Betty and Mis Montague, to wait upon Clarista. Who these pretended Ladies are. How dressed. They give themselves airs as of quality. Humorously instructs

them how to act up to their affumed characters.

V. VI. From the same. Once more is the charmer of his foul in her old lodgings. Brief account of the horrid imposture. Steels his heart by revengeful recollections. Her agonizing apprehensions. Temporary distraction. Is ready to fall into Fits.—But all her distress, all her prayers, her innocence, her virtue, cannot save her from the most villainous outrage.

VII. Belford, To Lovelace. Vehemently inveighs against him. Grieves for the Lady. Is now convinced, that there must be a world after this, to do justice to injured merit. Beseeches him, if he be a man, and not a devil, to do her all the poor justice

now in his power.

VIII. Lovelace, To Belford. Regrets that he ever attempted her. Aims at extenuation. Does he not fee, that he has journeyed on to this stage with one determined point in view from the first? She is at present stupeshed, he says.

IX. From the same. The Lady's affecting behaviour in her delirium. He owns that Art had been used to her. Begins

to feel remorfe.

X. From the same. The Lady writes upon scraps of paper, which she tears, and throws under the table. Copies of ten of these rambling papers, and of a Letter to him most affect-

ingly

ingly incoherent. He attempts further to extenuate his villainy. Tries to resume his usual levity; and forms a scheme to decoy the people at Hamstead to the infamous woman's in town. The Lady feems to be recovering.

XI. Lovelace, To Belford. She attempts to get away in his absence. Is prevented by the odious Sinclair. He exults in the hope of looking her into confusion when he sees her. Is told by Dorcas, that she is coming into the dining-room to find him out.

XII. From the same. A high scene of her exalted, and of his depreffed behaviour. Offers to make her amends by Matri-She treats his offer with contempt. Afraid Belford

plays him false.

XIII. From the same. Wishes he had never seen her. With all the women he had known till now, it was, Once subdued, and ahways subdued. His miserable dejection. His remorfe. She attempts to escape. A mob raised. His quick invention to pacify it. Out of conceit with himself, and his contrivances.

XIV. XV. From the same. Lord M. very ill. His presence neceffary at M. Hall. Puts Dorcas upon ingratiating herfelf with her Lady. -- He re-urges Marriage to her. She absolutely.

from the most noble motives, rejects him.

XVI. From the same. Reflects upon himself. It costs, he says, more pains to be wicked than to be good. The Lady's folemn expostulation with him. Extols her greatness of foul. Dorcas coming into favour with her. He is alarmed by another attempt of the Lady to get off. She is in agonies at being prevented. He tries to intimidate her. Dorcas pleads for her. On the point of drawing his fword against himself. The occasion.

XVII. From the same. Cannot yet persuade himself but the Lady will be his. Reasons for his opinion. Opens his heart to Belford, as to his intentions by her. Mortified that the refuses his honest vows. Her violation but notional. Her triumph greater than her sufferings. Her will unviolated. He is a better man, he fays, than most Rakes: And why.

XVIII. XIX. From the same. The Lady gives a promisory note to Dorcas, to induce her to further her escape. A fair trial of skill now, he says. A conversation between the vile Dorcas and her Lady: In which she engages her Lady's pity. The bonds of wickedness stronger than the ties of virtue. fervations on that subject.

XX. XXI. XXII. From the same. A new contrivance to take advantage of the Lady's intended escape. — A Letter

from

from Tomlinson. Intent of it.—He goes out to give opportunity for the Lady to attempt an escape. His design frustrated.

XXIII. Lovelace, To Belford. An interesting conversation between the Lady and him. No concession in his favour. By his Soul, he swears, this dear girl gives the lye to all their Rakish maxims. He has laid all the Sex under obligation to him: And why.

XXIV. From the same. Lord M. in extreme danger. The family desire his presence. He intercepts a severe Letter from

Mis Howe to her friend. Copy of it.

XXV. From the same. The Lady, suspecting Dorcas, tries to prevail upon him to give her her liberty. She disclaims vengeance, and affectingly tells him all her suture views. Denied, she once more attempts an escape. Prevented; and terrified with apprehensions of instant dishonour, she is obliged to make some concession.

XXVI. From the same. Accuses her of explaining away her concession. Made desperate, he seeks occasion to quarrel with her. She exerts a spirit which overawes him. He is ridiculed by the infamous copartnership. Calls to Belford to help a gay heart to a little of his dismal, on the expected death of Lord M.

XXVII. From the same. Another message from M. Hall, to engage him to go down next morning. No concession yet

from the Lady.

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XXVIII. XXIX. From the fame. The womens infligations. His further schemes against the Lady. What, he asks, is the

injury, which a church-rite will at any time repair?

XXX. From the same. Himself, the Mother, her Nymphs, all assembled with intent to execute his detestable purposes. Her glorious behaviour on the occasion. He execrates, detests, despises himself; and admires her more than ever. Obliged to set out early that morning for M. Hall, he will press her with Letters to meet him next Thursday, her Uncle's birthday, at the Altar.

XXXI. XXXII. XXXIII. Lovelace, To Clarissa. From M. Hall. Urging her accordingly (the Licence in her hands) by the

most engaging pleas and arguments.

XXXIV. Lovelace, To Belford. Begs he will wait on the Lady, and induce her to write but four words to him, fignifying the church and the day. Is now refolved on Wedlock. Curfes his plots and contrivances; which all end, he fays, in one grand plot upon himself.

XXXV, Belford, To Lovelace. In Answer. Refuses to undertake for him, unless he can be sure of his honour. Why he doubts it.

XXXVI. Lovelace. In Reply. Curses him for his scrupulousness. Is in earnest to marry. After one more Letter of entreaty to her, if she keep sullen silence, she must take the consequence.

AXXVII. Lowelace, To Clariffa. Once more earnestly entreats her to meet him at the Altar. Not to be forbidden coming, he will take for leave to come.

XXXVIII. Lovelace, To Patrick McDonald. Ordering him to visit the Lady, and instructing him what to say, and how to behave to her.

XXXIX. To the fame, as Capt. Tomlinson. Calculated to be shewn to the Lady, as in confidence.

XL. M. Donald, To Lovelace. Goes to attend the Lady according to direction. Finds the house in an uproar; and the Lady escaped.

XLI. Mowbray, To Lovelace. With the fame news.

XLII. Belford, To Lovelace. Ample particulars of the Lady's escape. Makes serious reslections on the distress she must be in; and on his (Lovelace's) ingrateful usage of her. What he takes to be the Sum of Religion.

XLIII. Lovelace, To Belford. Runs into affected levity and ridicule. Yet at last owns all his gaiety but counterfeit. Regrets his baseness to the Lady. Inveighs against the women for their instigations. Will still marry her, if she can be found out. One missortune seldom comes alone; Lord M. is recovering. He had bespoken mourning for him,

XLIV. Clarissa, To Miss Howe. Writes with incoherence, to enquire after her health. Lets her know whither to direct to her. But forgets, in her rambling, her private address. By which means her Letter falls into the hands of Miss Howe's Mother.

XLV. Mistress Howe, To Clarissa. Reproaches her for making all her friends unhappy. Forbids her to write any more to her Daughter.

XLVI. Cherisso's merk Reply.

XLVII. Clariffa, To Hannah Burton.

XLVIII. Hannah Burton. In Answer.

XLIX. Clariffa, To Mrs. Norton. Excuses her long filence.

Asks her a question, with a view to detect Lovelace. Hints at his ingrateful villainy. Self-recriminations.

L. Mrs. Norton, To Clarissa. Answers her question. Inveighs against Lovelace. Hopes she has escaped with her honour. Consoles her by a brief relation of her own case, and from motives truly pious.

LI.

LI. Clariffa, To Lady Betty Lawrence. Requests an answer to three questions, with a view further to detect Lovelace.

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- LII. Lady Betty, To Clariffa. Answers her questions. In the kindest manner offers to mediate between her Nephew and her.
- LIII. LIV. Clarissa, To Mrs. Hodges, her Uncle Harlowe's housekeeper; with a view of still further detecting Lovelace.

   Mrs. Hodges's Answer.
- LV. Clarissa, To Lady Betty Lawrance. Acquaints her with her Nephew's baseness. Charitably wishes his Reformation; but utterly, and from principle, rejects him.
- LVI. Clariffa, To Mrs. Norton. Is comforted by her kind foothings. Withes the had been her child. Will not allow her to come up to her. Why. Some account of the people the is with; and of a worthy woman, Mrs. Lovick, who lodges in the house. Briefly hints to her the vile usage the has received from Lovelace.
- LVII. Mrs. Norton, To Clariffa. Inveighs against Lovelace. Wishes Miss Howe might be induced to refrain from freedoms that do hurt, and can do no good. Further piously confoles her.
- LVIII. Clarissa, To Mrs. Norton. A new trouble. An angry Letter from Miss Howe. The occasion. Her heart is broken. Shall be uneasy, till she can get her Father's curse revoked. Casts about to whom she can apply for this purpose. At last resolves to write to her Sister, to beg her mediation.
- LIX. Miss Howe, To Clarissa. Her angry and reproachful Letter above-mentioned; demands from her the clearing up of her conduct.
- LX. Clariffa, To Miss Howe. Gently remonstrates upon her feverity. To this hour knows not all the methods taken to deceive and ruin her. But will briefly, yet circumstantially, enter into the darker part of her fad story, tho' her heart finks under the thoughts of a recollection so painful.
- LXI. LXII. LXIII. LXIV. She gives the promifed particulars of her story. Begs that the blackest parts of it may be kept secret: And why. Desires one friendly tear, and no more, may be dropt from her gentle eye, on the happy day that shall shut up all her forrows.
- LXV. LXVI. Miss Howe, To Clariffa. Execrates the abandoned profligate. She must, she tells her, look to a world beyond this for her reward. Unravels some of Lovelace's plots; and detects his forgeries. Is apprehensive for her own, as well as Clarista's safety. Advises her to pursue a legal vengeance.

Laudable

Laudable cuftom in the Ifle of Man. Offers personally to

attend her in a Court of Justice.

LXVII. Clarissa, To Miss Howe. Cannot consent to a prosecution. Discovers who it was that personated her at Hamstead. She is quite sick of life, and of an earth in which innocent and benevolent spirits are sure to be considered as aliens.

LXVIII. Miss Howe, To Clarissa. Beseeches her to take comfort, and not despair. Is dreadfully apprehensive of her own safety from Mr. Lovelace. An instruction to Mothers.

LXIX. Clarissa, To Miss Howe. Averse as she is to appear in a Court of Justice against Lovelace, she will consent to prosecute him, rather than Miss Howe shall live in terror. Hopes she shall not despair; but doubts not, from so many concurrent circumstances, that the Blow is given.

LXX. LXXI. Lovelace, To Belford. Has no subject worth writing upon, now he has lost his Clarissa. Half in jest, half in earnest [as usual with him when vexed or disappointed] he deplores the loss of her.—Humorous account of Lord M. of himself, and of his two Cousins Montague. His Clarissa has made him eyeless and senseless to every other beauty.

LXXII. LXXIII. LXXIV. LXXV. From the same. Lady Sarah Sadleir and Lady Betty Lawrance arrive, and engage Lord M. and his two Cousins Montague against him, on account of his treatment of the Lady. His Tryal, as he calls it. — After many altercations, they obtain his consent, that his two Cousins should endeavour to engage Miss Howe to prevail upon Clarissa to accept of him, on his unseigned repentance. It is some pleasure to him, he however rakishly reslects, to observe, how placable the Ladies of his family would have been, had they met with a Lovelace. — MARRIAGE, says he, with these women, is an atonement for the worst we can do to them: A true Dramatic recompence.—He makes several other whimsical, but characteristic observations, some of which may serve as cautions and warnings to the Sex.

LXXVI. Miss Howe, To Clarissa. Has had a visit from the two Miss Montague's. Their errand. Advises her to marry

Lovelace. Reasons for her advice.

LXXVII. From the same. Chides her with friendly impatience for not answering her Letter. Re-urges her to marry Lovelace, and instantly to put herself under Lady Betty's protection.

LXXVIII. Miss Howe, To Miss Montague. In the phrenty of her foul, writes to her to demand news of her beloved friend, spirited away, as she apprehends, by the base arts of the blackest of men.

LXXIX.

LXXIX. Lovelace, To Belford. The fuffering Innocent arrefted and confined, by the execrable woman, in a sham action. He curses himself, and all his plots and contrivances. Conjures him to fly to her, and clear him of this low, this dirty villainy; to set her free without conditions; and affure her, that he will never molest her more. Horribly execrates the diabolical women, who thought to make themselves a merit with him by this abominable insult.

LXXX. LXXXI. Miss Montague, To Miss Howe. With the particulars of all that has happened to the Lady. — Mr. Lovelace the most miserable of men. Reslection on Libertines. She, her Sister, Lady Betty, Lady Sarah, Lord M. and Lovelace himself, all sign Letters to Miss Howe, afferting his innocence of this horrid insult, and imploring her continued interest in his

and their favour with Clariffa.

LXXXII. Belford, To Lovelace. Particulars of the vile arreft.

Infolent vifits of the wicked women to her. Her unexampled meekness and patience. Her fortitude. He admires it, and

prefers it to the false courage of men of their class.

LXXXIII. From the same. Goes to the Officer's house. A defcription of the horrid prison-room, and of the suffering Lady on her knees in one corner of it. Her great and moving behaviour. Breaks off, and sends away his Letter, on purpose to harrass him by suspense.

LXXXIV. Lovelace, To Belford. Curses him for his tormenting abruption. Clarissa never suffered half what he suffers. That Sex made to bear pain. Conjures him to hasten to him

the rest of his soul-harrowing intelligence.

LXXXV. Belford, To Lovelace. His further proceedings. The Lady returns to her lodgings at Smith's. Distinction between Revenge and Resentment in her character. Sends her, from the vile women, all her apparel, as Lovelace had desired.

LXXXVI. From the same. Rejoices to find he can feel. Will endeavour from time to time to add to his remorfe. Infifts

upon his promise not to molest the Lady.

LXXXVII. From the same. Describes her lodgings, and gives a character of the people, and of the good Widow Lovick. She is so ill, that they provide her an honest Nurse, and send for Mr. Goddard, a worthy Apothecary. Substance of a Letter to Miss Howe, dictated by the Lady.

LXXXVIII. From the same. Admitted to the Lady's prefence. What passed on the occasion. Really believes, that the still loves him. Has a reverence, and even a holy love for her. Astonished that Lovelace could hold his purposes against

tuch

fuch an angel of a woman. Condemns himself for not timely exerting himself to save her.

- LXXXIX. Belford, To Lovelace. Dr. H. called in. Not having a fingle guinea to give him. The accepts of three from Mrs. Lovick on a diamond ring. Her dutiful reasons for admitting the Doctor's visit. His engaging and gentlemanly behaviour. She resolves to part with some of her richest apparel. Her reasons.
- XC. Lovelace, To Belford. Raves at him. For what. Raillies him with his usual gaiety on several passages in his Letters. Reasons why Clarissa's heart cannot be broken by what she has suffered. Passionate girls easily subdued. Sedate ones hardly ever pardon. He has some retrograde motions: Yet is in earnest to marry Clarissa. Gravely concludes, that a person intending to marry should never be a Rake. His gay resolutions. Renews, however, his promises not to molest her. A charming encouragement for a man of intrigue, when a woman is known not to love her Husband. Advantage which men have over women, when disappointed in Love. He knows she will permit him to make her amends, after she has plagued him heartily.
- XCI. Mifs Howe, To Clariffa. Is shocked at receiving a Letter from her written by another hand. Tenderly consoles her, and inveighs against Lovelace. Re-urges her however to marry him. Her Mother absolutely of her opinion. Praises Mr. Hickman's Sister, who with her Lord had paid her a visit.
- XCII. Clarissa, To Miss Howe. Her condition greatly mended. In what particulars. Her mind begins to strengthen; and she finds herself at times superior to her calamities. In what light she wishes her to think of her. Desires her to love her still, but with a weaning Love. She is not now what she was when they were inseparable Lovers. Their views must now be different.
- XCIII. Belford, To Lovelace. A consuming malady, and a confuming mistress, as in Belton's case, dreadful things to struggle with. Further reflections on the life of Keeping. The poor man assaid to enter into his own house. Belsord undertakes his cause. Instinct in brutes equivalent to natural affection in men. Story of the antient Sarmatians, and their slaves. Restects on the lives of Rakes, and Free-livers; and how ready they are in sickness to run away from one another. Picture of a Rake on a sick bed. Will marry, and desert them all.
- XCIV. From the same. The Lady parts with some of her Laces. Instances of the worthiness of Dr. H. and Mr. Goddard. He severely reflects upon Lovelace. [8] [1] [7]

